00060636

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018

OLD ENGLAND:

ITS SCENERY, ART, AND PEOPLE.

BY

JAMES M. HOPPIN,

PROFESSOR IN YALE COLLEGE.

60636

LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON,

MILTON HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL.

1867.

00060636

PREFACE.

THE motive which has chiefly led to the publication of the following recollections of English travel, has been the hope of exerting some little influence upon our countrymen who go abroad, to induce them to spend more time in England than they are commonly inclined to do, and to see that country more thoroughly, instead of making it a stepping-stone to the Continent.

There have been heretofore, it is true, good reasons for this disinclination of Americans to remain very long in England; but these reasons do not now exist, or at least to the extent that they once did. And it hardly need be said, that there is no country which contains so much of absorbing interest to a thoughtful American as Old England; finding there as he does the head-springs of the life and power of his own nation, and in almost every object that his eye rests upon, seeing that which (a short two centuries ago) formed part of his own history. He

finds there the complement of the life of the New World. It is especially good for his intensely active American nature to come in contact with the slower and graver spirit of England, and it thereby gains calmness and sobered strength.

I do not profess in these pages to present much that is new or comprehensive in relation to so well-known a country as England; but I have striven to draw a faithful though rapid picture of the English portion of the island, going from Tweedmouth to Land's End, touching upon nearly every county, and making the entire circuit of the land. The English Cathedrals have particularly attracted me, and I have loved to linger in their majestic shadows; and for the sake of younger readers, some account has been given of the history and progress of Architecture in England.

I have everywhere spoken with the freedom which an American is accustomed to exercise upon all subjects, and yet in no spirit of bitterness or hostility, but, on the contrary, in a spirit of reverence and love for the great land of our fathers.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	LIVERPOOL TO LONDON	1
II.	LONDON	25
III.	LONDON ART AND THE LONDON PULPIT	42
IV.	ENVIRONS OF LONDON	70
V.	HOMES OF ARNOLD AND COWPER	84
VI.	WESTON UNDERWOOD TO CHELTENHAM	99
VII.	CHELTENHAM, BRISTOL, AND GLOUCESTER	115
VIII.	WORCESTER TO DUDLEY	130
IX.	LICHFIELD TO MATLOCK	152
X.	MATLOCK TO MANCHESTER	171
XI.	THE LAKE COUNTRY	189
XII.	THE LAKE COUNTRY (CONTINUED)	205
XIII.	TWEEDMOUTH TO HAWORTH	219
XIV.	HOME OF THE PILGRIMS	241
XV.	LINCOLN TO ELY	252
XVI.	THE UNIVERSITIES	265
XVII.	LONDON TO FOLKESTONE	305
XVIII.	TUNBRIDGE WELLS TO ISLE OF WIGHT	325
XIX.	SOUTHAMPTON TO SALISBURY	344
XX.	SOUTH DEVON AND TORQUAY	361
XXI.	CORNWALL AND PENZANCE	382
XXII.	LAND'S END	407
XXIII.	NORTH DEVON AND WELLS	424
XXIV.	GLASTONBURY AND THE WYE	441

OLD ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

LIVERPOOL TO LONDON.

SOLID, unromantic Liverpool, whose greatness is entirely of modern growth, though its charter dates back to the twelfth century, will not detain us; for it is too much like Boston, or one of our own large commercial cities.

Red-walled Chester, also, which is invariably the next step of an American traveler who longs to see something of Old England, — something different from what he sees at home, — has been so often described, that I will begin my story at once in the railway carriage flying out of Chester westward to Bangor; for I intend to take my reader to London around by the way of North Wales, which is by far the most interesting route, and which, if not taken at first, is not apt to be passed over upon one's return.

Emerson calls an English railway carriage, "a cushioned cannon-ball." There is a wonderfully smooth rapidity upon an English railway; and yet with all this speed, one has a great sense of personal

security. Were the American system of checking luggage adopted, there would be an improvement. It depends upon word-of-mouth communication whether one's trunks go with one and stop with one; and thus by mere good luck they are shifted and passed along. Sometimes a label is pasted, but at most places one is told that labels are not used; for the idea seems to be that the owner himself should mark, or at least look out for, his own luggage. This may be done for considerable distances, but it is impracticable for tourists making frequent stops in the course of a day. It is the best plan for a traveler in England, to take with him a simple portmanteau that he can carry in his hand. The first-class carriage is truly luxurious, light and splendid with plate-glass sides, and furnished with capacious springy seats, and with every accommodation for the bestowing of bundles, hats, and umbrellas. The second-class carriage forms a lamentable contrast to this; it is as hard, bare, and uncomely a box as oak boards can make it; its seats are uncushioned, and frequently dirtied by the baskets and boots of railway workmen, market-men, and "tramps." There seems to be little or no distinction between the second and third class carriages excepting in this, that the second-class carriages are resorted to by the most respectable people, on account of the expensiveness of the first. But let me say a word of commendation of the English railway porters: they are true friends of the traveler, being easily distinguishable in a

crowd from their dress of black velveteen, and are always at the right spot to afford assistance, to relieve one of his parcels, to point out the booking office, to put the luggage in the right carriage, in fact to do all that can be done, — and to expect no fee for it. I was always tempted to break the strict letter of the law, and to reward these men for such efficient service.

On leaving Chester the railway runs along the artificial canal made for the channel of the Dee. The river widens toward its mouth into a shallow bay, forming an enormous bed of shifting sand, covered grandly with the water at full tide, but shrinking into dribbling rills and petty ditches at ebb. As one speeds along he catches distant views of the Welsh Mountains on the left, and on the right lies the broad river Dee, and soon the sea itself. The green valleys run up into the highlands, and now and then a castellated mansion, or ruined tower, or genuine old castle is seen, hanging on the slope of the hills. The road from about this point to Bangor is a triumph of engineering skill. Sometimes the track is crowded between the mountains and the sea so narrowly, that in stormy weather the cars are dashed by the waves. The tunnels and the tubular and suspension bridges at Conway are stupendous works. With the solid piers of the bridges, and the massive old castle above, Conway is a city of the Anakim. After crossing the bridge here one comes into Caernarvonshire, which of all the Welsh counties con-

tains the most rugged and characteristic Welsh scenery. Soon the track runs around the projecting rocks of Penmaen-bach and Penmaen-maur, precipitous crags jutting out like great foreheads into the sea, and which were the former terror of travelers. Dr. Johnson records the peril he felt in climbing the dizzy road which once crept around their sea-face. Now these formidable crags are tunnelled, the first cut being six hundred and thirty yards long, through flint rock.

Bangor (derived from "ban gor" or the "great circle," a generic British word for a "religious congregation" or "fraternity") is situated along a narrow ravine, with a mountain at its back, and Beaumaris Bay in front. It is the seat of a bishopric, and is one of the oldest centres of a still more primitive faith; for here doubtless existed a pure Christianity before the time of Augustine, the reputed apostle of England. A profound spirituality still characterizes the religion of these Welsh people. They are held, even by Englishmen, to be the best kind of dissenters, because they are firmly attached to their own ancient and simple forms, rather than jealously antagonistic to the forms of the Established Church. That the Spirit of God can reach them through their more rigid modes of thought and worship, the many powerful reformations of religion which have visited them, and especially that of 1860, which spread over and lighted up these old mountains, may testify.

Travelers must be allowed to talk and even

grumble about hotels; for these are often the only "*interiors*" they see, and they sometimes form the only means strangers have of judging of the style of living, and of a hundred little things in the common life of a people. One is made exceedingly comfortable at a first-class English hotel, but there is a stiffness about it which is not apt to be found in the best American or Continental hotels. Seldom is there a public table; and if the party comprise ladies, one is forced, even if staying for a single day, to take a private parlor. But I am quite converted to the English private parlor. After a long day's journey in heat and dust, struggling on with an eager and vexed human current, to be ushered into one's own room, quiet as a room at home, furnished often with books and every luxury and comfort, this goes some way toward recompensing the traveler for the exclusiveness of the thing. He is, it is true, entirely isolated. If his dearest friend were dying in the next room, he would not find it out, for seldom is there a registry-book kept in an English hotel. And one rarely risks a question to the dignified and taciturn waiter, with gravity and white cravat enough to be the Dean of Westminster.

The best English hotels have one feature that it were surely well for us to imitate. They are not altogether confined to interior magnificence and showy upholstery, but have generally a pleasant breathing-space of ornamental grounds and garden about them. In the dry heart of busy cities, there

will be a few flower-beds, a bit of green grass, and walks enough at least to turn around in. At the "Penryhn Arms" in Bangor, the garden is truly beautiful. It is laid out in star and crescent shaped beds, fringed with bright flowers, and the grass is soft and springy with moss. It slopes off toward the water, commanding a fine view of the harbor, the entrance of the Menai Strait, the Bay of Beaumaris, and the opposite mountainous shore of the island. When I first saw it, the harbor of Bangor had a very odd appearance. The tide was out, and a vast mud-bank swept smoothly and steeply down to the deeper abyss beyond. The vessels looked as though they were climbing up this immense hill-side of mud. Some stood erect; some were heeled over; some were stern-foremost to the sea; and some were hitched painfully up sideways upon the bank. The flags nevertheless were all gallantly flying.

I shall not attempt to describe the remarkable bridges over the Menai Strait; but cannot pass by the view of the Strait itself, and its surroundings, as seen from the roof of the Britannia Tubular Bridge. It is an epitome of almost all that is great in Nature and the works of man.

On the Caernarvon side of the Strait are seen the craggy mountains of Wales, that looked blue and soft in the misty distance, while the hazy morning sun filled the spaces between their summits with that undefined and vapory light which the artist loves. Yet their rugged outline, culminating in

the sharp-pointed cone of Snowdon, could be perfectly seen to the southeast. To the south, on the island itself, was the ancient Druidic grove, in the midst of whose shadows stood the white walls of the Plas Newydd, the seat of the Marquis of Anglesea. More than a hundred feet immediately below, raved and whirled the broad Strait itself; not a river, nor a sea, but something of both. In some places it is two miles in breadth, its sides precipitous and its banks thickly wooded. The sea, as if chafed by its narrow walls, looks petulant and angry, though here and there it is entirely smooth in back-setting pools. Vessels sailing through the Strait are at the mercy of the currents and tide; now they crowd sail for one bank, and now they drift like a log to the other. In a storm the scene must be magnificent, such an ocean race-way as it is. How the great green billows would leap and chase each other through the long gorge! There is a fisherman's small white house standing on a low rock almost in the middle of the Strait, which, with its irregular shape, its lines of fishing-stakes set around it, and its bold insulated position, is a picturesque object. The water boils and swirls around it, and rushes by it with tremendous rapidity. Indeed, this whole channel reminded me of the formidable gorge of Niagara River just below the Falls, filled with its vexed, foam-streaked, and green-colored flood.

At the completion of the central tower of the "Britannia Tubular Bridge," which is two hun-

dred and thirty feet high, and holds the whole structure in its strong hand, Mr. Stephenson said: "Let them not, any more than himself, and all who have been connected with this great work, forget that whatever may have been, or whatever may be the ability, science, intelligence, and zeal brought to bear on the creature's works, it is to the Creator we should offer praise and thanksgiving; for without his blessing on our works, how can we expect them to prosper? He fully believed that Providence had been pleased to smile on the undertaking, and he hoped that they all with him would endeavor to obtain those smiles." It is pleasant to see such a simple faith in a mind devoted to so material a science as mechanics. Who can say that the deep secrets of Nature which such a mind grasped, were not also the fruit of this faith, just as truly as if he had thought and labored in purely spiritual things. Truly they build strong who thus build.

It is but a short distance of some nine miles by rail from Bangor to Caernarvon on the Menai Strait, where are the ruins of the majestic castle of the ancient kings of England, who finally succeeded in dominating over Wales, partly by force and partly by politic concession. Height gives the singular majesty which is so marked in the remains of Caernarvon Castle; and some of its loftiest towers are still perfect to the topmost stone. There are thirteen of these towers, most of them being surmounted by tall slim turrets. From the

water side the aspect of the "Eagle Tower," from which the broad flag of England floats, is imposing. The principal entrance of the castle has a sober grandeur that all the changes of time cannot destroy. A featureless statue of King Edward I. stands above the gateway arch. An area of three acres is said to be inclosed by the walls. It is a good place to study the plan and details of an early mediæval castle built on the largest scale of regal magnificence. The soldiers' quarters, prisons, stables, granaries, kitchen, servants' rooms, chapel, royal chambers, banquet hall, jousting yard, can still be perfectly made out. There seems to have been a proud and complete separation kept up between the military and civil departments. But lord and servant are now one. Jackdaws have poked their sticks in the windows of queens' chambers; and it would not be possible for the lightest maiden's foot to traverse the battlements upon which kings have walked and mused. Stairways hang broken midway; the sides of great towers have rushed down, taking the heart out of them; the stone eagles on the turrets of the Eagle Tower are reduced to black, shapeless, wingless blocks; and well has it been called "that worm-eaten keep of ragged stone." The first Prince of Wales was born in this castle, but the room shown as his birthplace is not probably authentic.

The first part of the ride from Caernarvon to Llanberis, a distance of ten miles, is a slow ascent, and has no peculiar interest; and yet one has an

opportunity to see the miniature white stone farm-houses, with their black funereal-looking wooden porticoes, and the small black Welsh cattle dotting the hill-sides. The farms appear to be principally grazing farms, and they become more and more rocky and unpromising as one approaches the hills, the stones growing as thick as in a New Hampshire sheep-pasture. After some five miles, the mountains of the Snowdon range are seen over the lower hills in advance, rising by one bound in a bold wall from the plain; and through a narrow rock-portal, like that at Cluses on the way from Geneva to Chamouni, one enters the mountains. "Snowdon" is a later Saxon name; the more ancient British name of this range is said to signify "Eagle-ridge" or "Eagle-crag-ridge." The craggy and wild characteristics of a mountain pass are now before and around; and one soon begins to skirt the shores of the small twin lakes of Llanberis. These are insignificant in size, it is true, — rather ponds than lakes, — but the upper and inner one of some ten miles in length, is a singular sheet of water, lying smooth and glassy in the shadow of gloomy and verdureless mountains. The sharp-edged and splintered character of the slaty mountains of Wales adds to their sombreness, — being almost literally black, — and when wet glistening and gleaming fiercely in the sun, and their immense shelving precipices of sheer rock well atone for their want of great height; for a thousand feet of bare Alpine precipice always looks grander than three thousand

feet of wooded and gentle descent. The view from the top of Snowdon is said to be one of the noblest in England, commanding as from a central throne all of rocky Wales, the sea, the island of Anglesea, and the highest points of England, Scotland, and Ireland. And another interest attaches itself to this broken range of Welsh mountains; they are held by the best modern geologists to form the oldest portion of the island of England. They rose first of all from the waters; and around them, as a solitary nucleus in the ocean of the earliest period of creation, the rest of the land was gradually formed. We tread here on the primitive land of Britain. We are at the head source of her antiquity, before a living thing had appeared.

On the further shore of the lake of Llyn Peris is a vast slate quarry scooped out of the mountain side, and lying open to view, resembling a gigantic Roman amphitheatre with its regular rows of seats. A small locomotive puffs and smokes along at the foot of the Alt Dû Mountain, to carry slates to Caernarvon, whence they are shipped to all parts of the kingdom, and to America. Slate constitutes the wood of this region. It shingles the roof, clapboards the wall, makes the door, floors the room, and builds the fence. Tall boards of it, knitted together with wire, form a very strong, enduring, and neat style of fence; so that a farmer could conveniently make all his "calculations" while swinging on his gate, — as the farmer boys are said to do in Yankee land.

After passing through the village of Llanberis, the real mountain Pass in its true wildness and toilsomeness begins; it is a rough scene; for the bed of the Pass is strewn with vast fragments of rock torn from the crags above; and in and out and among these the road wearily turns and winds; the walls of naked cliff rise boldly on either hand; and the only relief to this savage desolation is now and then a little clump of fox-gloves, that push up their slender stems, hung with spikes of faintly crimson nodding bells, from the crevices of the grim rocks.

From the summit of the Pass, a descending road of five miles, affording more free and open views of the irregular mountains of the Snowdon range, brings us to Capel Curig, which is the centre of the best scenery in Wales; for Southern Wales is by no means so grand in its mountain scenery, although it contains much that is boldly picturesque; and there is no place also which commands such fine points of view within such short distances. Capel Curig is a spot where one would be satisfied to stay day after day, until the snow and storms of winter made it dreary. The inn is a comfortable and neat one, built almost entirely of slate, within and without. Maps, books, a quiet parlor, a clean table, and a tasteful garden, — these are charms for any man; and then, by a few steps out of the house, or by a climb up the steep hill at its back to a little grassy alp or mountain pasture, one comes to perfect solitude, with a noble view of the whole pyramidal mass of Snowdon in the distance, and a tranquil

valley with a gleam of peaceful waters at your feet. The wild flowers upon this hill-side appeared to me to be wonderfully lovely; but with the exception of the fox-glove, they were generally very small, such as hare-bells, daisies, crow's-foot, and heather blossoms; and the very grass seemed to be filled with the most minute moss-smothered flowers, too delicate even for fragrance. Wales is a favorite botanizing region, and its ferns, heathers, and all kinds of mountain plants, are of exquisite beauty and numberless variety.

The road on toward Corwen, passes through a region gradually growing less rocky, and milder, and more fertile in its character; the lofty sides of the vale of Llugwy are covered to the summit with larches, — beautiful trees when found standing together in a wood, — making pointed lines of the greatest regularity and softest hue. A step from the road through the larch-forest brings one to the verge of the "cataract of the Swallow;" something more than a pretty waterfall, for without being on a very large scale, it is really beautiful. The light penetrating through such a dense mass of foliage, and struggling in upon the water, is itself of a rich emerald green. A little beyond is Bettwys-y-Coed, the shady and romantic summer retreat of landscape painters, reminding one of our own picturesque Conway in sight of the White Hills. The church at Corwen, just back of the inn, is of fabulous antiquity; and its gray churchyard is patriarchal in appearance, like that of Ramlah, or the old

Hebrew burial-ground in Prague. It has a monument of Owen Glendower. Was not his name derived from the river Dee?

It was market-day at Corwen, and the costumes were primitive, particularly the high hat of the peasant women, which, when crowning strong and masculine features gives the impression of a man being under it, especially if the whole figure is not at first seen. One may still meet in Wales the conical "cappan" or cap, which is said to come down from the most ancient British days.

From Corwen to Llangollen, we come again upon the romantic river Dee, here in its impetuous youth. It was the sacred stream, the "Diuw," the Divine, of the ancient Welsh; and few rivers of the same length link together more opposite or striking scenes, — the quiet Bala lake and the ocean, splendid modern Eaton Hall and venerable old Chester, the rocky Welsh mountains and the broad tranquil Cheshire meadows. We now reach the region of cultivated fields, of flowering hedges, and the white briar wild rose; the Berwyn hills rise steeply from the valley; and indeed the scenery now becomes a succession of changing and lovely valleys — Llangollen the loveliest of all. This vale spreads out into wide and majestic proportions, its barriers of high green hills receding and rolling away gently toward the east, forming the very heart of all that is rich and lovely in Welsh scenery.

Coming out of Wales, the first natural stopping

place is "good old Shrewsbury." Shrewsbury, in the county of Shropshire, or Salop, is the ideal of a hearty English town, comfortable and quaint; it is still fit to live in, which cannot be said of some old towns, such, for instance, as Chester, which is too antique for modern breadth and convenience; but it appeared to me as if the good citizens of Shrewsbury, with their Welsh mutton, shady trees, quiet walks and rippling Severn River, lived as handsomely and happily as any people in England. Abundance flowed down their streets; fat ducks and poultry lay in piles in the market-place; Cheshire cheese and butter barricaded the side-walks; rosy farm-maidens, such as Edwin Landseer paints and "George Eliot" describes, stood bare-armed and bare-headed in the sun. How different these buxom English peasant girls, from the gaunt and care-worn market women that one sees in a German town! In January, 1860, the statue of Lord Clive was erected in the Shrewsbury market-place, although Clive was born at Market-Drayton, not far distant, where his youthful exploit of climbing the church-steeple and sitting on the spout, is still fresh in the traditions of the people.

The Severn River forms a bend around the city of Shrewsbury, and at this bend outside the walls there are meadows which have been left open as a public park; and here, skirting the river, is "St. Chad's Walk," the most stately avenue of lime-trees in England. These trees were said to have been planted by one man in one day, nearly a

century and a half ago, — another James Hillhouse in good taste and public spirit. Battlefield Church, on the spot where Falstaff fought his hour by Shrewsbury clock, is about four miles distant; I did not visit it, but am told that it stands desolate and neglected, the roof having tumbled in, and the nave being open to rain and weather. But one tower of the ancient wall of Shrewsbury yet remains, though the elevated site of the town and its long line of old-fashioned buildings and steeples, still show picturesquely from the river.[1]

At Wolverhampton, on the London and Holyhead road, where one passes into Staffordshire, the scenery suddenly changes its character; it is as if an invisible line were drawn between Paradise and Purgatory. Instead of the sweet clear sky, one rushes into an atmosphere like an oven's mouth; and in the place of green and daisy-dropt fields, the ground becomes herbless and black, gloomy enough for Doré's pencil. Blast furnaces are vomiting smoke and flame; the streams run darkness; the sun glares raylessly and luridly through the simmering gaseous air; men and women look begrimed,

[1] I never could see the Severn, whether here in its modest youth, or near its mouth in its Amazonian greatness, without thinking of that old quatrain: —

"The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea:
And Wickliff's dust shall spread abroad
Wide as the waters be."

In 1425, Wickliff's body was exhumed by the order of the Bishop of Lincoln, burned, and the ashes thrown into the Swift, a little stream which emptied into the Avon.

and smutchy-faced children play hide-and-seek through old burst engine-boilers; and the whole country around is strewn with heaps of shag, scoria, and the refuse matter of the blast furnaces. This represents a narrow streak of country across which the road passes, running from the neighborhood of Newport down to Worcester; and there is also a much broader coal region that lies between Lichfield and Kidderminster. But in this "Black Country," notwithstanding its Tartarean aspect, the power of Old England couches herself like a dragon breathing flame and smoke, — the dragon that St. George of England (George Stephenson) has manfully subdued and hitched to the car of progress.

The railway into Birmingham, in Warwick County, runs above the tops of an immense assemblage of low, dingy brick houses with red-tiled roofs; block after block, street after street, undistinguished by any architectural superiority the one over the other, are passed over; the fragments of machinery strew the work-yards; long factories are glided by; sign-boards that seem to stretch the length of a train are spelled out word by word; and at length one comes to a stand-still in the heart of the workshop of England, where John Bull has his sleeves rolled up, and a square paper-cap on his head.

All things have an opportunity to prove themselves in Birmingham; and from the last invention in machinery to Dr. Newman's Catholic Convent,

there is free and kindly soil for the theorist. Here John Angell James, like another aged "John," made this work-a-day world of Birmingham sacred with his apostolic presence. He was of that type of practical Christian men who force respect from all classes. His power lay in his moral energy; but above all, there shone in his life that spirit of Christian love, that takes the world into its embrace. I spoke of Dr. Newman. I had noticed a small portrait of him in a shop window, which I mistook for the likeness of Ralph Waldo Emerson; and this awakened my curiosity to see his religious establishment; so taking a seat in an Edgbaston omnibus, I was soon at Dr. Newman's conventual house, — an unsightly brick building not far out of the city, with a shabby little chapel attached to it, — any thing but the imposing ecclesiastical structure one would have expected from a man of taste and a scholar. Inside of the chapel door was pasted this notice: "Plenary Indulgence to all the faithful who after confession and communion shall visit the chapel and pray for the intention of the Pope." There was certainly nothing to attract the faithful into this door; — the whole affair was common, flimsy, dirty, and cheap, with some faded pretensions to paint and splendor, and with a crude image of the Virgin that would have hardly satisfied a third-rate Italian village church. If this be the chief instrumentality to convert England to the Catholic faith, it will probably fail; but in saying this, I would say nothing against the amiable per-

sonal character of Dr. Newman, and that spell of genius and power, with which he is said to attract all who come within the sphere of his personal influence.

I noticed in Birmingham, what I also noticed more especially in Liverpool and Manchester, and in some other cities whose greatness is of modern growth, that notwithstanding this fact, the city looks perfectly finished. Every thing is as complete and solid as if this life were to last forever. There is nothing more to be done. There is no gap to be filled, no pulling down and building up, as with us. We may be sure that the English would not be apt to pull down an old house like "the Hancock House," to make way for a modern building, though something of this sort has been done of late in London by the pressure of necessity. An old sign-board, half undecipherable, would be very likely to be left hanging for the sake of its past respectability. Whatever has stood the trial of time, has acquired in England preëmption from change. Whatever is *established*, is concluded to be right, beautiful, and good.

In the midst of the earnest life of this hard-working city, at the exciting hour of high noon, when the busy human tide was greatest in the streets, I saw our lively little friend "Punch," in vigorous discussion with his worthy helpmate. An English institution this! The contracted brow was relaxed; the quick step was arrested; and the English love of fun and fighting broke out. High

and low gathered around the small booth; men with bars of iron upon their shoulders, carmen sitting sideways on their elephantine horses, clerks with their papers in their hands, all for the moment forgot work, and even bank hours, and as they gazed roars of hearty laughter followed the fierce piping denunciations, and the determined thwacks of Mr. Punch.

Although, going out from Leamington Spa as a centre, I visited Warwick, Kenilworth, and other well-known places, I cannot bring myself to speak of but one or two more of these places on the road to London.

I have no intention to rhapsodize at the tomb of Shakspeare. When I visited it, there happened to be a great gathering of people in the church upon the occasion of instituting "The Bard of Avon Lodge of Free Masons;" and it appeared to me to be a strange enough ceremony to occur in such a place as this. The Masonic Brotherhood, distinguished by their dress and decorations, filled the body of the church. A young clergyman preached from the fifth chapter of Ezra, about rebuilding the old temple of true worship and of Christian brotherhood in these godless and degenerate days. Though not one of the initiated, I joined in singing a hymn beginning thus: —

"Great Architect of earth and heaven,
By time nor space confined,
Enlarge our love to comprehend
Our Brethren, all mankind."

One would think that better poetry than this might have been produced and sung in Shakspeare's church, and yet, after all, its expansive sentiment harmonized with the spirit of the place. An opportunity was given to contribute to the erection of a new painted window to the edifice, which will be something pleasant to think of hereafter.

While the religious services were progressing, a loud and unearthly shriek rang through the church. Such a singular interruption came from one of the side-aisles, where a poor tired woman had been suddenly seized with a fit. This event created considerable confusion, and it was indeed, for the moment, quite as startling as any of the poet's own weird scenes.

In the heavy shadow of one of the ancient pillars, I noticed a very old man wearing a red vest, leaning on his crutch, with trembling head, bleared eyes, and long, tangled, white locks, seeming to be hardly conscious of what was taking place around him; and here, I thought, truly was Shakspeare's Old Age. And, I could also see, just about me there in the motley crowd composed as they were of the poet's own towns-people, the burly magistrate, the bearded soldier, the young man, or it may be lover, the school-boy, and the nursing babe. It was altogether like reading a leaf of the poet in the same daily and natural light in which it was written.

How strange that after centuries of acquiescence

in the authorship of Shakspeare's plays, a Yankee woman should be the first to challenge his claims. And now another fearless American has taken up the bold assertion. It is almost like attacking the authorship of a gospel. Though the arguments are ingenious the confidence of ages is not easily shaken. Homer is believed to have written the Iliad by the settled conviction of the world, founded on internal evidence as well as the testimony of history, although German criticism has exhausted its strength to overthrow the claim of the unity of its authorship. Above all, to add the fame of Shakspeare to that of Lord Bacon, were to "pile Ossa on Pelion." The world would groan under the weight. The testimony and friendship of Ben Jonson outweighs the envious assaults of a fellow-play-writer on him whom he smartly calls "the only Shake-scene in a countrey." That strange and incomprehensible impersonality which has always been noticed in Shakspeare's writings, belongs to the greatness and universality of his mind, not surely to the mere desire to conceal the authorship of the most wonderful works of human genius. If Shakspeare could have written one of his plays, he could have written them all; and his very greatness seems to lift him serenely above doubt, or criticism, or discussion. But this is not the time or place to argue this matter. In what promises to be an exciting passage of arms, I am not now prepared to "shake a spear." Doubtless there will be a host of spears raised to sustain the falling heavens of Shakspeare's bright, immortal fame.

The next day after, I looked from the window of Elizabeth's room in the "Swan Tower" of Kenilworth, over the region of what was once a part of the forest of Arden, the same region that gave the name to Shakspeare's mother, and where he laid the scene of that rich June poem, "As You Like It," — perhaps a poetic tribute to his mother, Mary Arden.

At the Kenilworth railway station, there was gathered a rustic bridal party. The bride wore the invariable white ribbons and white veil, which English etiquette requires of brides high or low. I admired the honest sincerity of the scene, and the modest meekness with which the bride bore the smiles and pleasant remarks of all around. It was a half-triumphal and half-annoying ordeal.

"I waited for the train at Coventry,"

and the "three tall spires" rising from the plain proved that the old town still belonged to the unenchanted present, and is not yet spirited away into fairy land. One is more painfully reminded of this material present by the number of coarse modern liquor-shops that spot and infest this ancient city, as well as all other English cities and towns. In some smaller places, it is said that every fifth house is used for this purpose; and by far the most elegant and ornamental shops in the kingdom are those which bear the staring signs of "Stout," "Wine," "Gin," "Brandy." The light wines of France and the Continent would be preferable to the strong liquors and soddening beers used univers-

ally by the common people; but it is quite doubtful whether the English will adopt these light wines to any extent, or, what is better, become soon an entirely temperate people. They will sog on until Mr. Gough, or that more eloquent speaker "Facts," converts them. But intelligent Englishmen are feeling deeply the force of these appalling facts in regard to the wide-spread and terrible ravages of intemperance.

The antique interest of Coventry lies chiefly in the neighborhood of St. Michael's Church, and the more venerable St. Mary's Hall; the first of these, with its towering spire of three hundred and three feet, is inferior only to the great cathedrals. This spire is a beautifully shaped octagon, supported by flying buttresses; it pierces the sky like a wedge. St. Mary's Hall by its side takes us back to the days of the feudal "guilds" and pomps; and it is a familiar fact that Coventry, even to this day, is a marvelous city for shows and pageants. Some of these, it is said, exhibit very odd and ludicrous mixtures of ancient helmets and modern beavers.

The story of "Lady Godiva" meets you everywhere. It is repeated in street statues, in architectural ornaments, and upon shop sign-boards. But in these coarse and grotesque popular illustrations of the story, one cannot recognize the same legend as it shines in the hazy amber light of Tennyson's poetry, — the pure and delicate picture of her, who, for the love she bore the poor,

> "took the tax away,
> And built herself an everlasting name."

CHAPTER II.

LONDON.

LONDON, on the first visit, gave me little pleasure, and I was glad to leave it for the free, sweet, open country. It was overpowering. It was like going into the stifled breath of a furnace-mouth. Life is on so vast a scale, so terribly real, that one has little opportunity to think calmly, or play, or, I had almost said, pray. There is such an endless mass of human life that a man grows insignificant in his own eyes; he loses his individuality; he is inclined to cry, "I am a mere bubble — a speck — on this immense sea of existence! I am worthless and insignificant in the eye of God!" I know this feeling is foolish, especially to a genuine Londoner, than whom no one enjoys life more heartily. An English gentleman, to whom I expressed some such sentiment, remarked that one must be a difficult person to please if he could not live comfortably at the West End of London! A second visit, and agreeable lodgings in clean and handsome St. James' Street, gave me a far more cheerful impression of London life. Many London families, in the summer time, I was told, are in the habit of renting their houses or apartments, with all their furniture

and table-service, while they spend the warm weather in the country or on the Continent. Thus there may be seen "Lodgings to let" in the best streets of London, and sometimes on very fine houses, reminding one of Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," and showing how English fashions do not change. To take lodgings in some neat and comfortable quarter at the West End, is by far the pleasantest way of spending a short time in London.

The tranquil, free, and wide-spread parks of London, yield one also at any time an escape from the surging current of life that rolls through the streets, — the countless trains of omnibuses, carts, carriages, men, women, and children. To slip into St. James' Park by the side of the dingy old palace, you are at once removed from the presence of the heated and roaring city, and enjoying the pure air and quiet freshness of Nature. The sudden contrast is the more refreshing.

One of the most delightful spots in London is the "Botanic Garden" in Regent's Park, at the height of the season of flowers. Here you may see gathered the beauty and aristocracy of the city. Yet you cannot but be struck by the fact, that when crowds of the best and noblest London families are brought together in an afternoon promenade concert, few of these beautiful women and elegant men seem to be acquainted with each other. They are silent and unsocial. There appears to be, to a stranger, an icy reserve among the English toward

each other, which all summer heats and the soft breath of flowers cannot quite melt. The London exhibitions of American shrubs, of such shrubs as our wild azaleas and rhododendrons, brought by skillful cultivation to great beauty and size, are well worth seeing. Few know the vast pains and expense taken in England, to send botanists to every part of the world, and especially into new countries, to collect every foreign species of tree, plant, and flower. Even as far back as two centuries ago, this painful and costly process was going on. Our American maple-leaved hawthorn was then introduced into England. The cedar and larch were brought in a little earlier, and the mulberry in the reign of James I. The native of every land on the globe may thus see with delight, in the public gardens of England, his own familiar home plants and flowers, and scent the breath as it were of his own hills and plains.

The literary man, too, finds London his paradise. The cosy book-shops about St. Paul's Churchyard, and other snug grazing fields, are places too tempting for any but literary nabobs, or for that insatiable hunter of books, Dr. Cogswell, to revel in. Every thing golden in antique or modern letters drops at last into these half-hidden but profound treasure-houses. When I was in London, many of Mr. Mitford's most precious books, with his neatly written and valuable marginal notes, could be purchased. Those russet-covered volumes haunt the imagination, long after the poor lit-

erary epicure has come back to his small study and slender oat-meal. Mr. Mitford's books sold very cheap. A Scaliger copy of a valuable Greek author, rich in historic annotations, was bought for £1 1*s*. An Aldine Catullus, with four hundred notes by Professor Porson, was purchased for £3 6*s*.

As a central point to see London, half an hour spent on one of the bridges will enable a person to impress some feeble picture of the mighty city on his mind, and to take a sweep up and down the almost unimaginable extent of London. Wordsworth's sonnet on Westminster Bridge at morning, showed that he had a human heart, which some have denied him:

"Earth hath not any thing more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.
The city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie,
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, and hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep!
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

The poet was fortunate to see the city in this "smokeless air." A London fog has often been described, but rarely exaggerated. That yellow gloom, that "darkness that could be felt," rolling into the innermost chamber of the house, and casting a haze about the friend who sits in the opposite

corner, can hardly be overdrawn. And yet three miles from the city, at the same point of time, it may be bright and clear. Another thought of quite justifiable pride cannot but occur to an American looking at the river Thames, and that is, the vast superiority of New York to London in its site as a commercial metropolis. The Thames toward its mouth is a broad river it is true, but how wonderful is the harbor of New York, with two deep arms of the sea on either side, and the magnificent bay spreading out in front!

There is a great source of historic fact and interest not always explored in the London churches. Take, for instance, St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate; this is in an out-of-the-way corner of the old city, near Grub Street, where poor authors once starved. In this church is the tomb of Milton. There is a marble bust of him over the spot where he was buried. It represents his face in old age, meagre and deeply lined, like his picture in Pickering's edition of Milton's Works. Here also is the tomb of Fox, the martyrologist. There is an inscription in this church upon the monument of a young noble lady, that was so simple and beautiful that I copied it. "Here lies Margaret Lucy, the second daughter of Sr. Thomas Lucy of Charelcote, in the county of Warwick, Knight, (the third by immediate descent of y name of Thomas), by Alice sole daughter and heire of Thomas Spencer, of Clareden, in the same county, Esqr. and Custos Brevium of the Courte of Comon Pleas at Westminster, who

departed this life the 18th day of November 1634, and aboute the 19th yeare of her age; for discretion and sweetnesse of conversation not many excelled, and for pietie and patience in her sicknesse and death few equalled her; which is the comforte of her neerest friendes, to every one of whom she was very deare, but especialie to her old grandmother, the Lady Constance Lucy, under whose government shee died; who having exspected every day to have gone before her, doth now trust by faith, and hope in the precious bloode of Christ Jesus, shortly to follow after, and be partaker with her and others, of the unspeakable and eternal joyes in his blessed kingdom; to whom be all honor laude and praise, now and ever, Amen."

In the yard of the same old half-hidden black brick church, is to be seen a bastion of the Roman wall. The obliging and intelligent sexton of "St. Giles," was the only official that I remember in England who refused a fee. "St. Pancras in the Fields" was the last church in England whose bell rung for mass. On the register of "St. Martin's in the Fields," Lord Bacon's baptism is recorded. In one of these old London churches, Cromwell was married. Miles Coverdale was buried in "St. Bartholomew's." "Shoreditch Church" was built over the spot where Jane Shore died in a ditch from starvation. What is now "Finsbury Circus" was then about the limit of the city in that direction.

All English history, law, literature, religion, have met in London, and have radiated from London as a common centre.

With the aid of Murray here and there, the following may be mentioned as a few such points in London, touched by the presence of great men and events. In the neighborhood of the Islington suburb, was the scene of Suetonius' victory over Boadicea, in which 80,000 Britons were slain. Where "Barclay's Brewery" in Southwark stands, the "Globe Theatre" stood, and Master William Shakspeare played his own dramas and "suited the action to the word." At this spot also General Haynau was well drubbed by the sturdy brewers. In Bethnall Green, still live the descendants of the French silk-weavers who fled to England after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Milton's father resided in Bread Street, Cheapside; and in this street the poet was born. He was a true Cockney born within the "sound of Bow Bells." The same "Cheapside" it is, whose stones did rattle with the "chaise and four," and the precious burden of—

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three."

At Cheapside, Tyndale's English translation of the Bible was burned in 1526. Goldsmith died at No. 2 Brick Court Temple. Benjamin Franklin lived at No. 7 Craven Street, Strand. Handel lived in Piccadilly. In King Street, Edmund Spenser died for "lack of bread." Here also Louis Napoleon lived when he acted policeman; and rumor says, he believes it is his destiny to die at Cheapside. Lord Byron was born in a boarding-house on Cavendish Square. Samuel Rogers' house was No.

22 St. James Place. William Turner was born in 1775 at 26 Maiden Lane, near Covent Garden. In the Inns of Temple Court, the memories of Goldsmith, Johnson, Mansfield, Eldon, are still fresh. In Whitehall Chapel one sees the window out of which Charles I. stepped to his execution. In the centre of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Lord John Russell was beheaded. Every one knows of that vast cemetery of Bunhill Fields near Finsbury Square, where the best genius and piety of the old dissenters found rest from their labors.

In Smithfield Market the martyrs of the Marian persecution were burned, and William Wallace was beheaded. Here also King Richard III. had his encounter with Wat Tyler. Would one ask for the burial-place of Cromwell? His body was disinterred and burned under Tyburn gallows, in the new part of London now called "Tyburnia," and the most aristocratic portion of the city. On Temple Bar, which must soon come down like a rock in the middle of a busy river, the heads of traitors were hung. At Guildhall one may still see "Gog and Magog" in all their bearded majesty, in spite of Mr. Punch. One of the most intensely interesting places in London is Christ's Hospital, founded by pious Edward VI. for fatherless children and foundlings. This is the famous "Blue Coat School." I was told that there were eight hundred now belonging to the school. Here Stillingfleet, Richardson, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and "the inspired charity boy," Coleridge, went to school. A frisky

herd of boys just let out careered through the yard in front of the hall bare-headed, many of them with their long blue coats tied up around them in front, and their spindle shanks and yellow stockings making a great display.

I visited a spot where the memory of one "gentle" spirit still lingers, and makes the most unromantic place in the world attractive. Set down in front of a sombre row of columns, and a low dingy pile of buildings, one could hardly conceive that this was the seat of that company of merchants who once ruled a vast empire with absolute sway, — the East India House in Leadenhall Street. An apartment up one flight of stairs toward the back of the building, was where Charles Lamb used to write. There I was introduced to a courteous white-haired gentleman, who told me (though I know nothing more of him) that he was a fellow-clerk with Lamb, and occupied the next desk to his. He showed the place where Lamb's desk stood, under a window which looked out on the blank brick wall of a house. He spoke of him whom he was proud to call a friend, with enthusiasm. He said he was the best-hearted man in the world. Sometimes he would say to him, "Now you, who live in the country, go and spend a day at home with your family, and I will take care of your books." He had tremendous fits of work, and would accomplish three men's tasks in a day. At other times he would keep them all merry with his stories, and fill his pages with the oddest scrawls and etchings. This called to mind Lamb's

boyish delight, which he speaks of in one of his letters, when he had learned to make "flourishes" and (poor Elia) "corkscrews, the best he ever drew." Among other pleasant things and sayings which this old gentleman related, I recall but this: "One day a wealthy London merchant was ushered into the room, and introduced to Lamb as 'Mr. So-and-So, a distinguished spice merchant.' 'Oh yes,' said Lamb, quick as lightning, 'I 'm happy to see you, sir; I smelt you coming.'"

The India House Library forms a rich and splendid collection of some 24,000 Oriental works, 8000 of these being still in manuscript. Among them is the famous "Koran," copied on vellum by the Caliph Othman III. A. D. 655.

Let us now turn to quite another theme and quarter of the city, and glance at the English "House of Commons."

Ascending the noble staircase leading up from old "Westminster Hall," one passes into an avenue or corridor, connecting with the new "Houses of Parliament." This superb avenue is called "St. Stephen's Hall." Along its sides are ranged full-length statues of Hampden, Falkland, Selden, Chatham, Burke, Pitt, Fox, and others of the great Commoners of England. This hall leads into a vestibule highly decorated and gilded, by which one enters immediately into the "House of Commons" on the one side, and the "House of Lords" on the other. Let us enter the House of Commons. We go up a flight of stairs, and seat

ourselves in what is named the "Reporters' Gallery." Opposite us are the reporters' desks, at which you see anxious-looking men seated, who, after writing a little time with intense application, get up and go out, being relieved of their severe toil by others. The House of Commons is almost as gorgeous as wrought gold, fine brass, oak-wood carving, rich frescoes, and stained-glass windows can make it. I say "almost," for the House of Lords, though of the same general architectural character, is still more elaborate in its finish and ornament. It blazes in crimson and gold.

After having looked around and above, and sated our eyes with richness, and studied out the Tudor rose and portcullis ornaments, and other historic emblems, then look down and see what this magnificent house of the gods contains. Are they gods or men? They are truly but men; and they are men who all wear their hats on as at a Quaker meeting. But it is no Quaker meeting; for the spirit of heavenly repose which broods over the assemblies of the saints, is not surely here. There is an anxious, angry, almost fierce spirit of debate and conflict. The only unexcited countenance is that of the Speaker, who, profoundly buried in his big gray wig, sits imperturbable as a machine, or rises at long intervals to put a vote in the shortest and driest manner.

It is odd to see the quiet, matter-of-fact way in which vast money-bills are voted upon and disposed of in the English Parliament. I heard money

enough to set up a small government appropriated in about five minutes, all the members voting in favor of it, though there had been a protracted and violent debate upon it, in which it seemed as if the tottering government must give way. The real business goes on by machinery. Discussion is like a dance on the mill-floor while the great wheel goes steadily round. The cold, firm will of the governing class, sovereign in the House of Commons as in the House of Lords, allowing little possibility of popular interference, manages every thing in its own way. A long, green table stands in the centre of the room, at one end of which two bewigged clerks are seated, and at the other end hangs the ponderous "mace." The Government party occupy seats on one side of this table, and the Opposition on the other.

There is an impression now prevailing in England, that the business of the nation has become so gigantic and complicated that Parliament is really not equal to its transaction. I have certainly rarely seen a more wearied and fagged-out set of men than the Government bench at that time presented. The brilliant gas-light streamed down on care-worn, haggard faces. They were then, it is true, in a state of siege, and brought by a powerful and unrelenting opposition into the most desperate condition. Lord Palmerston, however, carried a bold air. In the broad and racy expression of his face he looked the born Irishman. He seemed to have the elasticity of immortal youth. It was

highly interesting to hear this inimitable veteran debater roll off his easy and stereotyped phrases of defense, now rising into stately rhetoric, now getting up an immense indignation, now casting himself back on his official dignity, and now darting a fatal thrust of mingled ridicule and power into the weak place of his opponent's harness. His venerable compeer, Lord John Russell, has a pompous way of speaking for a small man, but is ingenious in gliding oilily around a difficulty; and when he cannot answer it, has an imperious way of trampling it down. It was wonderful to see these old men sustaining these severe midnight debates; for the sessions of Parliament begin at five or six in the evening, and last sometimes until three o'clock in the morning.

Confessedly the most polished and fluent speaker in Parliament is Mr. Gladstone; but, as a rough Englishman said to me, "He is too eloquent to be honest;" not that this is literally true, but with English people too great facility is looked upon with suspicion. I was fortunate to hear Mr. Bright speak, although but briefly. He has a round, full forehead, and a large, resolute mouth, but the expression seemed to me gentler and more refined than I had imagined of this strong popular tribune. He looks like a good man — a man whose heart, whose moral nature, predominates over and subordinates his intellect. You get just the reverse of this idea, I think, from the face of Gladstone, who is pure intellect, though he has shown that he pos-

sesses a noble heart. Bright's speech was characterized by straightforward plainness, and also by singular force of condensed scholarly expression. There was none of the drawling mannerism of the other speakers, but a marching right on in a free, fresh, direct current of remark. There seemed to me a consciousness that he was the leader of a growing power in the State, and was bound to say something "telling" and strong. He stands on his own legs, and not on prescriptive reputation, opinions, or policies. He is at this moment the grandest figure, the foremost man in England. He seemed to me, morally, to tower immeasurably above all the nobles and distinguished men about him. He is indeed a dangerous man. He goes rather too fast for John Bull. "Still," as one of my English friends said to me, "England will and must have substantial reforms, it matters not what minister may be in power." The most striking-looking man in the House of Commons is Disraeli. I did not hear him speak. His head, from the distance where I sat, appeared not unlike Webster's, though of far less massive mould; perhaps it was his saturnine complexion and imperturbable countenance that gave me this impression. His dark features and black hair, his contemplative and even sombre expression, single him out among all. He is a stranger there. Although his spirit may not be wholesome, and his eloquence is often more brilliant than sound, he has dared to rise above the dead level practical standard of

English debate into a new world of ideas and principles, and to discuss subjects in a more comprehensive and philosophical way. The best speech I heard on the whole, for its vigorous English and manly thought, was from Sir T. Baring. Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick) delivered a long, gossiping discourse with no particular point. With no lack of point was Mr. Roebuck's attack on the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He speaks deliberately and in a low voice, but with that distinct whisper, or hissing tone, that makes every word tell. His keen shafts, drawn firmly to the head, are sent twanging home with no reservation of human feebleness or pity. Chaucer must have written prophetically of him:

> "The arwes of thy crabbed eloquence
> Shall perce his crest and eke his aventayle."

Although seated on the lower tier of benches opposite the reporters' desks, it was some time before I could begin to understand a word that was said. The thick articulation, and the broken, jerking way of speaking, made the English language sound like another tongue. Even Lord Palmerston at times got floundering and gasping in a painfully prolonged course of barren "eh-eh-eh's."

In the House of Lords, the dull and drawling style of oratory was still more pronounced. Lords Normanby, Clanricarde, Waters, De Canning, Brougham, and others spoke. Some of the noble lords actually went to sleep with folded arms beneath their broad-brimmed hats. Lord Brougham has still the lionlike look and the

energetic sweep of the arm; but the silver hair, bent back, and, above all, failing voice, tell of the decay of physical force. In the remarks that he made there was no lack of mental vigor, and of downright crushing common sense. He made the impression of greater genuine oratorical power than any speaker whom I heard in England, though it was power on the wane, and the old fire but faint. Sir Stratford de Canning, who has done a great work as a diplomatist, wielding the influence of England on the side of humanity and Christian civilization, is certainly no speaker, judging by the effort which I heard. His place is not in the stirring field of debate. He delivered an elaborate speech that read remarkably well the next morning in the "Times," but he nearly broke down twice in doing it.

The best way for a young man to see London, is to take "Cruchley's Map of London," which has references to more than six hundred streets, squares, and public places, and which distinctly denotes what buildings and institutions are worthy of being visited on both sides of every street, and then to see London by walking. In this way he is independent of valets and cabmen, loses nothing that is memorable, and gains some, it may be tiresome, personal experience of the incredible vastness of the city.

An American need not be reminded to visit Westminster Abbey, the Tower, St. Paul's Cathedral, the National Gallery, and the British Museum. His national instincts will probably lead

him to the Bank of England in Threadneedle Street. The British Museum comprehends a square in the heart of London. To go through it is like walking through the avenues of a dead world. It is a pleasant toil, but toil it certainly is. By going day after day, or rather week after week, it may be slowly conquered. When in visiting Athens I saw the holes in the frieze of the Parthenon out of which the Elgin marbles had been torn, it was with a feeling of indignation and sorrow; but as one reflects that it was by this means that the sculptures were probably saved from the destruction of war, or from being ground into lime by the Turks, and that they have been the instrumentality of regenerating modern Art, he is reconciled to the change; and perhaps, hereafter, when Greece becomes a nation worthy of the name, some "Great Eastern" will transport the marbles back again, and they will take their old place in the entablature of the temple. In passing the case that contains the "Codex Alexandrinus," one is inclined, like my genial and accomplished friend Mr. Henry Stevens, the librarian of the American department of the library — to take off his hat. This version, according to Cyril Lucar, Patriarch of Alexandria, was copied by an Egyptian woman named Thecla, in the fourth century; and it bears evident marks of female chirography. Tischendorff and other modern scholars, however, assign it to the fifth century. It stands next in value after the Vatican and Sinaitic versions. It was a gift from Cyril to Charles I., in 1629.

CHAPTER III.

LONDON ART AND THE LONDON PULPIT.

Art in London has been derided by those who live on the Continent, and nothing beautiful is thought capable of blossoming in that foggy atmosphere. It is true that Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square does not permit Nelson to be seen; and Wellington's statue at Hyde Park is the ideal of military "old fogyism;" and all the "pleasant singers" are Italians; and many of the metropolitan sculptors and builders have foreign names; yet, in spite of all, London is one of the world's art-centres. It would be too great a task to discuss English Art as developed in the numberless schools, galleries, and expositions of London. Between three and four thousand new pictures are annually on exhibition. Who can say that English Art is doing nothing? Perhaps nowhere in the world is there so much done, to judge by the quantity, and in some respects the quality, of the fruits. There has been an important revolution in English Art, as every one knows, since the days of Reynolds, Wilson, Romney, and Gainsborough. In some respects it has lost, but

in others gained, power. The trials of Wilkie, the agonies of Haydon, and above all the eccentric but inspired studies of Turner, have produced decided changes. English Art has gained in natural vigor, and in truthfulness of drawing and detail, what it has lost in ideal power. It is a good thing to go back to Nature, and copy even her stones correctly; this lays a foundation for genius to build upon. Pre-Raphaelitism is already giving over its minute realness, and beginning to clothe its leanness with the beauty of life and of higher truth. It has done good; but it has not proved that those things which God has made small and earthly are as beautiful as those he has made great and heavenly. "There are glories terrestrial and glories celestial." Purity is not sufficient for greatness, or a little child would be morally greater than a tried and victorious man. Passion, ideality, the divine life, must breathe and glow in every truly great work of Art. I am Ruskinite enough to think that Turner, in his best style, was as near an approach to *the* great English painter as has yet been made. "But after my words they spake not," said Job; and who wishes to enter into an elaborate discussion of Turner after the Oxford oracle has spoken. Turner did a great work, if it were only to have been the occasion of Ruskin's marvelous eloquence. One has a perfect right, however, to look, and see, and judge whether he likes or dislikes Turner's paintings. There was, when I was in London, a fine oppor-

tunity to do this at the Kensington Museum, popularly the "Boilers," where there were three large rooms full of Turner's best and worst pictures, arranged it is said by Mr. Ruskin himself. What impressed me most in Turner's greatest pictures, those which belong principally to his second and sound style, was their imaginative power. In such paintings as "Dido building Carthage," in the National Gallery, and the "Shipwreck," and "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," and "The Fighting Téméraire tugged to her last Berth" — (who gave these taking titles?[1]) and "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," say what you will about their "light" and "atmosphere," their "depth" and "aërial perspective," it is the power that brings before you *new* things, that calls them up from the pure realm of imagination, — it is this poetic power that gives the charm to these pictures. They awake the sense of the infinite that a great poem does. They take down the bars and let you into the green fields of joy and freedom. One has the feeling — (always a delightful one) — that the author of these pictures could do any thing he wished, could build a Carthage or a Rome.

As I was looking at one of those sublime scrawls before which the real votary of Turner is drunk with frenzy, a plain farmer's wife came in and read

[1] Since writing the above I have seen it expressly stated in Thornbury's biography of Turner, that the name of "The Fighting Téméraire," and the names of others of his pictures, were Mr. Turner's own titles. Turner was a poet, though he wrote but poor poetry. His poems were his pictures.

the title, "The Day after the Deluge." "Wull! I should think it wur!" was the only remark she made; and then she walked through the room without noticing another picture.

That there is any thing in these later fantasies of Turner's brain which appeals to the universal understanding and common sentiment of beauty, I cannot suppose; though, for expressing this opinion, an Englishman almost told me that there was a want of appreciation in myself. And he added, moreover, that these last pictures of Turner commanded better prices than his earlier ones. I pitied him as too far gone to be saved. Looked at as unfinished sketches, or dashing experiments in color, or studies of the concentration of light, they are artistically interesting, and some of them have a confused grandeur, as the sketches of "A Fire at Sea," and "The Deluge." But to call the "Angel standing in the Sun," and "Rain, Steam, and Speed," and "Hannibal crossing the Alps," and the various spotty reflexes of "Venice," true *pictures* of Nature, or of a healthy imagination, this were like calling Carlyle's worst style pure English. They have no regard to form or fact. They are but dashes, streaks of pigment. Take the picture called "Tapping the Furnace;" there is no furnace, nor bell, nor workshop, nor any thing that particularizes such a scene, but it is a universal explosion of high colors. Yet before Turner's finished pictures, radiant with truthful splendors, full of the movement of life, boldly fol-

lowing Nature and catching her deepest expressions, honestly regardful of fact, painting, as he gruffly declared, "his clouds from the clouds in the sky — how else would you paint them?" — but despising the minute and the dull, we may reverently bow. His coloring, as well as drawing, is inspired by one living impulse; that is, it is painted from the momentary pregnant suggestion, and, as it were, flash of Nature. This shows the great painter whose coloring is not the result of elaborate work in the study, but the inspiration of living truth. We had rather see mistakes in such great and original pictures, than the most careful perfection of execution in common works.

"Landscape painting," De Quincey said, "is the peculiar product of Christianity;" and it is certain that the most Christian nation delights in landscape painting. The walls of its galleries are not hung with huge historic scenes and battle pieces, as those of France; or with ideal paintings of heathen poetry and religion, as of Italy; but with tranquil views of beautiful English nature, lighted by some simple sentiment or home affection. The historical style is having its commencement in England. Such powerful painters as Maclise and Ward, prove that England need go no more to the Rubenses and Van Dycks of other countries to illuminate her story. But let a man wander over England, walk from one northern lake to another through the whole string of pearls, climb the mountains of Wales, explore the lonely

coves and rocks of Cornwall, roam through the ferny combes of Devonshire, and over the smooth downs of Kent and Surrey, sit in thatched cottages, linger in the solemn shades of old cathedral towns, and then let him go into the Fall Exhibitions of Art in London, and he will see it all over again, and will almost know the very rocks and meadows, houses and hay-ricks, in the pictures. He must have dined with more than one of those artists, an angel unawares. One is willing to say, "Let High Art go to the sepulchres of Ossian's heroes!" when enjoying these delightful pictures of Nature, that draw the thorn from the careworn mind. And if one wishes for power, vastness, agitation, terror, he has it in the sea and storm pieces, that no artist loves more, or has a better opportunity to delineate, than he who lives in an island which is the home of tempests, and on whose thousand bold headlands the ocean perpetually thunders. Turner painted a snow-storm off the coast of England, in which his own life was imperilled.

English Art has of late years, as every one knows, run much into the representation of pure animal life. Animal life has been strangely lifted into the sphere of sentiment and poetry. We do not see merely Paul Potter's bellowing "bull and cows," but we see a reflex of human traits, whether noble or mean, in the rough faces and mute actions of the creatures made for man. It is a fine Christian recognition of the hidden links

of being, and of the love of God in his plan of creation. Yet this idea may be overstrained, as in Landseer's picture of a "Highland Deluge," exhibited in the "Royal Academy." A dying cow is made the heroine of that tragedy, of which a whole Highland family are but subordinate features. Our pity is turned into contempt, on the principle of Jonathan Edwards' definition of virtue, — that it is "love to being in general," but graduated in strict accordance to its standard of worth. We are inclined to give the palm to Rosa Bonheur over Edwin Landseer. The last paints wonderful pictures, the first living animals. We heartily believe the story that Rosa Bonheur lives with her animals, and does not shun the reeking shambles and *abattoirs*, to study the psychology of her dumb favorites. She evidently loves them, and does not paint for money or reputation, but to express her affection for animals, and to embalm the memory of her friends and heroes.

The American will be glad to see in the "British School" not only the most famous paintings of West, grand though cold, but some of Gilbert Stuart's lifelike portraits; and many of Leslie's works, who, born in England, was of American parentage, and resided for a time in America. He was, moreover, a student of Washington Allston. There is clearness and brightness in his coloring, and an air of sunny life about his pictures. He is not a great painter,

but no one has caught the airy spirit of Shakspeare's comedy and Cervantes' humor better than he. "Don Quixote reproving the Ecclesiastic," in the British Institution, is not a coarse caricature of the brave knight, but it revels in the ludicrous points and contrasts of the scene, the flaming indignation of the demented hero, the red-hot, roaring, stamping rage of the fat priest, the Count holding a hard battle between mirth and Castilian dignity, the beautiful Countess really more interested for the Don than struck with the comical aspect of things, and the unconquerable gravity of the Spanish attendants. The illustrious Governor of Barataria, last but not least, lives again in Leslie's paintings. Still it must be said that Leslie did not work a deep vein.

The "Bridgewater Collection" is rich in Italian and Flemish pictures. Three exquisite Raphaels would seem to be enough for one collection. The masterpiece of Gerard Dow is there. There are also two powerful landscapes by Richard Wilson.

To England belongs the glory of painting in water-colors. It may be called an English art. Turner himself was one of its originators, or rather reformers. He introduced the new system of employing local tints, and of shading each object with its own tint, instead of laying on first a formal groundwork of India ink, or some neutral monotone, and tinting it afterward. The present system lends freedom and brilliancy to the painting. It is like genuine oil painting. Colors

are intermingled as in Nature, and there is a peculiar transparency and vividness that oil-colors do not give.

I do not know a more refreshing and pleasing place to spend an hour, than an Exhibition of English Water-color paintings. Every hue of water, earth, and sky is flung around. Fancy plays endless freaks. The subjects are as various as the expressions and wantonness of Nature.

The delicate fineness of Birket Foster's landscapes equals the exquisiteness of a *camerâ obscurâ*. Almost every individual flower and grass-spire upon a natural bank or meadow, flourishes in his little cabinet pieces. There is a gem-like light on them. This kind of painting is better fitted for landscapes than for "*genre*" pictures. And one is surprised to see the boldness and power often thrown into these small paintings. The gloomy "Pass of Glencoe" with its frowning walls of misty mountains, or a deep black Welsh tarn, or broken coast scenery, or the ocean torn by a winter tempest, are scenes that these artists do not shrink from. But to catch the bright sparkle of English summer fields, or the green and golden gleam of an autumn corn-field, or to invade the cool home of the shy lilies, or to paint a pink-cheeked Dutch family of squat mushrooms and a group of blue-bells and buttercups, or to give a gleam of the portentous harvest moon silvering an old castle with a broad-winged bird of night flying athwart its face, is more to the taste of these bright-fancied playful artists.

Holman Hunt's picture of the "Finding of Christ in the Temple," has created much controversy. Though learned and marvelously elaborate, it will not establish the superiority of the Pre-Raphaelite school in the higher elements of the art. It wants unity and elevation. I have seen just such dull, blear-eyed Rabbis in Jerusalem, representing the utmost fall and degradation of modern Judaism, but certainly not representing the proud and philosophic princes of the old Jewish hierarchy of our Lord's time. The Saviour is represented as a youth of genius, with blue Saxon eyes and bright auburn hair; there is nothing Oriental, or what is infinitely more, Divine, in his face. But I will say no more of Art here, for it is a subject upon which every one thinks that he knows more than others, and therefore is disposed to treat what others say with contempt.

While in London I heard Charles Spurgeon preach twice, and saw the power this apostle of modern Babylon exerted upon the masses of the people. He has the prime quality of great preachers, that he speaks to the popular mind; and "the common people heard him gladly." There he bends his efforts, and there he shows his greatness, and his resemblance to his Master. I heard Spurgeon several times afterward in Paris, and probably he then preached with more than usual care in the arrangement and style of his sermons, though they may for that very reason have lost something of their rough popular power. I will

give the impression his preaching then made upon me, with the simple addition that it fails to convey a full idea of his free, homely, and often coarse illustration. I would apologize for the particularity of the description, but it may serve to correct some false popular notions of this preacher.

Mr. Spurgeon preached his first sermon in the American Chapel, Rue de Berri. This service was well attended. The chapel was full, and the aisles crowded. All his congregations were chiefly composed of English people. At the "Oratoire" a larger portion of the audience was French than at the American chapel. There was no rush, however, at either place. The capacity of the houses was quietly and entirely filled, and that was all. But it was something remarkable for Paris. Mr. Coquerel draws such audiences on the Sabbath, but we know of no one else who does so. Whether he could have done the same five times, on week-day afternoons and evenings, is a question.

After prayer, and a running comment upon the 103d Psalm, Mr. Spurgeon said that he should preach upon the simplest text in the Bible. He then announced his text from Acts xvi. 31: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He commenced with the description of a city of refuge in old Hebrew times, and the roads leading to it. These were made straight and smooth, that the fugitive might not miss them, or stumble on them, but shoot over them to the open gate, like the arrow from the bow. These roads

were carefully kept. It was the duty of preachers to keep the roads to Christ as open, and straight, and smooth as possible. All he would do, then, would be to heave out of the way any stone of stumbling that might hinder the sinful man from coming to Christ. He went on to clear the road — of the stone of a man's imagining that he was too great a sinner to be saved; of the stone that he was unable to come to Christ; that he had not enough feeling; that he had doubts, fears, and evil suggestions. Then he told what *was* this refuge, this salvation. It was Christ alone, not even the faith that brought to him. It was Christ's five wounds and bleeding side. He ended with a touching appeal to come at once to Christ. Say not, "Go away, thou sorrowful man, thou makest me sad, and destroyest my happiness. I cannot endure thy thorn-crowned head, and deep gashed side." The preacher seemed to wish to say nothing else but Christ — to point to Him crucified and bleeding. He tore down all drapery, all form, all doctrine, all philosophy that hung around the cross, and veiled the *blood* of Christ. He spoke in this relation some strong and earnest things. "The five wounds! the blood! the blood! the blood!" He dwelt upon this with passionate pathos.

There was a fresh and sensible, it may be said sensuous, setting forth of the agony and passion of our Lord. The sinner might almost say, "*How* do those five wounds bleed for me? *How* does that blood wash away my sin?" And to answer this, in the simplest way, would be philosophy.

"The next day Mr. Spurgeon preached another sermon in the chapel, upon the passage contained in Eph. iii. 19: "And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," etc. We might know that which was beyond our powers to grasp entirely. We might know the science of astronomy, without piercing all the secrets of the illimitable universe around us. The knowledge of Christ had to be learned in its own proper schools, such as holy Scripture, Penitence, Suffering, Communion. He then went on to speak of *what* was learned in these schools, or the true nature of the love of Christ — its breadth; its depth; its length; its height. This easy and textual plan was beautifully filled out. There was every thing in the sermon to charm and move the mind. *Little* love, little faith, was precious. By touching the hem of the Saviour's garment, the woman was made whole. But it was the Christian's privilege to be filled with the love of Christ, to pierce its depths, to soar into its heights, to lie in the embrace of his God. This love was not a miserable trickling stream, soon running dry, but it was a broad perpetual river flowing from eternity. The love of Christ was deeper than any sin, higher than any attainment in holiness, or heavenly joy. In treating of the different schools in which this love was learned, his language (said a friend) might have satisfied Coleridge or Charles Lamb. He said the Bible was not a book of rules dry as autumn leaves, but a great, rich, illuminated missal, delightful to turn over, every leaf filled with

golden letters, and exquisite pictures, and flowers. He traced the features of Christ in it from Genesis to Revelation. In speaking of the enduring character of the love of Christ, that it was from God and therefore unchangeable, he introduced a touching episode borrowed from an old writer, of a conversation that might be supposed to have occurred at the feast given on the return of the Prodigal Son. In the midst of all the joy, the son was sad. "What makes you sad, my son?" said the father; "is there not enough of good things at the feast?" "Oh yes," said the son. "Do you doubt that I love you, my son?" "Oh no, father." "What then makes you sad?" "I feel, father, that I shall sin again, and go away. *Make me stop here*, father." And the father promised this, and sadness rolled away from the face of the son, and the feast went on with unclouded joy. The simple, tender manner in which this was told brought tears into many eyes.

Mr. Spurgeon preached again in the evening at the church of the "Oratoire." His plan is to make a short introductory prayer, then give out a hymn, then read a portion of Scripture, with copious exposition, then another hymn and the sermon. He reads every verse of the hymn twice, and insists upon loud, universal congregational singing. He gave the organ a contemptuous buffet for spoiling all the singing, and would have it done away with altogether. Congregational singing, and united prayer, were his idea of true worship. His sub-

ject for the evening was Prayer, — from Psalms lxxiii. 27.,, There were many powerful passages in this sermon, but it had not the rich and delightful flow of the morning's discourse. He compared prayer to a bell in a tall tower. The rope hung down to earth; and when it was pulled it made music in heaven. But if the rope were cut, there was no response on high. There must be true union with God in the heart through faith in Jesus, to make prayer efficacious. Prayer,, he said, was invincible. Like the " Old Guard," God's children kneeling might receive the hosts of evil upon the bayonets of their prayers. This whole passage, which was highly elaborated and impassioned, was spoken in a kneeling attitude. This dramatic power was continually perceptible in Mr. Spurgeon's preaching. He at one time held the great Bible above his head with outstretched arms, to show that it was above all human authority.

The fourth sermon was in the American chapel, on the next afternoon. It was the crowning effort, and established the conviction in the minds of all who heard it, that the preacher was capable of a very high character of calm, literary excellence, and of elevated spiritual thought. His language flowed like a river, easy, abundant, clear. After expounding the 23d Psalm, comparing it with the song of a nightingale, till it sung itself into heaven, he took his text from the first sentence: " The Lord is my Shepherd." It was a sweet pastoral sermon. He had evidently been in the sheep-feed-

ing districts of England. He never laid aside the shepherd's crook to the end, but ran every thought and argument into this simple mould. Some sheep, he said, needed to be lamed and disciplined, because they were always leaping fences and straying away. This laming was deliberately done by good shepherds. There were always a few pet sheep in the flock, that followed close to the shepherd, and they were the fat sheep. They got the dainty bits. If the shepherd reached up and plucked a soft tuft from a high rock, they who were always fondling his hand were ready to get it. When he described the Shepherd laying down his life for the sheep, he drew a vivid and tremendous picture of the death-grapple between an Eastern shepherd and a lion that had leaped the fold — turning it gradually to the dreadful conflict and passion of our Lord with the power of darkness and evil. His illustrations were almost always of this fresh and picturesque character. They were sensible, material, palpable. He does not deal in refined and subjective parallelisms of thought, nor does he seek for the scientific or the hidden truth. He takes the revealed world and Word of God, sees its beauty, draws forth its power, is content with its teachings. He alluded in the course of this sermon to three men who had followed the Shepherd with wonderful closeness, who lived upon his hand, and enjoyed his smiles and caresses — the evangelical Puseyite, George Herbert; Rutherford, the loving Presbyterian; and another whom he called the odd, adoring Puri-

tan. Mr. Spurgeon has evidently not drunk deep at the fonts of modern literature, but he shows his reading of the old Puritan divines. His words often have a quaint Old English sound to them. He speaks of the Devil "sniffing at such paltry defenses." His sentences are compact and nervous. They are sometimes as condensed and massive as any of Webster's sentences. They have a hurl, and weight, and hiss, like hot shot. But in the sermon of which we are speaking, the preacher's words had a singularly musical and rhythmical flow; he seemed almost to be reciting verse; and this was heightened by his frequent and spontaneous introduction of snatches of hymns, not always the best poetry, but always hearty, sensible, and spicy with the devotional associations of ages.

The last sermon was in the "Oratoire," on the same evening. It was upon the "New Song," from Rev. xiv. 3: "And they sung as it were a new song before the throne." In this discourse there were bursts of true eloquence, but it lacked the unity and spontaneous character of the preceding sermon. The speaker seemed to have the feeling that more was expected and required in that great church, — that more eyes, and hostile eyes, were upon him. In illustrating the loudness of the new song, he piled roaring sea upon roaring sea in massive layers, but turned skillfully from this stupendous chorus to paint the sweetness of the song, even as the music of harps, which he described in an exquisite strain, that none but a genuine lover of music could have done.

It is sufficient to converse with him for a little time to see that he has a thoroughly kind and charitable heart, and bears no man living ill-will.

Mr. Spurgeon's personal appearance is too well known to need description. He has a blacksmith's frame, and a ruddy face, glowing with health and good nature. It is a *good* face, with great purity of expression, and at times it shines with a kind of celestial radiance.

The first element of power in his preaching (not to mention those higher and secret helps which God gives the true preacher of his Word) is undoubtedly his *earnestness*. No one can doubt that his one great purpose is to serve the Master, and bring men into his kingdom. He shoots every shaft in his quiver with a well-aimed, inflexible intent to transfix the conscience. There was nothing in his Paris visit to show that he was displaying himself, but he evidently bent himself to the work of awakening Christians to a higher life, and pleasure-seekers to thought and repentance. Then his *fluency*. This quality may be said to be unrivalled in his case. It seems as easy for him to speak as to breathe. He preaches without notes, with never a stop or break, or ill-made sentence. In the easy, continuous flow of his speech, the hearer's mind floats along upon it with hardly a consciousness of the speaker, which is always a delight. Then again his *voice*. He has a regal voice, with youthful tones still in it. It is an "*organe très agréable*," as a French gentleman sitting beside me remarked. It

is loud without ever losing its roundness and sweetness. Also his *practicalness*. We have said that his style of preaching was exceedingly simple and objective. It would not be considered sufficiently logical or philosophical (in a true sense) for an American congregation. He does not reason profoundly, and avoids the speculative side of truth. Yet there is substance and soul-travail in his sermons. They are not devoid of a certain kind of logic. He does not leave his hearers with a mass of crude matter, but is careful as to the orderly development of truth. Yet every thing he says is for immediate effect. It is pointed to the present instant. His preaching abounds in well-told facts — in close, apt, ringing bits of human experience that clench the important and perhaps unwelcome truth. He has the Luther temperament, that delights in pithy sayings, and stories that penetrate into the springs of action, let them be even odd and laughable. And his *dramatic talent*. This we have spoken of. He is a native orator, knowing how to handle his arms, his feet, his head, his eyes; and this subtle faculty all men perceive, if they cannot comprehend and describe it. Above all his *goodness*. This shines out from him. He looks kind, friendly, frank, and sympathetic. Let him say what he will, he wins esteem, confidence, love. He has no cant and long-facedness, though he shows himself tremendously in earnest. He has a big, warm heart, a sunny countenance, and a pure, simple, Christ-like spirit.

I have thus dwelt on this English preacher because he seems to me to be a singular illustration of a higher wisdom in the choice of its instruments. No dainty-fingered orator, no feeble arm, could thus lift up the Gospel in the heart of London, could smite with the rod of God's Word the Black Sea of London's reeking ignorance, corruption, and sin. While possessing more refined qualities than is generally supposed, he is above all a man who can say plain things, who can speak strong words.

It has been estimated that in London less than one quarter of the population are attendants upon public worship. This is an astounding estimate of the number of non-worshipers in the gigantic capital of Protestant Christendom. But let one enter a London church and he can believe it. The vast tide of human life flows past the churches, not into them. Why this apathy to the regular worship of God? Why do these hosts turn away from the temples of the Most High? Undoubtedly the mass of them belong to the poorer and laboring classes, who take Sunday for a day of bodily rest and amusement. A great number of them also are branded outcasts, religious "pariahs," who would no more think of entering a church than a palace. And they could no more do so, as the churches are constituted. But this would leave an immense class still, who have sufficient means, social position, and intelligence, to be good church-going people in formal Old England. Why do not they attend

public worship? It becomes a traveler who has limited means of observation to speak modestly, but one of the principal reasons of this non-attendance, I believe, is that neither the people's minds nor souls are sufficiently fed by the preaching. The preaching that I heard from the two bodies of the Established Church, and also in some of the dissenting churches, was, as a general thing, I am forced to say, dull and jejune, wanting in interest and drawing power. On the part of the Establishment there was either a narrow circle of argument upon the mystic functions of the Church and ritualistic questions, or a dry repetition of common orthodox statements of theology, with little personal earnestness and application; there was a dogmatic assailing of heresies, without making the truth itself shine out clear; and lastly, there was such an exclusive preaching of the Old Testament as almost to exclude the brighter light of the New. The only relief was a tone of tenderness and devotional warmth which often broke out unexpectedly, and illumined the whole service. Among Dissenters there seemed to be, with great purity of doctrine, some lack of spiritual earnestness, and also of cultured style. Such remarks could not of course apply to men like Dr. Raleigh, Newman Hall, Dr. Massie, and many others. But among both classes, rarely did I hear any thing like close thinking, grasping the depths of the subject, and manifesting an original development of truth. The theology seemed to be taken bodily from the Prayer-Book, or some

ancient manual of doctrine. It was not burned into the preacher's mind, and poured glowing into the minds of others. And there seemed to be too little of true metaphysical groundwork. It was not thought out and through, and the profound and delightful harmonies of Truth made to come forth. Bald, disjointed, and monotonous declarations, uttered with the positiveness of ages of unchallenged authority, cannot now hold men. Nor is such preaching fitted to awaken practical benevolence and sympathy for the poorer classes. It does not touch the wants and hearts of men, and the heart will not go where it does not find either life or repose. It is probably the contrast to such preaching that makes Spurgeon, notwithstanding his occasional rudeness and homeliness, so popular. There are many very eloquent divines in England, men of fervid faith and stalwart minds; but the level of preaching in England, as to the essential qualities of earnestness, force, and manner, is, I believe, below that in America, and below it also in practical results. I heard Henry Melville preach a sermon addressed to working people at Christ's Church, Newgate Street. I had long had before me an ideal of this distinguished pulpit orator, with a name like the sound of a flute. Every thing noble, beautiful, and scholar-like was blended in that conception. He was probably thin, worn with thought, but with classic features and spiritual brow, and with the voice of a silver trumpet. He was calm and peaceful like a deep river, but rolling

along rich burdens of thought. Alas! I found a grizzle-haired athlete in the desk, a brusque old gentleman, with sanguine manner, with a voice like a November storm, and a dogmatic positiveness in the enunciation of sensible but commonplace propositions, that fairly astonished me. He flamed away against sceptics, and called them "pert coxcombs," and other old-fashioned names of scorn. What he said may have been sound, but it was not peculiarly salted with learning, nor inspired with high spiritual views. It was undoubtedly meant to be adapted to the class of working people, which I did not think of at the time, and I hardly recovered myself sufficiently in the course of the evening to recognize a remarkable degree of vigor of style and delivery. My English friends told me it was not a favorable specimen of his preaching. I had a different but not much more satisfactory experience in listening to another sermon addressed to working people by Rev. F. D. Maurice. It was in the ancient chapel of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, that den of lawyers. He is a short man, with piercing black eyes, very pleasant face, but worn and scholar-like, and with a thoughtful pensiveness of expression. The loved brother-in-law of Sterling, the friend of Archdeacon Hare, of the present Bishop of Oxford, of Kingsley and Tennyson, he must have an attaching and stimulating power. But he does not show it in the pulpit, and his small congregation proved it. His delivery was artificial, almost a sing-song tone, and by no means distinct; and his style was alto-

gether too high-pitched and essayish, to reach a common audience, much less an assembly of uneducated men. It sounded just as his books read; with now and then the gleam of a suggestive thought, but with no clear development of it. The experience of some others in respect to Mr. Maurice's preaching is also different from my own, therefore I advance it with some hesitation. He wields in England an indefinable though perhaps not now increasing influence. He is liked for his manliness, his progressive capacity, and his noble sympathy with the religious doubts and difficulties of men. He shows more sympathy for the ignorant and lower classes than practical power to help them. He does not certainly possess the logical faculty in a high degree, and his style is criticized for its vagueness; but his intuitions of truth are penetrative and sometimes profound. He is not a good guide, but is an independent explorer. His bold gropings in the dark will have increased the limits of truth. He lacks that objective or positive element of faith, that all great preachers and theologians have had, and is disposed to refine Christian truth too much. In his controversy with Mr. Mansell he showed the more Christ-like spirit, and in many things assumed a higher and more immovable position. He by no means admits himself to be an innovator upon the old Faith; but means to be a reviver of its deeper claims on our obedience and love. He holds that our nature was made for Faith. He thinks that man *can* know God, and

the Son of God; that he may feel assured of the truth, and have the living demonstration of the truth in his own heart. His views of the character of God are also attractive, regarding Him primarily in the light of a Father. Yet it must be said that generally in England he is considered to have introduced an ideal and modified system, that views Christianity in the aspect of a fact accomplished, and which every man has but to open his eyes upon and enjoy; rather than of a truth that must be personally received by every man, and enter into every soul's individual experience for its renewal and eternal life. In conversation at his own pleasant home, if one be not converted to all of Mr. Maurice's opinions, he will be converted to Mr. Maurice himself, as a noble man and Christian gentleman. Rev. Newman Hall occupies the pulpit of Surrey Chapel in Southwark, where Rowland Hill preached for nearly fifty years. It is a dingy, octagonal brick edifice, plain within and without. Mr. Hall is a whole-souled man, speaking that which he knows and believes, and reminding one of an earnest American preacher. There is spiritual life in his ministrations, but he has, it appeared to me, a somewhat strained and hammering style. The audience looked like an intelligent New England congregation

In polish of manner and outward grace, Dr. Cumming, of Craven Court Chapel, near Covent Garden, is superior to all these. Nor, when I heard him was there aught visionary or apocalyptic

in his discourse. Before the sermon he gave an exposition of the 23d chapter of Matthew, which might have been continued through Mark, Luke, and John. A peerless capacity for "continuousness," has Dr. Cumming. But there was much that was fresh in it. He did not shrink from saying that such and such a passage was not translated rightly, as for instance "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel," should be "straining *out* a gnat," &c., in allusion to the practice of straining wine through a fine sieve. His sermon on the text, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem," &c., had a magnificent ending, in which he described the new Jerusalem coming down from heaven, and embracing all the goodness that God had inspired and recreated in human nature. He has little sweep or largeness of manner, but great ease and flow. It is a conversational style. His voice is rich and mellow without being powerful. He is a tall man, with high white forehead and dark hair. It was difficult to find a seat even upon the pulpit stairs. Dr. Cumming, as a graceful yet not effeminate preacher, has good claims to his celebrity.

I will not speak further of the preachers of the Established Church whom I heard. Some of them compared well with those already named; but in regard to the Church of England, in its ministry, polity, and general features, notwithstanding its noble history, its benevolent spirit, and its essential purity, from my own limited observation, and certainly from no uncharitable or prejudiced state of

mind, I am disposed to coincide with a remark in the "London Review," "that great practical changes must be made in the arrangements and working of the Church of England if she is to be the spiritual home of the whole people of the land, as she ought to be." The English Church has not, in the spirit of true Christian philanthropy, gauged human misery to the bottom — has not truly preached the Gospel to the poor. Methodism ran before and did this work for it. But how much remains still to be done in a city like London! Yet, it should be said, while these high instrumentalities of the great London parish churches fail to do their appointed task, humbler ministries, raised up and going forth it may be from their bosom, are effecting a silent but mighty work in the moral wastes of London, and like invisible angels are continually active in soothing the sorrows and spreading the tables of the poor.

There is one thing to be admired in the worship of the English Church — the apparent unity and fervor of devotional interest and feeling in the congregation. The moment the text is announced there is a general opening of Bibles, all following the preacher's explanation of the passage with the greatest earnestness. The singing also is diffusive and congregational. There are no instrumental interludes between the stanzas of the hymn. There is no flourishing of trumpets in the playing of the organ, and nothing like *executing* music. Art is subordinated to devotion more than it is

with us. The choir is mixed up with the congregation, thus giving correctness and fire to the singing of all the people. I have never heard in Catholic countries, or in any part of the world, church music, that for beauty, animation, and fervor, at all equalled the choral singing in the public service of the great English cathedrals.

In closing this chapter, I would simply add that in speaking of the defects of the English Church, I have not had reference so much to the individuals composing that Church, as to the system itself which produces these defects. The faults of the Established Church, in whose body may be reckoned some of the most perfectly developed and beautifully symmetric Christian characters to be found on earth — these faults are inseparably connected with the working of a State Church. In the same manner much of the rigid controversial spirit of Dissent arises from its long continued and sincerely maintained hostile position; and in such hard soil have matured some of the richest and noblest spirits of the age.

CHAPTER IV.

ENVIRONS OF LONDON.

WHILE in London I made an excursion to Stoke Pogis, the much-bewritten scene of the most solemnly harmonious poem in existence. It was the favorite poem of Daniel Webster, in whose mind there was a vein of pensiveness, and its music soothed the weary statesman's dying hours. As was the case with Goethe, so it was true in a far more marked manner with Gray, that "nothing came to him in his sleep." He wrote, it is said, on an average about ten lines of poetry a day; three golden verses of "The Elegy on a Country Churchyard" a day, were surely enough for any man to have wrought. The village is situated near Slough, on the Great Western Railway. After leaving Slough one drives into a hedge-fringed lane with tall elms on either side. Passing the entrance of Lord Taunton's Park, and turning into it by the side of a flower-embosomed cottage, the spire of the church comes in view; and traversing the trim lawn of the Park one arrives at the gate of the "Country Churchyard." This ancient church is now, of course, more "ivy-mantled" than in Gray's time. It is built of flint

pebbles, with red-tiled roofs, and has three low gable fronts, with long windows and a tower draped thickly with ivy. The spire upon it looks modern. There is a brick wall and screen of tall trees about the churchyard, separating it from the Park. The "rugged elms" and the "yew-trees' shade," spread their shadows in front of the curious wooden porch and over many a "heaving turf." There are some moss-grown monuments, but not as many as I expected to see. It is a humble "country churchyard." A small slab under the window of one of the gable ends of the church bears these words: "Opposite to this stone, in the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly recorded his grief at the loss of a beloved parent, are deposited the remains of Thomas Gray, the author of 'The Elegy written in a Country Churchyard,' &c., &c. He was buried August 6, 1771."

The tombstone which lies under the window bears an inscription to the poet's aunt, and also the following one to his mother: "In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful and tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 11, 1733, aged 67."

Birds in great numbers flew around among the trees, and hopped fearlessly upon the tombs. The air had the delicate hum of insect life, and now and then the whir and flutter of little wings;

otherwise it was as still and reposeful as the grave.

Walking a short distance over the green meadow in front of the church, one comes to a pretty laburnum-fringed path, that leads to a stately and classic stone monument, with a grove over against it and a swelling green hill beyond. It commands a fine view of the church and graveyard. The monument is in honor of Gray, and of the region consecrated by his genius. It has quotations from the "Elegy" and other poems. In the direction of the grove is written the stanza beginning with,

"Hard by yon wood now smiling as in scorn."

On the opposite side toward Eton are the well-known verses, —

"Ye distant spires,
Ye antique towers," &c.

On the side looking toward the churchyard are the deathless "household words" that sing so sweetly of death and the grave.

I sincerely hope that in the foregoing brief description I have not committed the blunder of another American tourist, who, after expending a great amount of poetical sympathy upon the spot, discovered that he had pitched upon the wrong churchyard.

Hampton Court, standing quiet and empty amid its gardens, is but three quarters of an hour's ride from the Waterloo Station, by the South Western Railway. We are set down on the bank of the Thames, but as different from the Thames at Lon-

don, as a fair-faced and pure-hearted child from a black giant man reeking with every foulness and corruption. We row over the tranquil, osier-fringed stream, followed by greedy swans that fearlessly oar themselves along by our side. We are met on landing by a greedier company of little girls, who press upon visitors their baskets of strawberries. The sober though majestic red-brick walls of the Palace are before us, and we enter its clean-swept and solitary courts. Court-yard opens beyond court-yard. The first is that of Wolsey; the second that of Henry VIII.; the third of William III.; and the fourth of George II. We ascend Wolsey's grand staircase, — a type of his superb taste who designed and built this palace on a scale corresponding too nearly to his own regal ideas. Hampton Court opened the eyes of Henry VIII. Here, the prelate who just missed the Popedom from having been a private tutor in the Marquis of Dorset's family, had bishops to wait upon him, and compelled the first noblemen in the realm to present him water and napkin. So says the historian; who also relates that at Hampton Court were two hundred and eighty beds of silk for royal and noble guests. The Richelieu of England would also have governed it to the end, had Henry VIII. been a Louis XIII. But this monarch had great governing capacity of his own. In his face, with his thick dewlaps and eyes standing out with fatness, there is a vast rough energy. Be his sins ever so great, he was master of his

kingdom. He outgrew his minister. He could understand the greatness of Wolsey, and so high was the king's estimate of his talents, that some of the last political failures of Wolsey were evidently attributed to his want of fidelity, not of foresight; this fact sealed his downfall. There have been in the long course of English history three prelates who have attempted the subjugation of England, — Dunstan, Thomas à Becket, and Thomas Wolsey. Froude says, Wolsey "loved England well but Rome better." He dreamed of rebuilding the Catholic Church in more than its former glory. In these late years there has been another bold attempt of this sort, but the scheme, though deeply laid, has lacked the powerful genius to direct, or has happened some centuries too late. The long suites of apartments in Hampton Court, "empty, swept, and garnished," contain a few good pictures, especially the portraits of the children of George III. by West; but there is a rumor that this palace is made a lumber-room for things too valuable to be thrown away, yet not good enough for the choicer collections. Perhaps this is saying too much; Hampton Court is understood to be a gathering place of historical antiquities. In the room hung around with the beauties of the Court of Charles II. — and they are splendid English beauties — it is well that the irreproachable one among them should be the most lovely of all, — the Countess of Grammont

Many of the rooms have pictures commemorative of the reign of William III. His own homely but high and intrepid face is frequently seen. Here was the favorite residence of this king who loved to shut himself up in perfect seclusion; and it was when riding from Kensington to Hampton Court, that he fell and broke his collar-bone, which was the occasion of his death. The "Cartoons[1]" of Raphael are the precious things of this palace. These original drawings on paper are nobler than any copies of them in tapestry or on canvas. They show that grace was not the greatest quality of Raphael, that breadth, dignity and power were equally his. These "Cartoons" justify the remark of Lanzi, that notwithstanding the beauty of Raphael's female heads, his male heads have a nobler character. Yet it is after all a little amusing to hear art-critics attempt to defend the small boats, and the storks, in the picture of the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes."

In the "Hall of Henry VIII." the architectural glories of the palace centre. The ceiling is of the richest open beam-work, with pendent corbels. Here also is some genuine old arras. There is a tradition that in the time of Elizabeth, Shakspeare's plays were first acted in this hall. Small but interesting portraits of Wolsey, Henry VIII., and his seven wives, adorn the room. In this room probably James I. held that annoying conference with the conflicting parties of the Church and Puritan denominations, in which he enunciated the

[1] Lately removed to Kensington Museum

famous apothegm of "no bishop, no king;" and he boasted afterward, in a letter to a Scotch friend, "that he kept such a revel with the Puritans these two days as was never heard the like; where I have peppered them as roundly as ye have done the Papists. They fled me so from argument to argument, without ever answering me directly, as I was forced at last to say unto them," &c., &c. Glimpses of the garden from various windows and angles made me more desirous to see the outside than the inside of the house, on such a sweet, cloudless, balmy morning. It was in the month of June. The loveliness of an English garden! I don't care to describe it artistically, even if I were able to do so; it is enough to enjoy it. In what other country could one find the same perfection; not in France surely, where the trees stand like "*gens d'armes*," shouldering their muskets. The grass, green the year round, is as soft, and bright, and springy, as that of some hidden alpine pasture. It grows close up under the trees and shrubs, to their very stems, so that the shadows are beautiful upon the smooth velvet. We do not always see this in our more fiery America. The rich varieties of standard roses, and the English guelder-rose with its superb white blossoms, embroider the borders of the long terraces. The dark shade of the sycamore mixes with the lighter green of the oak. The smooth-leaved elegant lime, brought into England by the Romans from Italy, whose blossoms are so deliciously fragrant, forms groups with the rougher

pine and the trailing elm. What matters it that the lines are artificial? It can be forgiven when every thing is so fresh, and so wonderfully neat, as if the elves and fays had shaved the borders and polished the leaves. Naught is heard but the faint plash of the fountain and the warble of birds. Near the fountain we found some blind persons sitting. They had been invited to pass the day in the gardens, to enjoy the summer perfumes and the pleasant sounds. The English excel in these little refinements of benevolence. They make them a study. The visitor is shown the famous Black Hamburgh vine, which requires a whole conservatory for itself, and produces every year from 2000 to 3000 bunches of grapes. It is said to be over two hundred and fifty years old.

I took a carriage and drove through Bushy Park toward Twickenham and Richmond. The first part of the way lay through a splendid avenue of horse-chestnut trees, the Park stretching away pleasantly in green glades on either side. It seemed to be a merry time on this midsummer day. Everybody was out junketing. There were dancing parties under the oaks, with all the gypsy apparatus of baskets, plates and pans, spread upon the grass. We met cricket matches going on, each with its absorbed crowd of spectators. Every little village has its cricket ground; but there are permanent centres, or societies, for the instruction and organization of this game, that give the law to the kingdom. The laws of cricket, as

put forth by the celebrated "Mary-le-bone Club," are contained in forty-seven articles, as precisely drawn up and worded as the statutes of Parliament. And all this to knock down two or three sticks stuck in the ground! But these sticks are guarded by such skill, activity, and tenacity, that all the manhood in the field is brought out in this exciting sport. Cricket, and foot-ball, and quoits, and golf, and bowling, and hurling, and rowing, and riding, and hunting, go far to make the deep-chested, big-armed, enduring English race. Are not these sports preferable to the flashy listlessness with which many of our fashionable youth, both in city and country, consume their leisure hours? It is better to get an arm broken in foot-ball, or in being thrown from a horse, than to have the whole system and soul eaten out by smoking, drinking, and in-door idle dissipation. When a youth or young man has grown to be too lazy to play foot-ball, or base-ball, or cricket, there is not much hope for him intellectually or morally. Of late years, it is true, American muscularity has made astonishing progress, and the war has done more for us than cricketing. But this love of energetic sport and of out-of-door life runs through all classes. It gives England her race of Nestors in the field and in the council. We heard of Lord Palmerston riding thirty miles on a stretch. Havelock drank no wine, brandy, or even ale. An early riser, a hard rider, a lover of Nature, he was ready to do the impetuous work of a young man

in his old age. An English family of the wealthier class considers it the greatest luxury, and the real superiority which wealth gives, to be able to be out of doors, walking, sketching, botanizing, riding, driving, almost all the day. Perhaps this is carried too far by the "spindle-side" of the family; for an English lady, it is said, knows very little of the practical management of home matters. She secures fine health and a well-stored mind, but her hands rarely touch the household machine. This is left pretty much to the housekeeper and the servants — a rank heresy in the eyes of a New England matron who possesses "faculty."

We soon came on to "Strawberry Hill," the home of Horace Walpole. A high wall shut in the grounds and indeed the house itself from the road, though glimpses of the lawn and garden showed that they were charmingly laid out. They were not open to visitors. King Louis Philippe at one time lived here. Here the cunning letter-writer sat like a spider, and drew into his brilliant dew-spangled country web all things, characters, history, and gossip, that was rife in his day. He sucked the life out of his times, and sometimes ejected his poison also into them. "That was the great event in the day," some one has said, "when the mail was made up at Strawberry Hill." It may be remembered that in one of his letters he speaks of "a young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, that was much admired."

Leaving the Teddington Road upon our right, I drove on through a shaded lane to Twickenham, passing by the spot where Pope's villa once stood. It must be acknowledged that these wits, Walpole, Pope, Thomson, and their London fellow-poets who ruralized in the vicinity, had good taste. The Thames lies in broad, silvery reaches in the vale of Twickenham, with gem-like islets; and "Richmond Hill" is a green cockney Parnassus. We do not wonder that the neighborhood of London gave a tinge of the artificial sublime to their productions. Pope could not forget that the brilliant Lord Bolingbroke was to have the reading of his verses, and that they would be discussed by befrilled gallants at the clubs. He never got at the heart of Nature or man. If he "scorned the city and its meaner ways," and the smiles of the great, and the shams of polite life, and drew pastoral pictures of humanity, it was still "the pride that apes humility." Give me poor Cowper's more genial and honest love of Nature, and of man, with all his diseased fancies! He *did* scorn the mean and evil things of his day, and sought his refuge in the solaces of Nature, his own heart, and the Divine Word.

At Twickenham is a French colony of royal exiles. Orleans House, beautifully situated near the river, where the Duc d'Aumale now lives, was purchased by his father Louis Philippe. The story is told here with gusto that when the king, under the name of "Mr. Smith," applied to the man who

had the care of the house, in order to look at it, he recognized in him a person whom he had previously known when he lived in this neighborhood. He said, "I have seen you before, have I not?" "It may be, I was once gardener at ——." "Well, what do you do now?" "Now I keep the 'Crown.'" "Ah," said the ex-monarch with a shrug, "I tried to keep the Crown too, but I did not succeed." Claremont House, where the old Queen Amelia lived, is some distance away from the river to the right. We drove over the meadows and crossed Richmond Bridge, climbing up that long and far-famed hill, to the "Star and Garter Hotel." With every evidence of the most sumptuous abundance, I could not get a morsel of luncheon, and was decidedly informed that it was impossible to be served, — that orders must be left four hours beforehand. This was true, as everybody in England must dine alone, and all the rooms were occupied. After enjoying the fine view from the terrace of the hotel, over the valley, park, and river, softened with a delicate golden haze of early summer afternoon, I went on to Kew. Here, at a neat inn, I met with a better reception, and when the strawberries and cream were finished, was prepared to enjoy a walk in the Gardens. They are the largest public gardens in England. They formerly belonged to the Georges, and were part of the grounds of the old Kew Palace. Sir Joseph Banks in his day was greatly interested in the laying out and nourishing of the Botanic Gardens,

and planted them with exotics obtained by himself in his voyage around the world. In 1841 a new impulse was given to the improvement of the grounds, and the plan was adopted to make this the home of all the plants that grew within the borders of the British Empire, the world over. One sees the harmoniously combined beauties of all parts of the earth, and the marriage of the tropics with the arctics, as if it were Eden from which all things sprung, or a restored Eden, in which all things again flourish. Such a garden makes us think of the physical capabilities of the earth, when it shall be brought under the perfect influences of Love, Light, and Order. The immense "Palm-house," or "Palm-stove" in the midst of the garden, is its chief point of interest. From it three broad walks or vistas radiate, one of them running nearly a mile to the river's brink. Its hot-water pipes extend 24,000 feet in length. Beneath its glass roof one may see the fan-leaved trees of the Pacific Islands, and the spice-trees and banyan of India, the caoutchouc, the cotton and the indigo plant.

Near by is the tropical "Aquarium," where the glory of Kew Gardens, the "Victoria Regia" from South America, grows. Here also the papyrus is cultivated, from which good paper has been made. To the west of the "Palm-house" extends the "Pinetum," a grove of some twenty-four acres, devoted to coniferous trees. In front of the "Palm-house" is an artificial pond. It is delightful at the calm hour of evening to walk in a garden

like this when the flowers are sending up their incense, and all colors blend together, and all descriptions of plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the lowly English laurel, and whinbush, are to be seen. The humblest ferns and heaths are not wanting. The heaths of Australia, I remember, were particularly beautiful.

CHAPTER V.

HOMES OF ARNOLD AND COWPER.

EIGHTY-THREE miles from London, upon the London and Birmingham Railway, is the town of Rugby, anciently Rokeby. Although Rugby lies near the river Avon, it has little natural beauty. Speaking of mountain scenery, Dr. Arnold writes: "I only know of five counties in England which cannot supply it, and I am unluckily perched down in one of them. These five are Warwick, Northampton, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and Bedford. I should add perhaps Rutland, and you cannot name a seventh; for Suffolk, which is otherwise just as bad, has its bit of sea-coast. We have no hills, no plains, not a single wood, and but one single copse; no heath, no down, no rock, no river, no clear stream, scarcely any flowers, for the lias is particularly poor in them; nothing but an endless monotony of inclosed fields and hedge-row trees. This is to me a daily privation; it robs me of what is naturally my anti-attrition, and as I grow older I begin to feel it. My constitution is sound but not strong, and I feel any little pressure or annoyance more than I used to do; and the positive dullness of the country about Rugby makes it to me a mere

working-place. "I cannot expatiate here even in my walks." It proves the nobleness of the man, that during his vacation rambles, his visits to Westmoreland, and his journeyings in Switzerland and Italy, in which he showed the bounding enthusiasm of a boy, he always kept his eye steadily on uncongenial Rugby as the place of his work. He had an aim in life, a work to do, which he placed above the cultivation of the beautiful, and which was the most beautiful thing. He was wont to repeat the words of Bacon, "In this world God only and his angels may be spectators."

But before speaking further of Dr. Arnold, or Rugby, I would say a word about a brief visit to Bilton Hall, the home of Addison. This is a mile and a half to the south of Rugby. I was kindly permitted to see the house and grounds. There is a fine avenue of trees, or short drive, leading up to the house, which last is not seen until one comes into the court-yard itself. It is an old-fashioned and picturesque building, rather low, but covering much ground. Though aware of the historical fact, one naturally asks how could a literary man have gotten himself housed in such a famous old pile? I passed through the house into the garden. This is large and pleasantly laid out, without being stiff. Beyond the garden and separated from it by a wire fence, is an ancient park. There were no ornaments but trees and smooth lawns. The trees were here and there disposed for shady walks. A little summer-house upon a green knoll near the mansion

was the favorite resort of Addison. This summer-house is particularly mentioned in the sketch of Addison's life in the "History of the Kit-cat Club." It was an agreeable nook for well-dressed Sir Roger de Coverley with his moderate and well-regulated love of Nature, to take his philosophical siesta in. The flower-garden, especially rich in roses, and just then in its Juné brilliancy, was directly in front of the house, sending its delicious perfume into the open windows. It seemed altogether a most genial and home-like spot. The drawing-room was a fine apartment, hung around with full-length pictures, chiefly historical, among which James I. figures with his look of wisdom. I was last of all shown up-stairs into Addison's study, truly a contrast to Henry Kirke White's, or even Southey's. It seemed to correspond in size with the room below, and here Addison wrote much of his "Spectator," walking to and fro the length of the room, as was his wont. There was the very table (so I was told) upon which he wrote. It was now well covered with books, and the whole apartment bore evidence of a refined culture in its present occupants. How could it be otherwise with Addison himself looking down upon them in a life-like portrait! The features are handsome, but there is a shade too much of the fine gentleman in the redundant curls, open collar, and brave air. The portrait of his child, "Miss Addison," as the waiting-woman called her, hung by his side. In the other part of the room was the likeness of his wife, the Countess

Dowager of Warwick, a very good face, resembling Queen Anne, but more amiable and gentle. Yet she was any thing but gentle, it is said. There was also a portrait of her son, a slender, aristocratic-looking youth, the same whom Addison summoned for him to see how a Christian could die.

And now for Rugby School. Its battlemented, castle-like walls and buildings form the prominent object in the small country town. It is indeed all the place. Its army of boys and teachers overwhelm every other interest and association. The school was founded in Queen Elizabeth's day by one Lawrence Sheriff, a London merchant born in Rugby. The original donation during this long period has greatly increased in value, so that the school enjoys a revenue of some £5000 from this source alone. The general plan of the school is as follows: "Any person who has resided for two years at Rugby, or at any place in the county of Warwick within ten miles of it, or in the adjacent counties of Leicester and Northampton, to the distance of five miles from it, is entitled to send his sons to receive their education at the school without payment. But if a parent lives out of the town of Rugby, his son must lodge at one of the regular school boarding-houses, and the expenses of his board are the same as those incurred by a boy not on the foundation. Boys who have this right to the advantages of the institution are called 'foundationers,' and their number is not limited."

Classical studies are all in all at Rugby, and in

Arnold's time the school won its preëminence in these studies. He introduced a thorough drill in the grammatic elements of language, that laid a sure foundation for good scholarship. Nothing could atone, in his eyes, for grammatical incorrectness, no beauty of expression or ingenuity of construction. He threw new life into the readings of the old authors, by opening to the minds of his pupils fields of illustrative truth in history, geography, ethnology, and art. He taught his pupils to discriminate between different ages of the same language, the colorings of outward circumstances, and the changes of idiom. The consequence of this training was that Rugby boys have studied with the zest of mature minds, and have taken the first stand at Oxford. Arnold also had the courage to introduce the natural sciences and the modern languages into Rugby, and though it is said that he did not become himself a perfect German scholar, he has done for England what Stuart did for America: he opened the way to the general study of the German in English schools and universities. "He changed the face of public education throughout England." But he did infinitely more than this, — he drew back education to its true source. He chased out the spirit of a negative philosophy, which separated the school from all divine influences and nourished a deep immorality. In the discipline of the school, and its entire system of instruction, he let in the sunshine of the Divine Word. He christianized the school as he would have done the state.

The buildings of Rugby School are of the square English Gothic, and are of considerable size and extent. There is a turreted gateway Tower, a handsome Chapel, and a cloistered quadrangle. The whole edifice, however, has a rough look, or the boys have made it look so. What building could stand centuries of boys! The pyramids have never stood such a test. There is a large park upon one side, with great elms but miserable scanty grass. The whole has a half-ecclesiastical, half-military aspect. I was introduced through a flower-embowered porch into the principal's house and study. It was Dr. Arnold's room. It was the room where "Tom Brown" had his heart-searching interview with the great man. The portrait of Arnold, with its intense, almost fiery expression, as if in agony with some brave thought or purpose, and other pictures and busts, adorned the room. Papers, pamphlets, and books, crowded every part of it. It was "the heart of the concern," where the "Head-master" wrote, thought, toiled, and prayed. I was allowed to visit the whole establishment, and had considerable conversation with some of the instructors. Boys under thirteen or fourteen years of age were not recommended to come to Rugby, as the system was adapted to minds and characters that had acquired some tone of self-regulation. No one can remain at Rugby after he has reached nineteen. I peeped into the boys' studies, minute apartments six by four, opening into a large arched passage-way.

Here was amusingly shown the natural history of a school-boy's mind. The arranging and ornamenting of each room is according to its own occupant's particular fancy. Pictures, plaster-of-Paris figures, flowers, whips, boxing-gloves, mingled with maps, slates, and books. Here was the boy artistic, the boy athletic, the boy commercial, and the boy sentimental. But, on the whole, pictures of hunting scenes predominated. The boys' unleashed minds evidently ran on horses and dogs. Some of the little dens were as neat as Shaking Quakers' herb-stalls, and some, say most, were genuine hurra-nests. I may have passed "Brown's" and "Arthur's" room, and that of their queer, bird-stuffer friend, but I did not know them. It is a good idea to let a boy have a place that he can call his own, where he is lord of his own castle. This breeds contentment, develops taste, and encourages the reflective spirit, so wanting in the hasty mind of youth. The dormitories were bare, lofty rooms, the scenes of many a Waterloo pillow-fight, shy prank, and hard joke. No wonder little Arthur could not say his prayers unmolested here! The class-rooms, and even the room where Dr. Arnold taught the illustrious "Sixth," were of the barest, roughest character. As every boy is allowed to cut his name on his own desk after having been a certain time in school, the desks and tables are horribly hacked. Some of them are but spindle-waisted skeletons of what they once were. They look like the work of

beavers. One hardly sees how they can be used for the purposes of writing and study. Compared with the convenient furniture and handsome fittings of modern American school-houses, these apartments appeared semi-barbarian. But there was a certain pleasing contrast in the polished classic culture that issues from these rooms, and the absolute savageness of their whole aspect and furnishing. Rugby is considered rough, though standing the highest in manhood and morals of all the English schools. Eton and Harrow are the aristocratic schools. Shrewsbury is now equal to any in scholarship.

The Arnold Library, which has been built since the Doctor's decease, contains the nucleus of a fine classical and historic collection. I noticed among the books a complete set of Arnold's own works. In the yard under the chapel windows we saw some young Rugbyans playing racket. Out of this yard extends the broad and famous "Campus Martius," the scene of the foot-ball glories. *Rugbeia floreat!*

What a grand spirit of movement and power Arnold infused into his whole system of instruction. It was a mingling of the best idea of old Greek culture with the Christian, in which the body should become the strong instrument of the trained mind and free heart, open to every pure, high, heroic feeling!

The Chapel is the culmination of the interests of the spot. In the north transept stands the monument of Dr. Arnold. It bears a Latin inscription

from the pen of his friend Bunsen. As a specimen of monumental Latinity I give this inscription.

VIR. REV.
THOMAS. ARNOLD. S. T. P.
HISTORIÆ. RECENT. ÆVI. TRADENDÆ. APVD. OXONIEN. PRO. REG.
HVIVS. SCHOLÆ. PER. ANNOS. XIV. ANTISTES. STRENVVS. VNICE. DILECTVS.
THVCYDIDEM. ILLVSTRAVIT. HISTORIAM. ROMANAM. SCRIPSIT.
POPULI. CHRISTIANI.
LIBERTATEM. DIGNITATEM. VINDICAVIT. FIDEM. CONFIRMAVIT. SCRIPTIS.
VITA.
CHRISTVM. PRÆDICAVIT. APVD. VOS.
IVVENVM. ANIMOS. MONVMENTVM. SIBI. DELIGENS.
TANTI. VIRI. EFFIGIES. VOBIS. HIC. EST. PROPOSITA.
CORPVS. SVB. ALTARI. CONQVIESCIT.
ANIMA. IN. SVAM. SEDEM. PATRE. VOCANTE. IMMIGRAVIT.
FORTIS. PIA. LÆTA.
NAT. A. D. XIII. JVN. MDCCXCV. MORT. A. D. XII. JVN. MDCCCXLII.
AMICI. POSVERVNT.

The windows of the Chapel are of painted glass. One of them in commemoration of Dr. Thomas Arnold, is touching in its design. It represents the meeting of the Saviour and Thomas, with the words inscribed beneath, "And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." These are said to have been among his last words. Under another memorial window there is a plate of brass inscribed with the names of Rugby scholars who fell at the Crimea. Everywhere in school, and church, and domestic fireside, the martial ardor of the youth of England is nourished. The beautiful death of those who die for their country was one of Arnold's favorite themes. We do not stop now to speak of this peculiar trait of English Christianity, that it mingles the heroism of the earthly and spiritual soldier,

and blends their glories as it were in one. But here the true soldier of Christ lies on the field of his glory. Arnold is buried near the pulpit, where he so often preached in living earnestness and power to fresh young minds. He pointed them directly to Christ. He dropt the worn-out robes of dogmatism, ecclesiasticism, pietism, and stretched out the arms of love, truth, hope, to the young. The words of Dr. Arnold's favorite morning hymn, from the German of Baron von Canitz, are expressive of his life: —

"Come, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day;
Come to Him who made this splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble powers can pay.

From the stars thy course be learning;
Dimly burning,
'Neath the sun their light grows pale;
So let all that sense delighted,
While benighted
From God's presence fade and fail."

Olney, in the county of Buckingham, or "Bucks," as it is called, is situated in the marshy valley of the slow-winding river Ouse, as if it had been formerly the bed of a wide and shallow lake. Long before arriving I saw the spire of John Newton's Church, frequently referred to by Cowper as a grateful way-mark in his weary pilgrimage. It is the only salient feature of the otherwise flat and melancholy scene. The town itself, of about five thousand inhabitants, is on

very slightly rising ground, with the river running, rather sleeping, at its side. Two bridges, or one bridge in two parts, cross its wide undefined bed, for it seems to have no particular current at this spot, but generally diffuses itself around in stagnant ponds and pools. It was not the river to rush through a poet's brain, and cleanse it of its unhealthy fancies. The very bridge this over which the Postman of the "Task" came thundering and tooting, —

> "That with its wearisome but needful length,
> Bestrides the wintry flood."

I drove directly to Cowper's house, a tall red-brick mansion, with stripes of black brick, and under each window an ornament of carved stone-work. It was the most presentable house in town, and stood at the angle of a triangle formed by the meeting of three roads. In the square or open place itself was one large tree, which must have flourished in the poet's time. The house seems to be now cut up into two or three dwellings. Its roof also has been altered, being made a plain shelving roof, whereas it had formerly been a bold parapeted one. The front room, which was Cowper's sitting-room, is now used as a milliner's shop, and is filled with bonnets and caps. The amiable mistress of the shop did the honors of the house, seeming to have an appreciation of Cowper. The room is very small, with bay windows; Cowper's bedroom is smaller still. In these rooms the "Task" was probably written, for it was com-

posed mostly in the winter time. Here also he kept his hares, Puss, Bess, and Tiny. We might see a faint smile pass over his sad face, when he wrote of the veteran survivor of the famous three: —

> "Though duly from my hand he took
> His pittance every night,
> He did it with a jealous look,
> And when he could would bite."

The garden is now disjoined from the house, but still exists in about its ancient size and integrity. Its present owner is a hospitable, open-hearted man, who entertained me with fruit and luncheon in Cowper's own garden-house. This is getting rickety, but still stands. Cowper wrote here much that bears his name, and this same little summer-house has its own place in the map of human freedom! Here he used to sit in conversation with his friend John Newton late into the night. Newton's house is just beyond the garden, over a narrow field that the poet called his "guinea orchard," having purchased a right of way to his friend's house for a guinea a year. I walked through this field to the parsonage. Newton's study-window looked directly down upon this meadow. Under this roof these two pure spirits held sweet counsel together, and in many ways important results have flowed from their apparently accidental friendship. To Newton's influence the world probably owes Cowper's poetic works. From that eleven years' imprisonment in the house

of bondage, flowed forth the sweetest spiritual songs in the English language. Newton's house is now occupied as a vicarage, as it was formerly. The present young vicar of Olney showed us Newton's study, an attic-room, ornamented with Scripture texts painted in large letters on the walls. I crossed over also to the church. The yard and the church itself appeared neglected. It looked like an earthly rather than a spiritual sheep-fold. Newton's pulpit still stands. With what feelings must he have given out some touching tender words from the "Olney Hymns," with that almost ever-vacant seat before him!

I called upon a very venerable lady of the name of Mason, living near Cowper's house, who remembers to have seen the poet when she was a little girl, and was frequently at his residence. She said "he was a good man, but quite, quite reserved." She showed me a poker which he invented for his friend Sir John Throckmorton. She said very simply, that "if we were good enough to go to heaven we would meet William Cowper there."

I drove over to another well-known home of Cowper, about two miles distant, "Weston Underwood." He removed from Olney to this place on account of its greater healthiness, and to be nearer the Throckmortons. The house called "The Lodge" is a superior house to the one at Olney. It was wreathed over with a luxuriant vine, and seemed to be a comfortable mansion. On account

of the illness of the lady of the house, I did not see the chamber where the poet has left some desponding lines, written in pencil on the inside of the window-shutter, dated July 22d, 1795. I carried away a branch of the yew-tree standing in the garden. A walk in "The Wilderness," near by, brought to mind the poet more vividly than any spot I had seen. It was the most of genuine Nature that he enjoyed. It is a thick luxuriant copse-wood left apparently just as when Cowper was living. At the end of a shadowy walk stands the bust of Homer with the Greek inscription. Here are the monuments to the "pointer," and the spaniel "Fop." An old white decaying acacia in front of the arbor seemed like his own leafless spirit, seared by mental disease, but kept from dying by the invisible stream of a divine faith, so that it now stands transplanted, putting forth leaves and blossoms on the border of the River of Life. Here also is the favorite lime-tree walk, and beyond this, in the depths of the Park, is the famous "Yardley Oak." So thick is the shade in "the Wilderness," and so perfect the quiet, that no words would better fit the place than those of his own simple hymn: —

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

"There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,

Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

"There, like a nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise."

CHAPTER VI.

WESTON UNDERWOOD TO CHELTENHAM.

I MADE (to myself) an unexpected discovery in Weston Underwood, of the house where Dr. Thomas Scott once lived. Taking in Turvey, a little way from Olney, where was Leigh Richmond's home after he left the Isle of Wight, and much of interest, in the history of English faith, is comprised within this circle of ten miles. Newton, Richmond, Cowper, Scott, — do you call them the representatives of a type of religion that in some respects was narrow, and is now undergoing changes? But they were the faithful of their day — a day in which scholarship in the illustration of divine truth was at a low ebb. Dr. Scott's house stands at the head of the principal street of the village. An intelligent and cultivated family now occupy it. It is *not* the large thatched-roofed cottage diagonally opposite, which Hugh Miller supposed it was. It is strange that so accurate an observer should have made this mistake. It arose probably from hearing it said that the cottage was formerly the parsonage. But Scott clearly defines the situation of his house in his Autobiography. In a front chamber of this house he wrote his "Com-

mentaries." In the garden stands the same pear-tree (a wall-tree covering nearly all of one end of the house) to which he refers in his Autobiography. "In fact Mr. H." (his landlord) "took no rent of me but a hamper of pears, annually, from a fine tree in the garden, for which he regularly sent me a receipt." Cowper, in a letter to John Newton, speaks of "Mr. Scott" as an admirable preacher, but one who was apt to spoil his sermons by "scolding" too much. The stone church where Dr. Scott preached is not far from the house, a solid structure containing monuments of the Throckmorton family. This was a Catholic family, and strange to say, in the village where Scott and Cowper lived, most of the inhabitants at this day are Catholic.

That genial though thorough Englishman, "Arthur Helps," has made the remark that temperament is but the atmosphere of character, while its groundwork in nature may be fixed and unchangeable. This remark might explain the difference between the Englishman and the American, looking at both in their broad national traits. It has been pleasant to me to think that deep down under all the changes of history and circumstance, there was a common root to the two nations, and that this still is to be found. The temperament of the American, since his ancestors landed in New England and Virginia, has been affected by a thousand new influences. More oxygen has flowed into his soul as well as his lungs. His nature has been in-

tensified. His sympathies have found another range of objects. But, after all, it is hard to wash away the original basis of nature. Its force and integrity remain. What can be more different than a genuine Yankee and a true John Bull? Yes, we can say they are no longer the same; but still they do not differ as an Englishman differs from a Frenchman, or a German, or an Italian. Many unchangeable qualities belong to each, though transformed. I have an American friend in view, a traveling acquaintance, who has the distinctive American traits in broad relief; and I should be perfectly willing to show him the following photograph. He would recognize it, laugh at it, and glory in it. He worshiped his own country. He meant that everybody else should know how great it is. There was nothing that America did not have; there was *nothing* in fact out of America. He hated an Englishman because the Englishman would not acknowledge the same thing. He was ready to fight England, just to make her wake up, and open her eyes, and see the "living truth" about America. But if he hated an Englishman, he had an infinite contempt for a Swiss, because he considered him to be mercenary and not to be depended upon. In going over some of the wilder passes of the Alps, although he had a horse so that he might not appear to be mean, he would not mount the horse until his guide happened to ask him if he were afraid; then he jumped on, and rode unconcernedly along the edge of the most terrific

60636

abysses, where every one else dismounted. He told me that he had never had a sensation of fear in his life, and I believe him, for he would climb places where few would dare to follow him, and then go "a touch beyond," and dangle his legs over the precipice. He took a guide rather as a matter of course, for he always found the path himself, and walked ahead. He filled his pockets with small change every morning, to be distributed to all the little children he met during the day, but he would raise the hotel when he thought himself cheated to the value of a ten-cêntime piece. He was a rich man, and had made himself. When he had just begun business he discovered by reweighing an article that he had charged a customer a dollar too much. He went immediately and rectified the mistake. His customer, an old Quaker gentleman, said to him, "Young man, thee shall never be the poorer for that dollar." "And that dollar," he said, "had brought him thousands." Every thing new, useful, and practical, he swooped upon instantly. He spoke little about the Alps, but a new style of bolt running upon rollers, which he found in Switzerland, he was much interested in, though he said he had the same idea himself when a boy. Stone stairs, in case of fire, was the only thing I ever heard him acknowledge as something peculiarly foreign and good. He did not like any thing because it was old, and despised a "battered old torso"; but if a work of Art looked nice and beautiful at the present instant, whether new or old, he

indulged in vehement praises of it. The past was past with him. A thing must be entirely up to its professions, for the slightest respect on his part. He affected to scorn sentiment and the emotional, but he was ever doing little delicate and kind things. I discovered accidentally this iron-nerved man, who prided himself on his *sang-froid*, gazing with bedewed eyes on the miniature of his dead wife, that he had caused to be painted in the most exquisite manner by Lamunière of Geneva, and set about with enamels of forget-me-nots in a casing of massive gold.

Whatever he bought, or wore, or ate, or had, must be of the best quality, and he put himself on a lower seat to no living being.

Now in many things, although absolutely transformed, do we not see here the original English nature, — its self-confidence, uprightness, courage, practicalness, acquisitiveness, womanish tenderness, and insufferable pride? He disliked an Englishman for the same reason that an Englishman disliked him. But is there not here, in better things, a ground of future union of the two nations to civilize the world? They both have the same English "pluck." There is in both nations the same love of home, the same capacity of religion. They are nations that do have a conscience. Therefore they are better, and worse, and greater, than other nations. A far more strongly marked comparison might be drawn between the Englishman and the German. They too are not mentally or morally

antagonistic, as are the English and French, but only, as the Englishman and the American, temperamentally dissimilar. The chief feature of dissimilarity consists in the practical directness of the English mind, as compared with the thoughtful circuitousness of the German. This comes out amusingly in conversation. The German dwells on particulars while tenaciously pursuing the main track; is minute and episodical; must examine every stone, and turn over every straw, and does not perceive, or does not wish to do so, the few things of true importance. The Englishman goes to the other extreme in brevity; marches immediately to the conclusion; disdains the intermediate; relates a fact and gives a reason without obscuring either in unessential detail. But a German who wishes to say "I went home from the Post-office," would feel obliged to tell every corner he turned around, every person he met, every thing that every person told him, and every thing that he told every person. It is sometimes, therefore, a small torture for an Englishman or an American to talk with a German, because the definite fact or idea which he is seeking for is so long in finding expression. But on philosophical and scientific topics, this systematic method and absolute thoroughness of the German mind is a noble feature, while English bluntness and American rapidity become real faults, and lead to intellectual superficiality. Another striking difference between an Englishman and a German is, that if the former has in him any thing like senti-

ment, he tries to conceal it as a weakness of which he is heartily ashamed; the latter delights to make a show of sentiment. The Englishman hates scenes; the German revels in such manifestations. The Englishman tries to look contemptuous; the German appears rapturous. The Englishman despises pipe-claying and outward manifestations; the German glories in red tags and demonstrations. And since we are in for it, to strike out in the genuine Macaulay vein, the Englishman has an island solitariness of temper; the German has a continental sociality. The Englishman thinks more of himself than of his neighbor; the German thinks more of his neighbor than of himself. The Englishman has more self-respect; the German has more self-complacency.

There is one quality in the English character patent to all observers, which is one of its least worthy features, — suspicion. Whether it be so or not, there is almost always an apparent suspicion of every thing, and of everybody, in his looks and conduct. He seems to be suspicious lest his right-hand neighbor is a thief, his left-hand neighbor an artful imposter, and the man who sits opposite him a humbug. Sometimes when one really supposes he is on terms of easy confidence with an Englishman, some trivial thing happens to rouse the old John Bull suspicion, and your pleasant and intelligent companion is instantly transformed into a lump of ice and formality. Perhaps the next time you meet him, he will either not know you,

or you are so disgusted as not to know him. This suspicion has seemed to me sometimes to poison an Englishman's own happiness. I remember a little incident in riding from Mansfield to Chesterfield through the Robin Hood forest region. The weather was good, the roads smooth, and all the company seemed to be in excellent spirits. Two burly gentlemen in front of me took an especial liking to each other, and chatted, and joked, and laughed, till the groves and orchards rang again. Something, however, jarred suddenly in their conversation, the English suspicion seemed to creep up into their faces, they looked at each other askance, the conversation dropped, each buttoned up his top-coat, settled himself in his seat, and one felt that if any thing more occurred between the two, it would be to pitch each other off the coach. This little circumstance had an evident effect upon the whole company. Each one seemed to be reminded that *he*, too, had been too free with his neighbor with whom he had no previous acquaintance. It was in vain after this to attempt to raise a conversation, and rain coming on, the discomfort and wetting confirmed this unsociability for the rest of the ride, into downright savage taciturnity.

On arriving at an English inn, apparently the same chill suspicion meets one. A prim landlady receives the traveler and consigns him immediately to the laconic offices of "Boots." He is shut up alone in a sombre-looking parlor; is obliged to ring, and ring, and ring, for the most common and in-

dispensable services; eats his dinner alone and in silence; and when he leaves is besieged by the insolent demands of three or four understrappers, to whom he is not aware of having been indebted for any assistance. But the trim and pleasant-looking landlady appears again at this moment of departure, with the invariable courteous commonplace, "I hope you have passed an agreeable time, *sir*!"

I have indeed sometimes amused myself with the idea, that a traveler entering an English inn is looked upon in the light of an intruder upon a private family circle. He can get little information by asking questions; is expected to keep his own room, to make as little noise as possible, and give as little trouble. In traveling in England, one meets with few pleasant personal adventures, because it is rare that an Englishman suffers you to assist him, or suffers himself to be interested in you. I asked an educated Englishman once what was the reason of this. He said it was English phlegm. John Bull would n't absolutely take the trouble to ask questions or answer them, to sympathize with others, or to strive to win others' sympathies. He prefers to sit still and tranquilly digest his plum-pudding. It is hard for a genuine Englishman to meet a stranger, as a Frenchman does, on the neutral platform of well-bred indifference. He must either be cool or hearty, suspicious or all-confiding. I have found in traveling in England that if I could chastise my own intemperate nationality, and not let it stick out offensively, that I soon made

friends with Englishmen, who, in the end, would volunteer more in reference to their own failings than I should ever have thought of producing to them. Mutual pride prevents Englishmen and Americans from seeing each others' good traits and positive resemblances. And all Englishmen are not disagreeable, neither are all Americans insufferable. There are the pleasantest and sweetest people in the world in both nations; so there are undoubtedly the most insolent and contemptible. I remember one evening at Bath occupying the coffee-room with one of the most agreeable men I ever met. He was not only a cultivated man, and one too who did not despise an American book, and who lived daily with our best authors and poets, but he was an Englishman who had no prejudices against us as a people, and where he disagreed with us did so in a manly way. He was a genial man, open as the day. He was a Christian man, not dry or solemn, but the heart of the true Christian, the fighter against all wrong and meanness, was in him. His spirit met your spirit in love. So free and pleasant was our talk, that it was near one o'clock before we parted. During the evening, another man had taken his dinner in the same room. While we were conversing upon the Crimean war, he had joined in the conversation. I could not make out what he was. He was neither decidedly military nor decidedly clerical. He might have held some civil post in the army. He was coarse, and there was something about him that did not

speak the gentleman. My friend thought differently. He supposed that a campaign in the East might have roughened him. But the next morning he came into the room, ordered the waiter in a peremptory manner, ate his meal in sullen silence, and neither in coming in nor going out, although we had talked together the night before, did he make the slightest sign of recognition. After he had disappeared, my companion raised both hands, pronouncing the awful sentence, "*Snobus est!*" In the same way one is continually encountering people of different characters, and of all shades of character. One man is obliging and another rude. We should surely not forget the many agreeable people we meet, when we think of the opposite ones. In traveling in other countries, I have for many days, and even weeks, been thrown in company with English persons of rank, occupying neighboring rooms, sitting at the same table, taking the same rounds in walking and riding. Some of them have possessed the faculty of ignoring the presence of other beings, though in an unexceptionable way; of not seeing when looking; and of giving to perfection the "stony British stare." But others have good-humoredly resigned themselves to what they may have considered the force of circumstances, and consented to recognize, on the neutral ground of good society, those about them who were respectable and intelligent. Should we go away and say that all the English nobility are proud and supercilious? Perhaps there might be even hidden

reasons of considerable weight, why common politeness and kindness of heart should not be manifested to all, if felt, though it were hard to see this. For myself, whenever I have had the good fortune and skill to open the English oyster, I have rarely failed of finding a pearl. Dr. Bushnell was about right when he said, that you must break an Englishman's head and walk in, and you would find most excellent accommodations.

We were traveling in the neighborhood of Woodstock. The road here, whether over hill or through dale, was bordered by the invariable hedge-rows, and the fields divided by the same. Yet even the English hedge is said to be getting into disrepute among the farmers, because it takes up valuable ground, and nests so many predatory little birds. But may the English hedge never give way. It has a beauty higher than any spirit of utility. It is a blossoming, tangled conglomeration of briar, rose, and thorn, impervious to any thing but an English fox-hunter's rush. The Hawthorn, or White-thorn, is the chief basis of an English hedge. Its thick, luxuriant foliage is of a rich dark green, and its blossom is of pure white, whose delicate perfume in the months of May and June, comes on every breeze over the fields, —

"The milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

But every other kind of blooming running thing mixes up with it, the Wild Rose, the Blackberry with its colored flowers, the Stone Bramble, the

spiky-leaved Holly, the common Raspberry, the bright-green Buckthorn, and the Hazel, whose long tassels, or catkins, are the first blossoms of spring. All these left to grow and twine together, on a sacred ridge, one might say for centuries, then we get the English hedge, — to be seen only however in its perfection in the South of England, in Devonshire, or the Isle of Wight. Bloom on centuries more, sweet English hedge!

From Mr. Everett's description I had mustered up very splendid visions in regard to Blenheim. They were not entirely realized. The gardens were lovely, they might be called magnificent; but the park and grounds for miles around looked deserted and uncared for. The water of the artificial lake lay in broad, stagnant pools, the home of bitterns, piping frogs, and mosquitoes. The immense palace itself of yellow limestone was rusty and begrimed. It had a vast, faded splendor, but never could have had architecturally a very impressive character. It is heavy and strained. Of the interior, the Library is by far the finest room, having a length of 183 feet. A statue of Queen Anne stands at one end The "great Duke," with his hooked nose and decided mouth, like a later but better great duke, figures everywhere upon miles of canvas and fresco. He drove six marshals of France out of the field, but could not write the English language correctly. The tomb of Marlborough in the chapel has no particular meaning or point. It is a huge, cold, and pompous pile. A

modern finely carved pulpit, of one piece of Derbyshire spar, was by far the best thing in the Chapel. Marble and paint, and we have seen Blenheim, the great Duke's show-place, built for him by the English nation at the cost of half a million pounds sterling!

Just by the side of the Triumphal-gate of Blenheim Park, stood once the house of Chaucer. The gentleman who lives upon the spot allowed me to see his garden, and what very little remained of the poet's house. He told me that he himself took down what there was of it to construct his own dwelling; preserving, however, two or three small arched windows which he built into a wall. He possessed an original title-deed of Chaucer's in relation to this very house.

Woodstock is a gone-by little town, contented to sleep under the shadow of the Duke of Marlborough's wings. It makes buckskin gloves and tippets. It is on the south or opposite side of the stream upon which old Woodstock stood, the scene of Scott's novel. The palace has entirely disappeared.

By one of the few remaining stage-routes, I rode from Oxford to Cheltenham, about forty miles. It was good to sit by an old-fashioned English coachman, and behind a team of well-matched nags. A ringing, musical gallop was indulged in down a gentle plane; and as we drew up to some lonely "Barley-mow" hostlery, the horses reeked with smoke in the morning air. Not long after crossing

the Isis, and leaving Oxford, we came into the neighborhood of Cumnor Hall. From the simple ballad that begins with a picture of the moonlight shining on the towers and oaks of this ancient place, Scott was inspired to become a poet.

We passed by one of the new cemeteries established according to a recent act of Parliament, requiring all burial-places to be outside of towns. The yards belonging to the Established Church and the Dissenters were separated by a high wall, and were made as distinct as possible. Can it be that such divisions are carried up to the tomb's mouth?

The town of Witney, famous for its blankets, but now gone rather to decline, lay upon our route. It has a fine old church in the early English style. This, and Burford, presented the usual features of small inland English towns, — one wide street of sober low stone houses, more picturesque than neat, with frequent open butchers' stalls, and now and then an inn sign, with somewhat more of bustle about the inn door than elsewhere. Shortly after leaving Burford, and before coming to Northleach, we left Oxfordshire and entered Gloucestershire. Our ride was through a farming and grazing country, a region celebrated for its wool-raising. There is a notion that one kind of land makes good mutton and another good wool. In the farm-yards, with their high stone walls, stood immense symmetric straw-ricks, partially cut, and as precisely as a wedding-cake. Great

differences in the neatness of yard, and house, and fields, were observable here, as in other countries. All the farmers were not thrifty, as all doubtless were not intelligent. Before reaching Cheltenham we drove over a very high range of country, commanding fine prospects into the vales of Evesham, Tewksbury, and Worcester, even as far as the Malvern Hills. This is said to be an exceedingly bleak and storm-swept region in winter. At Cheltenham I stopped at the ancient "Plough Inn," now a fashionable and luxurious hotel.

CHAPTER VII.

CHELTENHAM, BRISTOL, AND GLOUCESTER.

CHELTENHAM, on the river Chelt, under the Cotswold hills, is a well-grown city of some 40,000 inhabitants. It is one of those peculiar English towns where our serious "Motherlanders" gather themselves together to enjoy and display their wealth in fine equipages, elegant assemblies, and a nice union of gayety with comfort. It is not one of those migratory and butterfly watering-places that shines for a month or so; but it is a place where people have a good time all winter long, where they live in their own substantial stone villas. I was in Cheltenham at the dull season, and the heat was oppressive. The Assembly Rooms, and Pump Rooms, and the spacious ornamental grounds at Pittville, were all in the highest condition of neatness, but quite solitary and deserted. The pleasantest incident in my visit was the privilege of seeing Lord Northwick's immense collection of paintings at Thirlestane House, before it was scattered. It was like visiting one of the public galleries of the Continent. It is marvelous how one man's purse, and one man's will, and one man's life, could have brought together so many

precious works of Art. Few kings have had such a collection. With some trash, the gallery abounded in original works of the great masters. Titians, Van Dycks, Raphaels, Rubenses, were plentiful. The portrait of the Duke d'Urbino, taken in a common dress trimmed with fur, and a black hat, is one of Raphael's finest pictures. It has large animated eyes, and is full of life. If he had not painted the Transfiguration, the Sistine Madonna, and the School of Athens, Raphael would have been immortal by his portraits. How manly and honest they are! The gloomy and imaginative picture of Salvator Rosa, called "L'Umana Fragilata," was one of the glories of the collection. Even in Italy there is no more characteristic or powerful specimen of this painter's genius. The coloring is deep, with strong contrasts. Life and death seem to mingle in the picture. There was an odd but vigorous picture of "Jacob and the Mandrakes," by Murillo. I noticed also a highly finished "St. Jerome," by Albert Dürer, and a "St. John," full of feeling, by Guido. There were two very beautiful Claudes, one of them a sunset. There were many noble paintings of the Spanish school. The older Flemish and German masters were fully represented. The collection was rich in Cuyps; but especially in Ruysdaels. One might there have been convinced, if not before, of the power of this last painter. He gives the rush of torrents, the movement of rivers, the grandeur of rock and precipice, the still-life

in the depth of forests, the aspects of unchanged Nature, with unequaled freshness and boldness. Though all the great modern artists seemed to be present in their familiar works, I did not see a single Turner. Perhaps the old lord, who died at eighty-nine, and who was whimsically independent and fastidious in his taste, would not give in in his old age to Turner and Ruskin, but remained true to his Claudes, and Gainsboroughs, and sweet old English landscapes. We saw the little desk where he was accustomed to sit, with two small pictures of a church aisle, and of an old beggar's head hanging over it. His life was undoubtedly lengthened through his love of Art. He lived in his gallery; and when he could find any one like-minded, who would walk with him through the rooms, he would pour out immense erudition in relation to Art and artists. But he was willing to explain his pictures to the common laborer and the child, and to instruct all in the method of comprehending and studying paintings. He left no will; and his intentions in regard to this vast collection were not then certainly known. But these choice paintings, these cases of historical gems, these bronzes, marbles and cameos, these thousand objects which to the smallest of them bore the stamp of mind, were to be separated, some of them perhaps finding their way back to their native shores. They were soon afterward sold at public sale, and found purchasers, if I am rightly informed, from many different lands. One hardly

sees what great purpose such a stupendous gallery, formed at such cost and care, and suddenly falling into its ten thousand original parts, could have answered. If it were merely for the enjoyment of one man it looks selfish. But doubtless many English artists have received here their first inspiration; and in a quiet way it may have served to mould and refine the taste of the land.

In a small stone mansion at Cheltenham, called the "Georgiana Villa," Lord Byron, it is said, composed the "Corsair." He did not do it sitting in a stalactite cavern in one of the rocky isles of Greece, as Byron-mad youth might imagine. But if the noble lord had gone to his own Sherwood Forest, or to the Malvern Hills near by, or over the Severn into rocky, legendary Monmouth, or along the bold and romantic shores of Devonshire, he would have found a much better English hero, and as lovely scenery.

Among the pleasant drives about Cheltenham, one may visit the fountain-head of the Thames, on the road to Birdlip. It is a small pond of very clear and sweet water, shaded with trees. Here is the meeting of seven springs.

Let us now, without going through the details of the journey, find ourselves in Bristol, a dirty old business city, but with aristocratic suburbs, and not without some interest to the stranger in itself. In the ancient church of St. Mary Radcliffe, situated in a still and deserted quarter of Bristol, one finds more architectural riches than in the Cathe-

dral, which is chiefly interesting as containing the monument of Bishop Butler, that most massive of reasoners, who marked out for all time the affinities between religion and the constitution and course of Nature. The inscription upon the monument was written by Southey. The exterior of St. Mary Radcliffe is extremely worn and black, but its interior is one of the finest examples of the pure Perpendicular Gothic that there is in England. An intenser interest attaches to it as the place where young Chatterton wrought his wondrous literary forgery. I climbed the narrow stone stairs of one of the transept towers, so often bounded up by the feet of Chatterton on his stealthy and mysterious errand, and entered the small open-windowed and many-sided room, where are still the two old chests in which he pretended to have found the Rowley manuscripts. The windows look out over the city, with its red roofs, and many hollows, hills, and irregularities. From this strange and lofty study, open to the air and birds of heaven, how often did he look down on the toiling city, feeling himself entirely cut off from all that glowing human life. It was singular to be alone in the room where that young and restless mind worked so intensely upon a lie! Having once conceived the idea as a flash of fancy, did he not almost begin to believe it himself, and really to live in that old world of romance and battle? Would that then he could have had one true friend of genuine heart and wisdom. If Southey or Coleridge had been living, instead of

Horace Walpole, how different would have been the event. The chests are rough affairs, and the liveliest imagination cannot make any thing more of them than old coal-boxes. They are now much decayed, though some large nails still remain in them. But they are more like rough troughs than those carefully made and iron-bound "*chestes*," in which precious things were anciently deposited.

Chatterton, it is said, would roam in the fields about Bristol the whole Sabbath long, and lie stretched on the grass gazing at the tower of old St. Mary's Church. He preferred to write, it is said, by moonlight. He was but seventeen years. and nine months old when he died.

Broadmead Chapel is situated at the opposite extreme of the city from the Church of St. Mary Radcliffe, and is outside of the old walls. It is in the commercial, or sailor quarter of the city. I approached it by a long back street lined with little shops for the sale of old clothes, old iron, ship furniture, etc., and sprinkled freely with tap-rooms, decorated with their red-baize curtains. Nothing in particular indicated the fact of a church, but a little notice upon the door of a block of houses. The portress admitted me into the chapel through some low entries; and it seemed to be a room situated between two streets, and all about it was so filled in with houses and shops, that no one would suspect that there was such a chapel there. It is itself a small church, capable of seating perhaps at the largest estimate five hundred people, and as

plain as plain could be. There were three pillars on a side, supporting low galleries. A black iron chandelier hung in the centre. The pulpit was of painted wood, and clamped together, where it had been broken, with common iron bands. It had no ornament of any kind. And here preached the prince of preachers, Robert Hall. The visit would have done any one good. It taught both humility and hope. Here a great genius was content to labor for his Master. The place does not make a man small or great. A little marble slab, on the wall by the side of the pulpit, bore three inscriptions to three ministers of the chapel. The middle one was in these words: "The Rev. Robt. Hall, A. M. Pastor of this church 5 years. Died 21st Feb'y, 1831, aged 66." I went into the vestry where he used to retire after preaching, to throw himself upon a bench in perfect agony. It was the merest miniature of a room. In an adjoining apartment hang the portraits of Robert Hall, John Foster, and other distinguished Baptist ministers. The elderly woman, looking upon his portrait, (which represents him as leaning on his desk, and simply raising his hand from the Bible,) said, "I remember Mr. Hall very well, and that was all the gesture he made." But Robert Hall could not be hid any more than a mountain. His strength lay in the solidity of his intellect. The intellectual element predominated. His mighty mind penetrated by the pure weight of thought to the depths of subjects. There was joined to this a vast power

of moral feeling and of burning indignation against all untruth. He apprehended clearly the far-off and most distant results of wrong opinions, and this made him the greatest moral reasoner of his age. What great trains of thought run in expanding light through his magnificent argument on Modern Infidelity! And how marvelously his style blends the totally opposite qualities of simplicity and splendor of diction!

I was fortunate while in Bristol in hearing that remarkable "man of God," — I can think of no better name, — George Müller, who built the Orphan Houses at Ashley Down. The life of this primitive Christian is well known in America. He was born in Prussia in 1805. While a student in the University of Halle, he made the acquaintance of a body of warm-hearted and active Christian disciples. He devoted himself from that time to preaching and doing good. He came to England in 1829 to apply to the Continental Missionary Society to be sent as a missionary to the East. He preached for some time at Teignmouth, living upon the small voluntary contributions of his friends. He was a man of child-like faith, who practically believed in the power of prayer and the Fatherhood of God. He was frequently brought down to the lowest extremity. He and a Scotch friend, Mr. Craik, removed to Bristol, establishing there a little preaching chapel, which in its temporal affairs was to exist on the same principle of trust in God. He was led to do something for poor children, and

to found an institution for giving them a religious education; and he commenced this plan of benevolence when he and his friend were actually reduced to a single shilling. For the pressing wants of himself and the poor children he made particular prayers, and seemed to be supplied just enough for every day. He established in this way a "Scriptural Knowledge Institution" as it was called, and afterward the larger "Orphan Houses." This last establishment has been supported entirely by free-will offerings. At some junctures there would not be a half-penny in the hands of the matrons of the houses, to provide the children bread. Yet Müller would not borrow, and some providential event, or gift, would carry him around the point, into smoother waters. *He personally applied to no one for assistance*, but it flowed in upon him, as he asserted, and who will deny it, through the power of prayer. He had received, up to 1858, £147,667, had built substantial and spacious buildings for his Institution, and had nourished and taken care of more than a thousand orphan children. This is a singular tale, and I trust that no one who goes to Bristol, whether he looks upon him as an enthusiast or no, will forget to visit George Müller's Orphan Houses at Ashley Down. He is a thin, black-haired man, quiet but with flashing eyes, and in his gestures and expressions giving the idea of great energy. His little children, and their instructors, in neat dresses, were present, in the plain, Quaker-like church.

There are twenty-nine churches in England entitled to be called Cathedrals. Perhaps it would not be out of place, for the benefit of young readers, to name them. They are Bangor, Bath Priory, Bristol; Canterbury, Carlisle, Chester, Chichester; Durham; Ely, Exeter; Gloucester; Hereford; Lichfield, Lincoln, Llandaff; Manchester; Norwich; Oxford; Peterborough; Rochester; Salisbury, St. Asaph, St. David, St. Paul's; Wells, Westminster, Winchester, Worcester; York. Of these, the Cathedral of Gloucester is neither one of the largest or smallest. It comprehends the whole range of English church architecture. Begun at the latter end of the 12th century, and finished at the beginning of the 15th, it embraces all styles. Its nave, foundations, and crypt are Norman, of the most solid and massive character. The sixteen round unornamented and ponderous columns of the nave are majestic. The repose of eternity seems to sleep under their shadows. The ancient Anglo-Saxon phrase of "God's house" is here well applied. It looks unchangeable. It is a place of rest. The stone vaulting of the ceiling is also simple and plain, but there is much elegant flower-work and tracery-work about the clere-story, the windows, and the western end, which were all later additions. This is the chief feature of Gloucester Cathedral, that it mingles massiveness and lightness, simplicity and richness. The central tower, which is the most modern part of the building, is the perfection of elegance and harmony. It

is like a full-blown rose on an oak stem. Its pierced and open tabernacle work, and its fretted clusters of graceful pinnacles, when seen at a distance, form a rich vision. And this is one benefit of these great churches, that they afford a characteristic feature to the town. They are sacred landmarks to every one born under their shadow. They are his "golden mile-posts" on the road to eternity. They are hailed by him when coming home with joy, and make his first involuntary thought on returning, one of God. Though we are apt, in America, to speak disparagingly of these mighty edifices of stone, supposing that they derogate from the spiritual temple, I am not disposed, for one, to yield up too easily an early enthusiasm for them.

Gloucester Cathedral has felt the modern movement in England to restore the old churches. And this is chiefly apparent in the complete renovation of its noble cloisters, only they look too new and staring. They are the most perfect in England, and perhaps in the world. Their low-branching fan-tracery ceiling is like travelers' descriptions of a thickly arching, low bamboo forest in South America. These cloisters, formerly as now, were entirely shut in with glass, which in ancient times was richly painted. They were habitable places; and were not alone used for the sober walk and solitary musing. They were evidently employed for reading and work; as the little adjoining monks' rooms, or stalls, now testify.

Among the monuments in the church there is one of Duke Robert of Normandy, "Robert Curthose." The effigy is carved of Irish bog-oak, and covered with a wire net-work; its legs are crossed, for he was one of the first Crusaders; the head is crowned with a coronet of pearls and fleur-de-lis; the body wears a chain-mail suit of armor, and his right hand grasps his sword, which still bears its ancient coloring and gilding. It is not too much to say that this is the likeness (if it be a likeness) of a remarkably handsome man. The limbs are long and gracefully turned, and they are by no means so stalwart and big as we might suppose the build of the strong Norman race to have been. The features of the face are as regular as those of a young Greek warrior. There is a mournful interest attached to this monument. Robert, from having been a stirring, bold, ambitious prince, with a life full of adventure and fighting, was made prisoner by his brother Henry, his eyes put out, and for twenty-eight years he lingered in misery as a close prisoner in Cardiff Castle, Glamorganshire. He was the eldest son of the Conqueror.

I said that the pillars of the nave were unornamented. Their capitals, however, were strung around with meagre but curious flower and carved work. Nothing is more varied than the Norman capital. Its shape is usually that of a bowl truncated at the sides; but its carving and ornament are exceedingly diverse and fanciful. Sometimes it is braided with interlacing lines of bead-work, as

if hung over with a net of pearls. Sometimes it is wreathed with large-leaved flowers, or a stiff wide-spreading vine, resembling a Corinthian capital. At other times it is like a number of bird's-nests, with the birds sitting in them. Then a strange monster, or dragon-lizard, twists around the bell of the capital. Then human faces appear, sometimes of men holding their mouths open with their fingers; and sometimes of female heads, or the upper half of the figures of veiled nuns interlacing their arms around the column. And I have been much struck with the resemblance between these human-headed capitals and the Isis-headed pillars at Denderah, and other temples in Egypt. Nor is the resemblance less striking between the common tulip-capital of the Egyptians, and one rather rare capital of the Norman architecture, which is composed of a single bell-shaped cup. All architecture came from the East; and the influence of the Byzantine style upon the Norman is very direct. What is Norman architecture but the ancient Byzantine-Roman, still further modified by the gloomy and grotesque fancy of the North? It has the ponderous masses and round lines of the older Roman edifice. Sometimes the Norman arch has its centre above the line of the impost, and then curves inward below the point of springing, making a perfect horseshoe arch, thus increasing the resemblance to Oriental buildings. The chapel in the White Tower in London, and the little Iffley church near Oxford, are among the best examples

of the peculiarities of the most ancient Norman architecture, in England. This style was introduced into Britain by William the Conqueror, and continued about one hundred and twenty-four years, to the end of the reign of Henry III., in 1189. Then came the first true Gothic, or Early English style.

Gloucester is beautifully placed in a broad valley on the banks of the Severn, and has just claims to its British name of "Caer Gloew," the "fair city." It is a city which mingles largely in the early history of England, and was one of the twenty-nine principal towns of the Britons before the Roman invasion. It was "Colonia Glevum" of the Romans. Hengist, Athelstane, and the unfortunate Elgiva, wife of Edwy, are said to have died in Gloucester. Here Edward the Confessor lived, and the Norman kings frequently held their court. Henry III. was crowned in the old Abbey church, and Edward II. was buried in the Cathedral. After his accession to the throne this was the residence of Richard of Gloucester, of whom Sir Thomas More wrote, — "Richarde, the thirde sonne of Richarde, Duke of Yorke, was in witte and corage eqall with his two brothers, in bodye and prowesse far under them both, little of stature, ill fetured of limmes, croke backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard fauoured of visage, and such as in states called warlye, in other menne otherwise, he was malicious, wrathful, envious, and from afore his birth ever frowarde. It is

for trouth reported that he came into the world with the feete forwarde, and also ontothed, as if Nature chaunged her course in hys beginnynge, whiche in the course of his lyfe monny thinges vnnaturallye committed." But he adds, "none euill captaine was hee in warre."

Gloucester sustained a memorable siege by the royal army commanded in person by Charles I.; the inhabitants enduring great sufferings. It is likewise not without its interest in the conflicts of truth and religion. Here George Whitfield was born and preached his first sermon; here Robert Raikes, in 1781, began his Sunday-school enterprise, which vitalized the Christian church, and brought back the primitive spirit in respect to her fostering care of the young; and here, above all, the good Bishop Hooper, one of the most illustrious victims of the Marian persecution, suffered martyrdom near the old Minster gate, proving that he held a "doctrine that would abide the fire."

CHAPTER VIII.

WORCESTER TO DUDLEY.

For those who are traveling about England, and are of necessity left to spend an odd hour now and then in a railway station, there is nothing more entertaining than to look over the books in the ample stalls at the station-house of every considerable town. And there is more of interest and point to this, from the fact that one house in London (W. H. Smith & Son) supplies all the railways in the kingdom, with the exception of a single line. One gets, therefore, a pretty good idea of the books that are read by the traveling community; and this, after all, represents the more intelligent class. Thus we may approximate to a tolerably correct judgment of what is the *living* modern literature of England. Of course we do not expect to see the books of the highest scientific character at the railway stands, though even this is not impossible; but we find there the books that *are read*, that seize the popular mind and heart. One finds in these stalls books that glow with the fresh life of genius, whether they be new or old. Translations of the Iliad I have frequently seen. Robinson Crusoe everywhere

displays his peaked cap. Macaulay's Lays and Essays are more common than his Histories. Kingsley's vigorous productions abound. Tennyson's poems are rarely wanting. Such books as Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks," and Liebig's Chemistry, and works upon scientific agriculture, are generally to be found.

It is surprising how many female authors supply this every-day literary food to the traveler. The works of Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Yonge, Miss Mulock, and above all the authoress of "Adam Bede," occupy the prominent places on the crowded shelves — a delicate index this of the high and true character of English civilization. In few other countries are women suffered to instruct or give the moral tone to society. The writings of a George Sand, or a Bettina von Arnim, are read, it is true, in France and Germany, for their exciting and novel spicery, but they give no permanent nourishment to the thought or life of the nation. It is gratifying, also, to see how many *American* books pass daily through the hands and minds of the English public. When I was in England, besides Mrs. Stowe's writings, which appear at all book-stalls and shops, Hawthorne's stories, Irving's and Cooper's works, Arthur Coxe's poems, H. W. Beecher's "Life-Thoughts," Dr. Holmes's works, Prime's book on the East, Motley's and Prescott's histories, but, above and beyond all, Longfellow's poems, were the famil-

iar hand-books of every reading person. An English gentleman told me that Longfellow was even more generally read in England than Tennyson. I could almost believe him, for I have frequently met cultured persons who could quote Longfellow freely. He is really, as De Quincey says, "*published*" in England. He has struck that happy middle chord of sentiment and fancy that vibrates in the English heart averse to high excitement and pure idealism. Wordsworth was metaphysical, and gathered the select circle about him. Tennyson is, perhaps, too subjective for the present money-making age. He is not yet altogether understood. Longfellow plays upon the familiar, pathetic harp, that hangs by the fireside, that breathes of common duties, home affections, pure thoughts, and ennobling fancies; that just touches the imagination and fires it, without tasking thought.

> "Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
> Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
> Weeping upon his bed has sate,
> He knows you not, ye heavenly powers!"

Even to such a translated verse Longfellow has given his inimitable grace and music, and one likes to be crooning and singing it over to himself. It eases the heart of annoyances and pain, and does one good.

Worcester comes next in our course of travel north. Its imposing cathedral is nearly of the same magnitude, and has much the same character, as Gloucester Cathedral. Like that edifice, its crypt

and nave were Norman, and it has no western turrets, but its central tower, with rich open parapet and octangular turrets, is the very flower and perfection of the later style. The choir is Early English, with highly carved canopied stalls, and wonderfully bold flower-work. Those old artists seemed to have brought basketfuls of all the flowers of the field into the church, and flung them over the walls.

As the Early English may be called the *second* style of architecture to be found in England, we will say a word about it. This style gradually succeeded the Norman, and prevailed from the beginning of the reign of Richard I. in 1189, to the end of the reign of Henry III. in 1272, a period of about one hundred years. We may date the time of transition from the chivalrous epoch of the first crusade, when the troubadour and ballad poetry arose, and new-born ideas of freedom and beauty seemed to be struggling with the old force and tyranny. The simple characteristic of this style is the pointed arch, long and narrow at first like the head of a knight's lance, and then expanding into the great windows, such as those at York Minster, which, filled with painted glass, have such a glorious effect. Still the round lines of the Norman architecture were retained in many particulars, in the trefoil and quatre-foil heading of doors and windows, and in the large circular windows, like those at Lincoln and Peterborough. We can even see how the pointed arch grew from the accidental intersections

of round arches with each other, making pointed arches of the intermediate spaces. The pointed arch lifted the building from its heaviness and earthiness. It heightened the ceiling, and as a natural development, it sprung toward heaven as far as it could carry upward its lines in the slenderly pointed spire. We find perhaps the most perfect instance of the Early English style, from end to end, from foundation stone to the summit of the exquisite spire, in the Salisbury Cathedral. To support this greater height, this mighty upspringing mass, wide and prominent buttresses were added, which in the compact Norman architecture were usually but small round projections from the wall itself. These flying buttresses with their double stories of arches and their pinnacled tops, form a new and bold feature. In the original contract for the building of Fotheringay Church, it is written: "And aither of the said Isles shal have six mighty *Botrasse* of Fre stone, clen hewyn; and every *Botrasse* fynisht with a fynial." A very characteristic ornament of the Early English style is the "tooth-ornament," taking the place of the Norman zigzag moulding around the arches of the windows and doors. It is as much like a necklace of shark's teeth that the Pacific Islanders wear, as any thing. But all kinds of rich and delicate decoration begin to appear in the later period of this style. Profuse flower-work is seen in the garlanded heads of pillars, and the budding tips of corbels. Every thing ended in a flower. There was far more of grace

and delicacy, and yet hardly less of strength, than in the Norman style. The vaultings of the roof at their lines of intersection were ribbed; and cross-springing and transverse ribs were introduced, thus weaving a rich tracery over the plain Anglo-Norman ceiling, though it was just as massive stone-work as before. And while the columns and piers were as mighty and ponderous, yet the rounds and hollows into which they were cut gave them a more elaborate and elegant character. So that the Early English style has been judged by some to be the perfection of English architecture, because it retained the strength and simplicity of the Norman united with most of what was truly ornate and beautiful in the later styles. But these old churches were so long in building that we find examples of all the ages of architecture in their various portions, and a practiced eye will take them apart and read their history at a glance. From a little moulding, or hidden newel, the age of the hand that reared the tall tower might be known. For an educated American youth to have no knowledge at all of architecture, this would deprive him of a species of sharpened culture that is not dreamy or vague, but is as scientific and harmonious as the laws of music. It requires study, and taxes the analytic powers. Such a youth would not be fitted to visit Westminster Abbey, and to tread the solemn and storied temples of Old England. Let him defer his voyage a year, until he knows the difference between a tower and a spire, a groin and a gable. Besides,

there is nothing finer in the architecture of the world than the English Cathedrals.

In Worcester Cathedral is the tomb of King John. Some sixty years ago the tomb was opened, and the dress was found to be precisely similar to that represented upon the monument. His statue, which was probably a portrait, looks better than his portrait as it stands in history. The point of his sword is held in the mouth of a crocodile with a lion's body, denoting strength and cunning. The strong old Bishop of Worcester, St. Wulstan, who, tradition says, struck his silver crosier into the rock so that no one but himself could draw it out, is also buried here. Here too is the monument of Stillingfleet, who was Bishop of Worcester, appointed by William III. It is interesting to happen upon the discovery of the spot where a great man lived and died, for one easily forgets these local particulars in recalling the work that he did and the ideas he originated. Stillingfleet did no small work for the cause of rational Christianity and a true Christian philosophy.

From Worcester I took the regular coach to Great Malvern, which stands upon the slope of the hills that rise gracefully from the plains to the height of 1300 feet, and extend in a long ridge running from north to south. The crest of the green hill just above the town is grand from its height and steepness. Until late in the evening I saw the moving of small white figures upon the dark background of the sky; they were indefatigable English

ladies, who will walk and climb as long as they can see. These hills are a favorite roaming ground for all who visit Malvern, lifted up into the pure cool atmosphere, yielding magnificent prospects, and sprinkled with brilliant and hardy flowers. I spent the next day in driving about the hills to Little Malvern, West Malvern, and Malvern Wells. The way lay through a laurel-fringed road opening continually upon a wide panorama below, stretching away over the vale of the Severn and the flat green plain of Worcester and Warwick, like an immense prairie. Macaulay sings,

> Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze
> On Malvern's lonely height."

We passed Camp Hill, cut into military terraces by the old Romans for one of their strong mountain citadels, when they held a half-conquered country by main force. I may be wrong in saying this, for it may be remembered that when the northern tribes began to threaten and harass the British, the last sent a petition to Rome called "the groans of the Britons," showing a thoroughly crushed and discouraged people, and one that had become entirely dependent upon their conquerors for protection. I saw on both sides of the Malvern Hills the entrance to the Tunnel which runs through them for a mile and a half, and which is not yet completed. It promises to be as arduous an undertaking as the "Hoosac Tunnel," but English pluck and capital will carry it through, as Yankee energy will doubtless do what *it* undertakes. The sheep

were nestling beneath the banks in little hollows in the dirt, to protect themselves from the heat. They run almost wild over the hills, and in winter sustain themselves upon the clumps of "gorse," which they dig out from the snow. They do not wander far from the spot where they are first turned out and fed. Brown thrushes and yellow humbers were plentiful.

In the distance, upon the Hereford side of the Malvern Hills, rose the monument or pillar of the Somers family. This is one of those proud memorials, the one responding to the other over hill and vale, which remind us of the well-known fact that England is divided up chiefly among twenty or thirty great families. The Marquis of Bute, who not many years since attained his majority, has immense estates in nine counties of Great Britain. These rich and powerful families give the law to every thing. All is cut to this large pattern, and the tendency is and will be, until a great change comes, for landed property to be more and more consolidated in the hands of a few. The land appears to one like a great temple, around which the "Dii majores" and the "Dii minores" sit, and shed down upon the common people influences in some respects perhaps benign, but certainly not altogether so. Among some useful virtues of order and reverence that may be engendered by this system, it would be extraordinary if the vices of mercenariness and servility were not also bred by it. "Your Honor this," and "Your Honor that," sig-

nify "act the lord now by your humble servant,"—"do the generous thing." None are more willing to confess this than intelligent Englishmen themselves. The class of people who are the immediate dependants of the great are the most injuriously affected. They catch a faint reflection of the higher polish with which they come in daily contact, and this serves to separate them from people of their own station, which in turn drives them back into a closer and more slavishly humiliating dependence upon the higher class. It would require singular virtue for such a class to retain any nobility of character. The insular position and confined spaces of the kingdom tend to fix and stratify these distinctions of society, and do not permit classes to come nearer together. The old Danish distinction of the people into "eorls" (earls) and "ceorls" (churls) exists still in English society. The fact however, that some have derided, of so many of the English peerages having had a commercial origin, as the modern Earls of Northumberland and Warwick, and the older houses of Dartmouth, Pomfret, Leeds, Ducie, and Ward, is on the whole a fact that speaks better for the aristocracy than many others that might be named. Even the rigid old law of primogeniture is not so rigid as I for one had supposed. Justice Sir John Barnard Byles, now of the Court of Common Pleas, stated to a friend of mine in conversation that the entail of all the entailed estates in England could be cut off, when the eldest son coming of age con-

sented, excepting in four cases. These four were estates conferred and made hereditary by act of Parliament, and the entail could be cut off only by Parliament. They were the estates of the Duke of Wellington, Duke of Marlborough, Earl of Shrewsbury, and Earl of Arundel. It is quite possible that one or more of these may have derived their estates from some other source, the main point being that the entailment is permanent. The Justice furthermore stated that no property could be entailed for any period longer than *a life or lives in being and twenty-one years.* He illustrated this by the case of the Duke of Buckingham, who got so heavily in debt that his personal property could not pay his debts. His eldest son, heir to the title and estates, the Marquis of Chandos, being of age, joined with his father and cut off the entail, thus giving up the property to satisfy the creditors. He said the Duke was at that time living in lodgings in London, too poor to keep a servant. The Duchess was living at Hampton Court in apartments granted by the Queen without charge. The Marquis of Chandos was held in great respect, and on the death of his father would doubtless become a peer of the realm.

England is a country which moves onward, though in its own way; and the majority of Englishmen believe with Lord Bacon that political changes, like those of Nature, should be gradual. Sooner or later, however, they must come.

"When Reason's voice,
Loud as the voice of Nature, shall have waked
The nations; and mankind perceive that vice
Is discord, war, and misery; — that virtue
Is peace, and happiness, and harmony;
When man's maturer nature shall disdain
The playthings of his childhood."

But we cannot judge England by America. There is a painful and ponderous sense of form in the English mind that we cannot comprehend. There is often real freedom where there seems to be but servile routine. A newly created constitution built upon abstract principles and cut off from the Past, however perfect, would not work well for England, or at least all at once. A "Code Napoleon" would be out of place. Something like it, I believe, is being now attempted in England in the reform and codification of statute law; but the vast confusion and overturn it would necessarily introduce, were it carried out suddenly and thoroughly, will probably prevent a transformation of the present English Constitution into any thing like a purely philosophical system.

Would that in America we could see our *real* advantage over England, and not those factitious advantages concerning which we are sometimes inclined to glorify ourselves. The principle of self-government is a higher principle than that of loyalty to the best sovereign, genuine as that principle may be; for it is fidelity to the highest good of all, and to virtue, intelligence, and God. He who shares in the government gains in moral dignity. His

manhood is developed by responsibility. He loves and will maintain a government in which his own will and intelligent choice are involved. He will feel that upon his single arm, his single voice, his single life, hangs the preservation of the government and the national freedom. This is the American feeling. It burns in every true American breast. It gives us an incalculable advantage over aristocratic nations such as England, but it is a perilous superiority. We have cut away from a vast deal that is useless, and worse than useless, and we have a free field before us, if we can but stand fast in this liberty, and not be again entangled in the bondage of Old World political ideas, and of our own low passions for power and wealth. Man is free in America to develop himself if he can govern himself. This is the difficult but glorious problem before us to work out. Let us be humbler and more watchful, for we carry the world's higher destiny with us over the trembling road that leads to the universal freedom of the race. That with all our faults and imperfections we have in the main succeeded thus far in the maintenance of the principle of popular sovereignty, the people of the Old World cannot deny. Many have been magnanimous enough to confess it, as have such noble minds as Jeffrey, and Macaulay, and such true men as Goldwin Smith, Richard Cobden, John Bright, and Thomas Hughes. What great praise was that which was freely accorded to our country, by an English newspaper, in connection with the

Prince of Wales' visit: "He has seen a nation of soldiers without an army; civil order without a police; wealth, luxury, and culture without a court or an aristocracy. He has learned to mingle with the busy crowd of men without the intervention of chamberlains and courtiers; he has found respect without ceremony, and honor without adulation."

England is the only truly free country of the Old World, and the Englishman is a free man; but our glory is, that humanity itself, one and indivisible, may rise to a higher plane with us than in England. In England the son treads precisely in the footsteps of his fathers, and it is hard for a man (though there have been a few marked exceptions to this) to rise above the dead level of the class of society — it may be the lowest — in which he was born. There is an oppressive weight resting on the spirit of the lower classes, and a volcanic heaving beneath this mass of ancient tyrannic opinion. If the English government had spent as much for the education of the people, as it has to sustain the Poor Laws, there would have been a different state of things now in England; but so long as the absolute caste-system prevails to such an unnatural and irrational extent, the government will feel no sincere desire to educate the people above their present condition. Here then is our undeniable ground of superiority. And yet we seem to be ever on the point of casting away this inestimable practical advantage, and of allowing the really vulgar idea of material luxury to overcome and overwhelm the

higher and nobler good. But let us leave such high themes on this gentle summer's day! The wild thyme of the hills smells too sweet for controversy.

We come now to a different region from the green and fragrant Malvern Hills. Dudley, where I happened to be detained for some two or three hours, is one of the reeking mouths of the great Stafford coal-pit. I walked up the long, dirty, paved hill, to see the ruins of Dudley Castle. Ruins they were indeed, not smoothed over, and cherished and sentimentalized upon, but left pretty much to time, decay, and filthiness. Yet there was something rather grand in the grim old keep, that looked down in majestic scorn on a hundred modern manufactories. Lady Jane Grey, whose death the world mourned, probably lived here for a while. The castle belonged to an ambitious, bad, and plotting race, of which Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was one; and which in the person of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, grew all-powerful. Protector, but as history more than hints, murderer, of Edward VI., and the tempter of Lady Jane Grey, he undoubtedly aspired to absolute power. Now his very home, and seat of power, which he also obtained by treachery, is one of the least cared-for wrecks in the land. Its stones are defiled, its trees are cut down, its broad lands are turned into scorched coal-fields and places for flaming blast-furnaces. It is singular to look down from the walls of this feudal castle, over a region

like the plain of Shinar, as far as the eye can reach, glimmering with fires, and its smoke ascending continually to heaven. The town of Dudley itself is hardly less smutchy and comfortless than the castle. A savage-featured, reckless set of dirty men and women hung about the little station-house, which was in the neighborhood of a large mine three hundred yards deep. A brutal "mill" between an obese gray-haired man and a powerful middle-aged man, came off upon the platform of the station-house. I helped to raise the old man who fell on his back like a bag of sand, and apparently as lifeless. The affair seemed to be a matter of course, and I need not have interfered. These men have a lawless code of laws among themselves, and fighting is a daily business, — a way of settling pretty much every thing. The word is followed by the blow. Life is not valued too highly. If a man is killed by a fall of coal, or by being crushed in the shafts, there is a kind of "wake," which is rather a merry-making than a funeral. The colliers make a great deal of money, and spend it as quickly in carousing. The proportion of crime in the mining counties is lamentably the greatest. Some faint attempts at reformatory and missionary operations in this vicinity have been thus far of little avail. It requires the courage and self-devotion of a Wesley, to go among this people. They differ entirely from the Cornish miners, and a part of this is owing to the noble efforts of Wesley himself amid the rocks and pits of Land's End. In-

stead of quarreling about white surplices and purple chasubles, what a noble field of Christian warfare is here! Some George Müller, or Miss Marsh, or Florence Nightingale, will doubtless come down like an angel and stir this black pool. But here lies the material strength of England. "Deep in unfathomable mines" God has here garnered up her physical resources. If there be a corresponding depth of trust in His work and Word in spiritual things, England may yet stand some cycles more against the world. England has not had the fatal gifts of gold and silver, but she has had the better gifts whereby she may get gold and silver, and all that they stand for, and at the same time draw out her own skill and force.

After other geologic ages which had their important place in the foundations of the world, and of this favored corner-stone of it, there was an untold period when England, rising above the waters in a number of scattered islands, was one great forest of fern and coniferous trees. They grew upon the earth of the carboniferous limestone. The imagination of Hugh Miller could only begin to faintly conceive of the stupendous richness of this vegetation. It has been reckoned that "122,400 years were necessary for the accumulation of sixty feet of coal." God only knows what ages it must have required to hide away in so quiet a bed that the most delicately rayed palm leaf is not broken, such abysmal layers of coal deposite. The beds of coal in South Wales are reckoned to be 12,000 feet in

thickness. We are reminded of a characteristic answer of one of the vigorous-witted Beecher family, when asked if there were enough coal in the prairie country of the West to supply the wants of those woodless regions: "Enough to warm the world while it lasted, and to burn it up when it was done." It is true that nice calculations are made as to the probable giving out of the coal wealth of England; but practical miners, I am told, do not generally agree with the theories that assign such very brief limits of two hundred, or even one hundred years, to the coal resources of England. There are such great and unexpected variations in the area and thickness of seams, that there is no absolute judging of the amount or the direction of the coal deposite in a given locality. The coal limits are, it is true, externally mapped and accurately defined, but internally they are not and cannot be. It is answered that though there may be coal enough stored away in the bosom of the earth, yet on account of increased heat, ventilation and expense of machinery, it is impracticable to work it at such immense depths. But there are now shafts twenty-one hundred feet deep, or nearly half a mile, up which the coal is easily raised. This is done by means of engines of enormous power with wheels of thirty feet in diameter, that bring up the coal from that depth in a minute of time, each revolution raising it ninety feet. At the Merton Colliery near Durham, there was, during the sinking of the mine, I am told, a sud-

den obstruction to the works from a great flow of water. Shaft after shaft was sunk, until nine powerful engines were in operation, pumping up the incredible amount of fourteen millions of gallons of water, or seventy-two thousand tons, in twenty-four hours, from a depth of 450 feet! In this way a subterranean lake of water and quicksand was drained. Here surely was energy. We argue that so long as coal is to be found, it can be got at by that Anglo-Saxon hardihood and ingenuity which already mines for it under the sea, and under other geological strata. And if the coal *should* fail, this is not, I believe, the end of England. This race will find out and utilize some other force of Nature. There are coal substitutes now discovered, which need but the development and application of science to make them available in a hundred practical ways. If a spark of electricity sends a message from shore to shore of the Atlantic, what limitless power resides in this agent alone! While I rejoice that God has given us unlimited coal resources, I am not disposed to exult with some in the fact that the period of England's greatness is drawing to a culmination, simply because of the probable or supposed failure of her coal crop. She may have to husband and economize her coal somewhat more carefully in future, but coal is no more king than cotton. This is quite the tendency of much of the reasoning at the present time, which gives no place to higher spiritual forces.

I do not believe that a nation's greatness resides

in her material resources, but in her will, faith, intelligence, and moral forces. Civilization rests upon deeper principles than the earth's soil or productions. The same race, on the rocks of New England, where granite and ice are the chief crops, became powerful without coal. Mr. Gladstone himself may get frightened (or may feign to be) by the prospect of the coal giving out, and declare that the debt of England will never be paid if such an event should occur, but he would be the last man to confess that the English nation would give out with her coal. Why should we wish England's power to decline? Is it from a jealous sense of rivalry? That is a sentiment unworthy of a great nation. Is it because England is our enemy and is working us injury? England has done us wrong, deep wrong, but there are infinitely more points of affiliation at this moment between America and England, than between America and France, or America and Russia. America is working more change upon England than England upon America. The same blood, faith, ideas, and literature, constitute a unity in nature and spirit, that no external or accidental relations can ever create between us and other foreign nations: —

Τὸ ξυγγενές τοι δεινὸν ἤ θ' ὁμιλία.

I profess no special love of England, and have felt as deeply as any one the sense of her blind and selfish injustice toward our country in the

late war, but I have never lost sight of the principle that the two nations were essentially one, that they should acknowledge this unity, that they *will* do so in the final struggle between free and despotic principles, and that for the sake of humanity they should learn to know and love each other better than they do. Lord Derby has truly said, that "no other earthly event would conduce so much to the future of civilization as the union of these two countries." I believe this. And I believe also that both countries have in them greater sources of peril to their prosperity than the possible failure of their coal or cotton crops. England will perish if she rests on her material resources for her greatness, and so will America. But to return to the Staffordshire coal region. Birmingham, the home of Watt, is a busy child of the Severn coal basin, and is almost within sight from the walls of Dudley Castle. She stretches her black hands to Manchester, who shouts over to Leeds, who sends on to grimy Newcastle the cry of "Coal! Commerce! and Chartered Rights!"

The chief amount of coal deposite thus far found in England is, if I mistake not, in the Newcastle and Durham coal-fields, from the Aln to the Tees. There is also an immense coal basin in Yorkshire, in the West Riding, south of Leeds and Bradford, extending to Nottingham. There is an equally important coal region in Glamorganshire, in South Wales. In Cumberland and Lancaster Counties are likewise vast fields. And in many of the

midland counties coal is found in great and apparently exhaustless quantities. But while enumerating the coal riches of England, the poor collier himself, driving his dismal work down under the ruins of a former world, exposed to perpetual peril from mephitic vapors and crumbling walls, dangling upon a slender rope, or crawling up shafts like interminable chimneys, upon ladders that will rot, should not be forgotten. There is stout manhood under his dirt-crusted brutality. He says he "wins" the coal. He does indeed win it. He never descends into the coal-pit but with the chances immensely augmented that he will never see another sun. It is computed that fifteen hundred lives are annually lost in England by accidents in coal mines. The most dreadful of these enemies is the "fire-damp," whose chief ingredient is carburetted hydrogen, which, with a certain mixture of common air, becomes explosive. In mines where the ventilation is imperfect, a single act of carelessness will fill miles upon miles of subterranean chambers with a streaming blaze of fire, sometimes rising to the surface and bursting out of the shafts with the roar and violence of a volcano. And the poor miners, it is said, *will* carry their pipes, though forbidden, into the long and distant reaches of the mine — whence this continual danger. When we sit down before a genial winter fire, let us think of those bold hearts who have "won" the coal for us.

CHAPTER IX.

LICHFIELD TO MATLOCK.

A MORE tranquil, sleepy, and yet high-feeling old ecclesiastical town than Lichfield, in the green and pleasant valley of South Offlow Hundred, can hardly be found. It is proud of its Cathedral, of its siege, of its Tory renown, of its memories of Dr. Johnson, of its relationship to the illustrious families of Anson and Anglesey. Lichfield is a genuine example of an unchanged English town of some six or seven thousand inhabitants, with its walled "Close," its "Minster Pool," its "Butcher Row," its "Three Crowns Inn," its "King Edward's Grammar-School," all as in the former days.

The Hotel bore evidences of considerable past splendor. The mahogany furniture, black and polished, was majestically carved and stately. The principal staircase had white marble steps, though they were worn into hollows in the middle. And there was a long ball-room up-stairs, with old-fashioned mirrors and a gorgeous chandelier. The names of the streets, St. John Street, Bird Street, Frog Street, Gore Street, Wade Street, etc., are unmodernized. One road out of the town leads to Tamworth, and to Ashby-de-la-Zouch some eight

miles distant, the scene of Ivanhoe's achievement. Drayton Manor, the seat of Sir Robert Peel, "the member from Tamworth," is seven miles from Lichfield. Tamworth Castle, now belonging to the Townshend family, is a very old Norman structure built by Robert Marmion.

> "They hailed him Lord Marmion;
> They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
> Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
> Of Tamworth tower and town."

Five miles from Lichfield is venerable Wichnor Park, which was formerly held by the tenure of its possessor being obliged to furnish an annual flitch of bacon to every married pair "who, after being married a year and a day, should make oath that they had never quarreled!" This custom has been revived, and there have not been wanting honest candidates for this amiable prize. Thus every thing in and about Lichfield leads to the past, and makes a pleasing and restful contrast from the surrounding workshop and coal-bin of Staffordshire.

In front of the Bishop's Palace, on the north side of the Cathedral, is a shaded avenue called "The Dean's Walk," and is said to have been a favorite resort of Major André. This looks down upon the lovely pastoral vale of Stow, and the traditionary spot where the early martyrs were slain, called "The Field of Dead Bodies," which gave the name to Lichfield, or Litchfield, as it is sometimes written, and which signifies field of the

dead. The arms of Lichfield is a shield covered with the representation of piteously hacked limbs, mixed with axes and knives.

"Lichfield should be a field of good,
For it was watered with holy blude."

In the rural valley of Stow Mr. Day lived, the author of "Sandford and Merton." With ten thousand others who have been boys once, I should like to assist in erecting a monument to him and Defoe conjointly, in some secluded and beautiful spot in the middle of green England, to be given and consecrated to the "Joy of Boys." Forever blessed be the memory of men who have done something to make youth "frisch, frei, frölich, fromm."

On the little path that leads down into Stow Valley, stands an off-shoot of Dr. Johnson's willow-tree. The original one in which he took a great interest was blown down about forty years ago. Passing along "Butcher's Row" toward the market-place where is Dr. Johnson's statue, is the spot where Lord Brooke was killed by a shot fired by a deaf and dumb man from the battlements of the Cathedral. The monument of the Doctor fronts the house where he was born and lived. I found two big-limbed young countrymen intently gazing at it, and after a long pause one of them asked the other, "Who war the mon?" The other answered, "I 'se forgot, but he war some gret mon."

It is a clumsy affair, but perhaps good enough to answer every purpose. There is a colossal sit-

ting figure, with plenty of books around, if indeed the "gret mon" is not sitting on a pile of them. The relievos of the pedestal represent the good, brave Englishman in his youth, one of them as a boy chaired by his schoolfellows; another of him listening to Dr. Sachervell's preaching, mounted on his father's shoulders; and another of him standing bareheaded in the rain at Uttoxeter, to do penance for youthful disrespect to his father.

The house where he lived in his youth, on the west side of the market-place, is a neat, three-storied, excellent brick dwelling. Instead of M. Johnson, which was formerly written upon it, it has now a sign in large letters, "Clarke — draper." The next door to it is the "Three Crowns Inn" where Dr. Johnson and Boswell put up, and where the autocrat of the bar-room told Boswell, who was disparaging the respectable quietness of Lichfield, "Sir, we are a city of philosophers, we work with our heads, and make the boobies of Birmingham work for us with their hands."

The Grammar-School where Johnson, and Addison (who was the son of the Dean of Lichfield), and Garrick went to school, had fallen into decay, but has been recently repaired, and indeed rebuilt, preserving its ancient Elizabethan character. The little shops that one sees going down quiet St. John Street to visit it, reminded me of Hawthorne's description of the "Cent store" in the "Scarlet Letter," and of such little magazines of respectable and uncomplaining poverty as even now may be seen in some of our oldest New England towns.

My first visit to the Cathedral was immediately on arriving in the evening. I walked by the long, tranquil "Pool" in the heart of the town, which reflects each object and building around in its smooth mirror, giving a reposeful look to the whole place. I turned down the neatly paved and almost solitary lane, that led to the Cathedral inclosure, and was delighted with its west front, simple in form, yet enriched with elaborate lines and ornament, and carrying the eye upward in its soaring towers and spires.

The good verger's wife let me go in and walk around as an especial favor, at this late hour. Every one who has a taste for such things should see one of these old cathedrals at this moment, just when evening is fading into night. The yellow moon shone in the lofty painted windows on one side, and the last crimson light of day struck the upper windows on the opposite side. Parts of the vast edifice were already lost in darkness, and while some of the round pillars and foliated capitals stood out full in light, others were hardly seen, as in the depths of a forest, and masses of black shadow like giant hands crossed the pavement. The silent figures of martyrs, saints, and heroes stretched on their tombs, lay around. The activities of this life were over with them forever. It was a place where the ages had come, and bowed down and confessed their sins and need of God. Here rich and poor had knelt together. What were our shadowy earthly life and its restless ambitions, compared

with these holy and eternal associations of "God's house." In such places, the old Catholic hymn seems to have a truth in it:

"O! tua palatia
Quanto decet sanctitas!
O! tua sacraria
Quanto decet pietas,
Deus formidabilis!

"Quis profanis pedibus
Audeat accedere?
Quis pollutis vocibus
Hymnos tibi canere?
Hospes, O terribilis!"

The danger is, that the worshiper will be satisfied with the lower beauty, and the temple will stand in place of Him to whom it is consecrated. The desire also to restore the perfect church, even to its smallest seat and wash-basin, naturally draws along with it the wish and intention to reinstate in its old place the ancient ceremonial, the entire Catholic service; and it were perhaps well on this account not to continue to call these "Cathedral" churches, or not to give them any distinction above other houses of worship, for they are after all but stone and mortar. They had better be burned down by a madman, as York Minster came so near being, or left to tumble into the sea, as Kilnsea Church did, rather than draw men's thoughts from the true building and worship of God.

I spoke of the west front of the Cathedral. It is a pyramidal gable, supported on the sides by two towers and hexagonal-banded spires, with a large

decorated window in the centre, and the whole face lined with rich canopied arcades. The door is deeply recessed, and almost as sumptuously and curiously wrought as the entrance of a Moorish mosque in Spain. Figures of the evangelists stand around the cavernous portal, in niches under frost-work tabernacles. Luxuriant iron scrolls run like vine branches over the doors. The middle spire, 258 feet high, built in the place of one which fell in the siege, is six-sided, and incomparable for lightness and elegance. These three magnificent spires rise from the bosom of the town like three tall tapering pine-trees, that shoot up to heaven far above the rest of the low forest by which they are surrounded, and bear the thoughts up with them into a higher and purer region. The church is terminated by a rich hectagonal Lady Chapel, whose interior, with its central shaft, is still more delicate and elaborate. The heightened ornamentation, the free and flowing carved foliage, the diverging net-work of the groined roof, the trefoiled arches, the clustered pillars, the exquisitely finished Lady Chapel, belong chiefly to the epoch of the Decorated style; and happening thus naturally in the order of our journeying, I would give a glance at this *third* description of English architecture, which followed the Early English, and prevailed about 100 years from the reign of Edward I. in 1272, to the end of the reign of Edward III. in 1377. It may be called the style of the first three Edwards.

The name of this style, "Decorated," sufficiently describes it. It is the former style or styles covered with a freer, bolder, and more flowing ornament, all parts being modified by this graceful idea. As yet it begins to show but few signs of decay or weakness. Ornament is not generally the end, but the means of a richer and heightened effect. Two characters of lines are seen in the forms of its windows, doors, arches, mouldings, etc.; these are the geometric and the flowing lines. The first might be cut with the playful turning of a pair of compasses into semicircles, circles, ellipses, trefoils, quatrefoils, cinquefoils, etc.; the last are composed of wavy and flowing lines, and especially of what is called the "ogee," a combination formed by the meeting of a round and a hollow, a concave and a convex. The "ogee-arch" is one whose two sides are composed of two contrasted curves. There is a greater drawing out and more striking pronunciation of all lines, the hollows being deeper, the rounds longer. There are very irregular combinations, bold clusterings of things great and small, round and sharp. The flower-work is no longer a stiff thorn-bush foliage, but vine-like, running and flame-pointed, wreathing over and smothering every capital, and flowing along every groined arch, in tropical profusion. The bare, plain shaft of the Norman, or Early English, seems, like Aaron's rod, to have budded. In the earlier times of this style, an ornament called "diaper work" frequently occurs. One may see fine

specimens of it in the side-screen of Lincoln Cathedral, and upon the monument of William de Valence, in Westminster Abbey. It is a four-leaved flower cut in stone, and inclosed in a little square; and multitudes of these squares are brought close together, producing a singularly rich effect. The lines and tracery of windows are especially elegant, satisfying the eye with every idea of luxuriant beauty. The exquisite chapel of Merton College, Oxford, affords throughout a splendid though rather diminutive example of this period. The windows of the Decorated style are large, composed of two, three, or more lights. The eastern windows of Lichfield Cathedral are noble instances of the general splendor and delicate tracery of this style. The smallest corbel or finial is highly carved, and drops in a bunch of grapes, or a handful of flowers. Some of the finials and crosses of Winchester Cathedral belonging to this epoch are hardly describable, so richly woven over are they in shooting leaves and blossoms; they might have stood out neglected in some Italian or Sicilian garden for half a century of summers, and then have been transplanted with all their tangled wealth hanging about them into the temple.

The sturdy buttresses of this style are more adorned than the Early English, with slender foliated pinnacles and canopied niches. Very characteristic of this epoch are niches for statues, with lace-work tabernacles suspended over them. But this is quite enough.

The great fault of English cathedrals is want of height. To use an expressive word, they are *squatty*. Contrasted with the French, German, or Italian edifices of the same periods, this is a striking deficiency. Give York Minster, or Lincoln Cathedral, or even these smaller edifices of Lichfield, Worcester, and Gloucester, the height of St. Ouen, or St. Stephens at Vienna, or Milan Cathedral, and they would be greatly ennobled; for they have enormous length, solidity, and elevation of tower and spire, and would bear this heightening of the roof.

In Lichfield Cathedral is a monument to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, a small mural slab, its inscription adverting to her agency in introducing the system of inoculation into Europe. The famous monument by Chantrey of the "Sleeping Children" is touching. Seeing it first by moonlight, it was like looking at the sweet sleep of children in their nursery. One thinks what a start they would have to wake and find themselves in such a strange solemn place. The mother of the children here commemorated — (the youngest of whom was burned and the eldest died shortly after) — is still living. One does not feel like criticizing such a work. Its purity and innocence would seem to preclude all criticism.

The traveler cannot help taking some notice of the more general geological features of such a country as England. They appear in the scenery and vegetation, and are most striking and varied.

They thrust themselves upon you; they sculpture and paint themselves before the very eye. Derbyshire scenery (for we now come into this beautiful country) is as different from Devonshire scenery as a lily-white English maiden from a swarthy red Indian squaw. I stopped at the town of Derby long enough to see something of it, and to make some small purchases of carved fluor-spar and marble. It has a pleasant site on the lovely Derwent River. It appeared like a prosperous agricultural town, the centre of a fertile region; it formed a great contrast to Lichfield in its bustling streets. Farm-wagons, cattle and sheep, were going to and from market. There is a race-course here upon the Nottingham road, but the famous Derby race-course, in which England royal and England plebeian, England bearded and England smooth-chinned delight, is at Epsom, about sixteen miles from London. The Derby silk manufactures are said to be important, but the buildings themselves do not show signs of very considerable works. The most striking feature of Derby is the remarkable tower of All-Saints Church, running up to a great height, and elegantly divided into stories, or compartments, with buttresses and crocketings, growing more and more enriched as it climbs to its battlemented summit, and finishing with delicate tracery-shields and lofty pinnacles. But the church itself is low and small; it is like Daniel Webster's head on Tom Thumb's body. Derby was the native town of Richardson, the novelist; and here

also was the home of that pure spirit, Adelaide Newton.

Seventeen and a half miles further north is Matlock Bath, in the heart of the picturesque scenery of Derbyshire. The road lies along the Derwent valley, in which the peculiar charms of the Derbyshire landscape soon begin to appear, though of a softer and more rural type. But at the village of Ambergate, at the Ambergate and Rowsley Junction, there bursts upon one the genuine Derbyshire *dale* scenery in all its boldness and beauty. Here the rocks begin rising in sheer walls from the valley; lovely niches, or small territories of bright green, are shut in by rocky barriers, the river gliding softly between; and I was reminded of the scenery in "Saxon Switzerland," but more especially "Franconian Switzerland," frequently noticing vales that were almost the exact counterpart of the lovely little valley of the Wiesent, which is the German Tempe. But, clanking into the tunnel through High Tor, we are at Matlock Bath.

We arrived at the station just as a monstrous excursion train came in from the north. I drove slowly up the road to the hotel in the company of thousands, literally thousands, who were soon diffused over the beautiful village and its vicinity, filling the walks, scaling the cliffs, riding the donkeys, rowing on the river, laughing, singing, and apparently spending the fine day in hearty enjoyment.

As the "Old Bath Hotel," famous in Matlock

fashion and story, was temporarily closed, I went to the "New Bath Hotel," a much finer situation at the further end of the village, on the Cromford road, commanding delightful views of High Tor, the river, and the cliffs on the opposite side. I have lying before me the tariff of prices at the Matlock hotels. It might be well to quote it just to give an idea of the prices at this favorite English watering-place among the hills.

"Old Bath Hotel," W. Greaves. Bed, 2*s.*; board per day, 6*s.*; private room, 2*s.* 6*d.*; attendance, 1*s.*; bed and board in public, 7*s.* per day.

"New Bath Hotel," Ivatts & Jordan. Bed, 2*s.*; breakfast, 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.*; lunch, 1*s.* to 2*s.*; dinner, 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.*; tea, 1*s.* 8*d.* to 2*s.*; supper, 1*s.* to 2*s.*; attendance, 1*s.*; private rooms, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.*, or 5*s.*; board, 5*s.* 6*d.* per day; sitting-rooms, 15*s.* to 30*s.* per week; bedrooms, 7*s.* to 14*s.* per week; servants' board, 3*s.* 6*d.* per day; maid servants, for attendance per week on one person, 7*s.*; on two, 12*s.*; on three, 15*s.*; on four, 20*s.*

The garden and grounds at the Matlock Hotel are beautiful. How calm and restful the evenings spent in them, as I sat under the great lime-tree's shade! The house fronts upon the river, and looks directly upon the gigantic wall of bald cliffs across the Derwent, with tufts of green or painted foliage upon their white perpendicular face, from which two great rocks swelled out like regularly builded round towers with bastions; while to the left the deep narrow grassy vale of Matlock extended, with

its yellow clustering stone houses, terminated by the sombre "Heights of Abraham," and above them Mount Masson, and a little beyond, at the very extremity of the vale, gleamed the towering and silvery crag of High Tor.

The lime-tree of which I spoke merits the title of "magnificent." Its branches are supported by poles, so that it looks like a banyan-tree, and it covers an immense area with its grove-like shade. A tepid spring runs under its roots. It is a garden of itself, and filled the atmosphere with the sweet perfume of its blossoms.

I went to see the "Old Bath Hotel" for Lord Byron's and Mary Chaworth's sake, who used to meet here during the days of his comparatively sincere and uncorrupted life. On making some remark of pity and sympathy for the poet, the young lady who showed us the assembly-room spoke out with that English positiveness so refreshing to hear, — "I have no pity nor sympathy for him; he was a decidedly bad man."

High Tor is a noble cliff, the centre and king of all. It is a mighty mass of limestone more than four hundred feet high, standing out boldly over the river, beautifully white in many parts of it, and draped at its foot with a noble growth of elms and sycamores; while vines and shrubs wreathe its front with a tangled tracery; the river runs at its base, and continues to glide swiftly on under the shadow of cliffs nearly as high, and of the same perpendicular character. To sit on the

grassy river brink when the sun tinges the summits of these rocks with that last serene light just before its setting, and at the same time to watch the swift dark stream beneath, it seems like life flowing idly away under nobler lights and aims that still linger pensively above it.

In the early part of the afternoon we were called to the window by the merry sound of music more animated than harmonious, and found that it accompanied a long procession of all the boys and girls of all the Sunday-schools of the neighborhood, with their banners and decorations. After parading the streets and lanes, they passed through the garden of our hotel into a green, sloping, mountain meadow just behind the house. There, with their teachers and pastors and pastors' wives, and fathers and mothers, and friends high and low, they had a long pleasant afternoon of sports. I sat also on the grass enjoying it as much as they. The boys would start all together from a given tree on the side of the meadow at the bottom of the hill, run up the hill, around another tree in the distance, and down to a given point in the centre of the field, making a course of half a mile or so. It was tough straining work to get up the steep and rough hill, and I don't know when I have laughed more heartily than in watching the manœuvres of the boys at outwitting and outstripping each other. After turning the tree, they streamed down like a herd of deer, one slim bright-cheeked boy leading them all in most gallant style. He, of course, took the prize. There were

also foot-races among the girls, and full as much earnestness and competition were shown by them. There were leaping-bars, leap-frog, and other games that brought out skill, strength, and activity. The trial that created the most interest was climbing a greased pole. Boy after boy bravely essayed to pull the streamers on the top of that taper mast. Some would get up a few feet, some half way, some nearly to the top, and be obliged to give up in spite of every encouragement and pelting of sugar-plums from below. The writhing motions, the red grinning faces, the pantaloons pulled up over the knees, the bold hot beginnings, and the desperate clutchings at the end, were ludicrous enough; for nothing in creation is more comical than a boy, as well as nothing more beautiful in certain moods. One sun-faced, sturdy little fellow nearly did it, but though within two inches of his object, and straining for dear life, he had to slide down. A good-looking larger youth at last succeeded in pulling the ribbons, amid loud shouts and cheerings. A wealthy lady of the parish I understood had provided the afternoon's amusement for the children. The clergymen present managed all the sports, and adjudicated some of the prizes, which must have been very acceptable to the poorer children. This was one instance of many which I have noticed in England, of a very cheerful and natural tone of religious feeling. I am certain that we sometimes war against nature and grace in shutting up the currents of *play*, or what may be called pure enjoyment, in

our type of piety. A good hearty laugh now and then that expands the pent breast, and makes the blood circulate freely, is better than a handful of "greenbacks." It has gone so far with us that when we lash ourselves up to really enjoy ourselves, and to play, it is very sad work. We are soon tired of it. But the soul can hardly be sound and healthy if the springs of joy are not sometimes touched. They may otherwise take inner, tortuous, and evil channels, as we have seen streams in a limestone country like Derbyshire, wearing out for themselves tremendous caverns under the mountains, until they fall into some horrid chasm and disappear forever.

Following a charming road along the Derwent, with the gray grit-stone cliffs that descend into and form the mighty ramparts of Matlock Dale on one side, we came in sight of "Lea Hurst," the home of Florence Nightingale, not far from the villages of Lea and Holloway. It stands on a wooded hill forming the termination or higher summit of a most glorious valley, with crag, mountain, dark forest, glistening river, and green pasture-land spread before it. The scenery though beautiful is wild and free, fitted to inspire fresh thoughts. The house at a distance appears embosomed in woods and vines, and stands just on the skirts of a thick park. An open lawn slopes away down from it. It is an Elizabethan structure of cruciform shape, with quaint gables and square-headed windows. One great bay-window, in particular, overhung by an enormous wealth of ivy, is impressed on my memory.

It is one of those incomparable English homes, in the midst of a nature where every thing that this world can yield of grand without and exquisite within seems to be combined. Here "the Soldier's Friend" was reared. Her family has another fine place in Hampshire called "Embley Park," but in a more plain and rural county. She was born in Florence in 1820. Her paternal name (changed to Nightingale in 1815) is Shore, an ancient Derbyshire family. Her mother was the daughter of William Smith of Norwich, a well-known friend of Slave Emancipation. We learned in the neighborhood that Florence Nightingale had begun to do good at home among the sick, poor, and ignorant. She went when thirty-one to Kaiserwërth on the Rhine, to learn in that school of the Protestant "Sisters of Mercy" the method of training nurses for the sick, and she has written an account of this institution. She next applied her energies to renovating the Hospital for Sick Governesses in Harley Street, London. She also was greatly interested in the ragged schools springing up at that time. Then came the Crimean war, and the world knows the rest. Over all the gloomy and magnificent memories of that great city of Constantinople her Christian acts shine. The smell of fever and corruption is said to have tainted the air all around the Barrack Hospital at Scutari. But fever itself seizing upon her own slender frame, could not drive her from her post. The talent, strength of nerve, and wonderful tact shown in re-

organizing that mass of ill-regulated hospital service was as remarkable as her personal devotion to the sick. She made no distinction in creeds in her choice of nurses, and this subjected her to a mean attack upon her religious opinions, and from a singular quarter, — a clergyman of the Established Church. Should the secret chamber in every one's breast, which no other has a right to enter, be opened, it would probably be found that Miss Nightingale's religion was just that which all true Christians should possess, — "a deedful faith."

"Life is joy, and love is power;
Death all fetters doth unbind:
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind."

CHAPTER X.

MATLOCK TO MANCHESTER.

I CONTINUED on to "Wingfield Manor," a ruined castellated house of the powerful Earl of Shrewsbury, whose wife was the famous "Countess Bess." These ruins are in the highest degree picturesque, the more so because they are so utterly neglected, and so different in this respect from other English tenderly nursed and "well-preserved ruins." They stand on an eminence thickly wooded, in the centre of a circle of green and lovely hills which Mary Stuart looked out upon when kept here for nine years captive; though if we should believe all that the guide-books here and there say, the unfortunate queen must have lingered in captivity some half a century in England before her death. There is some rich carving still left about the windows and doors of the chapel, overgrown as it is with weeds and thistles; but trees of nearly a century's growth shoot up where Mary's apartments once were. Cows and sheep feed around the inclosure of the walls. The house was destroyed by the Parliamentary army, or, as they told me, by Cromwell, who, if he did personally all that he is said to have done, must have been not only a hundred-armed, but hundred-legged English "Seeva."

Our way lay led through the village of Crich, where there are extensive lead mines — a bleak place seated on the very apex of the hills, the old black stone church keeping watch on its lofty height over a vast panorama. I saw in the distance "Hardwick Hall," one of the many domains of the Duke of Devonshire. Coming around over the desolate tract of Tansley Moor, we returned to the pleasant hotel and old lime-tree at Matlock Bath.

The little river Wye is said to be a capital trout stream; I should like to have whipped it a little by way of trial. It has not the volume and flow of its noble namesake in Monmouthshire, but it is a pretty amber-colored stream that stops and plays with every thing on its way, —

> "Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge,
> He overtaketh on his pilgrimage."

Our way lay along this lovely little river, through a valley of fertile meadow land with gentle hills on either side, where the cattle were quietly feeding, and though the rest of the world might be convulsed by war, here all was peace.

The first sight of Haddon Hall, standing bold and high across the river, set off by its background of woods — a sudden vision of the past, with nothing but simple Nature around, and nothing to recall those changes that have made it an object of peculiar mark — was impressive; but the impression was not deepened by a near acquaintance. Crossing a three-arched bridge, we drove up to the

lodge, and were shown into the castle by an elfin, who opened the big oak door of the frowning gateway tower with a key almost as long as her bare arm. This heavy tower of the time of Edward III., casting a broad shadow, is the most majestic part of the edifice; and at this portal the scene of Edwin Landseer's picture is laid. The house is now the property of the Duke of Rutland. Before the Manners family possessed it, it was the seat of the Vernon family; and in the days of Sir George Vernon, styled "King of the Peak," this place was in its greatest magnificence. The courtyard is not large. The chaplain's room is first shown, as well as the chapel, to illustrate the tight corner into which religion was pushed and kept locked up in those times. These apartments, and their very keeping and situation, go to verify Macaulay's picture of that rude and unlettered period. Passing over into the old dining-room, and kitchen with its huge iron spit, one sees plainly enough around what centre the whole house revolved. In the dining-hall there is the rough oak table, raised a step for the lord and his family; but he seems to have eaten with his retainers and people, who only sat "below the salt," with a kind of savage brotherhood even in those haughty days. When any one failed of drinking his share he was fastened up by his hands to an iron staple in the wall, and cold water was poured down his sleeve. Of course they would not think of pouring it down his throat. Haddon Hall is wonderfully preserved in all its

parts. The faded arras is hanging in the chambers. The little lead-soldered windows swing open to let in the spicy air from the cedar and fir trees, as in the old time. From these panneled rooms, and the great hall sprinkled with carved "boars' heads and peacocks," and the state bed-chamber, and the "Peveril Tower," and the terraced garden, and the yew-trees, and the grotesque gothic ornaments of the outer and inner courts, it would not be difficult to reconstruct a baronial residence of the 15th or 16th century. The long line of crenelated walls and towers, low but solid, form even now a perfect mediæval picture. But though there are some striking points and views, most things are stiff, creaking, and dismal; and with the gloomy forest hanging around and above on a wild winter night, it must be a rare place for the imagination of a poet like Keats to play freaks in. Poor Keats! why should we always think of him as one who *could* have written such great things! He was a true English poet; and his Greece was laid in the heart of green England, — in scenery not unlike this softly wild, rocky, verdurous, lonely Derbyshire.

The Bakewell Church, which illustrates Haddon Hall as St. Mary's Church does Warwick Castle, is worth visiting on its own account. Some parts of it have been thought to be of Saxon origin, but Saxon architecture has, I believe, been pretty much given up by the learned as something that belongs, like "many-towered Camelot," to Tenny-

son's poetry and the legendary age of England. It is supposed, however, that a church stood here before the Conquest. There is a very decided look about the present edifice, of a more modern church having been built upon an extremely ancient one, which was plain and solid, without ornament. It is a quarry of antiquity for the ecclesiologist. There is a Runic cross in the churchyard, as well as at Eyam Church, not far distant. Many fragments of very curious tombstones, probably Saxon, have been discovered in digging under the church. But the later monuments in the Vernon and Manners chapel are the most singular. They are composed of colored life-size stone or alabaster figures. A mother with her whole family of kneeling sons and daughters down to mere babies, in black dresses, and having an intensely strong family likeness, rise pyramidically upon one immense monument or tablet. The effigies of John Manners and Dorothy Vernon, his wife, whose romantic history enlivens the stones and shades of Haddon Hall, are upon the opposite monument. An elaborate alabaster recumbent statue of Sir Thomas Wendesley, representing him in full armor, is interesting as illustrating costume.

Chatsworth is a place so well known, that I cannot attempt to write much about it. Its situation in the queenly valley of the Derwent, framed in on one side with perpendicular hills fading away in the blue distance, and by an ancient park on the other, with broad rich meadows, an unlimited

sweep of soft green turf dotted by cattle and deer, and a noble river between, giving an opportunity for picturesque stone bridges, — these afford it a majestic setting, and a superiority in this respect to all other such residences in England, or indeed out of England. It is an Italian palace, a modern Hadrian's villa, set in English scenery. Its great idea is amplitude and a kind of imperial breadth and opulence. It looks too rich and magnificent for comfort, and give me "Wilton House" or "Warwick Castle" — (if such a painful choice must be made) — to live in in preference. As it is, a few servants inhabit Chatsworth, look out of its plate-glass windows, smell its roses, and walk its grand avenues along the river, — its lord not choosing to live in it but a short time in the year.

The character of the mansion is entirely modern. This Italian villa style may possibly suit the broad open peaceful site better than a castellated house, or an irregular Elizabethan structure.

Of all its works of Art, old and new, I was most struck with the little picture of a Benedictine Convent, or "Monks at Prayer." Its vigorous light and shade is worthy of Rembrandt. It is one of those modern pictures that we feel sure will be celebrated in future times, when ten thousand more ambitious paintings and their authors shall have gone into oblivion.

The sculpture gallery again reminds us of Italy in England. Canova, in his "Mother of Napoleon," Hebe and Endymion, is here in his *almost*

Grecian perfection of power and beauty. His head of Napoleon differs from every other that I have seen. It is a long pointed face, with much more of Italian craft than is common. It was pleasant to see the countenance of our own Everett, by Hiram Powers, among the busts there. Derbyshire spar and marble are greatly used in the ornamentation of the whole building.

In the vast and varied garden the fruit of Sir Joseph Paxton's skill, though all the rules of beauty, surprise, and concealment were observed, there was not a free expression of Nature. Nature will not be forced by the command of wealth, or might of art. The artificial rocks had an obstinately exotic look; they seemed to say, "We are not where our Author placed us, but we are here to serve the Duke of Devonshire."

Buxton is fourteen miles from Chatsworth. The road lies among green vales and hills, well wooded with ash, fir, and oak, but growing wilder and drearier as one went north, and especially in approaching Buxton and passing through the stern mountain gorge under Chee Tor. Here the gray limestone rocks rose in the same wall-like escarped fashion of which we have spoken. We kept along by our new and lovely little friend the river Wye, now become a very child in slenderness and freakish babbling wantonness; for we were approaching its babyhood and cradlehood among the high moorlands above Buxton.

This northern Spa among the hills, nearly a

thousand feet above the sea, is a strikingly situated place, in a deep hollow or bowl of the mountains, hemmed in by bleak desolate scenery. Wordsworth in his "Excursion" speaks of "Buxton's dreary heights." But here in this lonely and dismal region rises a very stately and fashionable little metropolis. Its great "Crescent Hotel" is one of the wonders of the land. To look down upon it from the top of the opposite hill, in the evening, when fully lighted, it appears like an illuminated Coliseum cut in two. It was built by the late Duke of Devonshire at the cost of £120,000, and in fact comprises several hotels, dwellings, and a multitude of shops. The bathing and pump establishments of Buxton are altogether the most luxurious and superb I have seen. Besides elegant private bath-rooms, there are immense porcelain swimming basins of tepid water beautifully crystalline and transparent, though of a bluish tinge. The water in the pump-rooms comes out of the mouths of white porcelain swans.

The winding walks, the gardens, the stables, are all on the same scale of opulence.

At the "table d'hote" of St. Ann's Hotel (which is a singular innovation in English hotels), and in the handsome drawing-room around the card-tables, one sees all descriptions of decrepitude and disease, cripples, paralytics, dyspeptics, rheumatics, and gouty people with their feet in flannels and slippers. Wealth and luxury must take their special share of these ills. But there are other water establishments

intended especially for the poorer class of invalids. That which is called the "Buxton Bath Charity" is supported by the subscription of visitors, a gift of £10 entitling the donor to have one patient on the list for life.

The water is a mild saline mineral, not unpleasant to the taste, and without odor. Its base is carbonate of lime and magnesia. At the moment of its issue from the spring it is highly charged with nitrogen.

Buxton was a bathing-place of the bath-loving Romans, and old Roman roads have been found radiating from it as from a centre. Buxton has also its memories of Mary Queen of Scots, who was frequently here during her English captivity.

The famous name of "Peveril of the Peak," which Walter Scott seized upon with the aptitude of genius and turned it to his own account, is the ancient "*genius loci*" of Derbyshire. All that is historic and legendary in this whole region culminates in this ubiquitous personality throned among the hills; for he built the old tower of Haddon Hall, he ruled at Chatsworth, and he had for his especial seat the eagle-nest that overhangs the tremendous precipices of the "Devil's Cave." Peveril was a natural son of William the Conqueror.

To this same William Peveril all this territory of Derbyshire was given, the northern part gradually rising into lofty heights taking the name of "the Peak." It is a naked rocky region full of mineral riches and marvels, with immense unex-

plored caves, intermittent springs, "shivering" mountains, and mines of silver, lead, and "Blue John."

From Buxton to Castleton is twelve miles. Part of the way we followed the old Roman road that penetrated into this mining district, especially to the Odin lead mine, which is still worked. It lies over sullen and desolate hills, appearing more so perhaps from the coal-black clouds that hung menacingly low upon the scene, but which toward noon broke away, the sun coming out with great heat. Before arriving at Castleton we passed around the foot of Mam Tor, or "the shivering mountain," a shaly crumbling hill 800 feet high, and so called from its continual self-wrought process of disintegration.

The "Blue John mine," which is the only locality where large masses of this beautiful fluor-spar are found, lies just here at the foot of Mam Tor. Its walls have a sparry lustre, and on going a little way in, there comes a profound gulf which one looks down into with respectful awe. But none of these Derbyshire caverns could compare, I thought, with the cave at Adelsburg near Trieste, where Milan Cathedral itself is reproduced, with its myriad arches, and clustering columns, and fretted pinnacles, and snowy images, in the dark bosom of a mountain.

Descending by a steep road from this point, which commands a broad panorama, we came into a valley, on the southern side of which, cowering in the shade of a high hill, is the little village of Cas-

tleton. It is half a mining place and half a curiosity-shop, with small stone houses and one old church, and abounding in boys and old men, ready to conduct to the "Peak Castle," the "Peak Cavern," "Speedwell Mine," or "Cave Dale."

After the conventional luncheon of the season, mutton-chops and salad crowned by the cavernous "Stilton cheese," I took a guide to the veritable Peveril of the Peak Castle. This guide was half an idiot, and though perfectly familiar with the way, left me of course to my own intelligence respecting all other things. He wanted to impress upon me that he, "Johnny Here, was always *here*, and that Johnny was a good guide."

The climb to these old blackened ruins on the lofty hill just back of the village, was a steep one, and the grass dry and slippery. But the site of the castle is fine. It commands a wide though desolate view over this upper and rugged portion of Derbyshire. Of the castle itself, little remains but a low broken wall running around the edge of the cliff, two almost totally ruined towers, and a somewhat better preserved portion of the ponderous keep, which probably resisted the efforts of those who would quarry stones from it, for the building of houses below in the village. It is of oldest Norman work, with small round arched doorways and windows, and is massive enough to satisfy all the demands of the imagination. On three sides the castle overhung profound abysses, and must have been in its day impregnable. The sheep now ram-

ble over its empty courtyard and old stones. The mention of this castle in the "Doomsday Book" is said to be in these words: "Terra Castelli William Peverell in Pecke fors."

The visit to "Peak Cavern" beneath was somewhat exciting to those of the party who had never been before so far into the bowels of the earth. It is indeed a formidable earth-throat. The perpendicular walls of gray rock rise on either side of it and above it six hundred feet, and it opens with a black arch forty-two feet in height, one hundred and twenty in width, and three hundred in depth. It is such a cave as Pluto's chariot might issue from. A little stream flows from this sombre vault. On one side of this chasm, just under its great cornice, stands a hut where a woman is said to have lived to very old age, never sleeping away from it but once in her life. In the dim light we saw tall poles and lines stretched across them, where a number of men and women were at work making twine. Taking a guide, and groping into the cave until the roof sloped down to the inner wall, we went through a little door which opened into a long passage with hardly a ray of light, this leading into a large apartment where we lighted our lamps, and then passed on through passage after passage, hall after hall, till we came to the "Bell House," which was like being under a vast bell, the roof taking a regular pear-shaped dome form. Soon after this we arrived at the "First Water," which is sometimes an impassable pond filling up the whole passage, but it

was now so low that we could creep along comfortably by the side of it. Then we scrambled over wet stones and under low archways, with the solemn sound of this "Cocytus" murmuring below us in the depths of the mountain, until we came to a grand chamber two hundred and ten feet broad, two hundred and twenty long, and one hundred and twenty high, with heavy arches like those of a stupendous Norman crypt. Here the old iron-handed Peverils above might have laid their dead in a more awful and magnificent sepulchre than any that their ancestors possessed. And it seemed a pity that Scott should never have visited this place, for he certainly would have made something out of this cavern. He might have hid his Puritan here, and what a terrible scene might have been wrought out of the sudden rising of the subterranean river, as is frequently the case, cutting off the escape of those who were in pursuit. We went on 2250 feet into the mountain, where the end of the cave is reached and the river disappears. This cavern is in some way connected with the "Speedwell mines" a mile distant, for the débris of that mine is occasionally brought down in this direction. The whole region here is hollow and undermined. On returning, the little daughter of the guide, gliding around like a spirit, caused a surprise by placing lamps here and there, imitating the light of day, while we were yet far in the hill. The real light of day, when we came out of the darkness, seemed to be something golden, the beauty of which I had never seen be-

fore, excepting in a similar emergence from a deep cavern into the sweet sunshine of heaven.

In the "Cotton Metropolis" I took up my abode at Queen's Hotel, one of the largest hotels in Great Britain, though there was the slightest suspicion about it of that kind of upholstery splendor, which one sees less rarely in England, but perhaps more frequently in America in our great manufacturing towns. Dinner served in sumptuous style, was followed by a course of "Times" newspaper, "Chronicle," and "Punch." Indeed a traveler in England soon gets as infatuated after his evening newspaper as an Englishman, and almost like an Englishman does not know what his own opinion is until he has read the "Times." One is drawn to read English newspapers for their good vigorous English. English newspapers deal in facts and ideas more than in rhetoric and personalities. They base their articles upon broad principles of political economy, trade, or morals. Even a little blotchy penny-sheet like the "Telegraph," has a daily leader that for pithy English, comprehensive and penetrating political views and weighty logic, would set up a member of Parliament or of Congress as an accomplished speaker. There is no doubting the fact that England is a free country by him who reads English newspapers. Even to a Republican used to free speech they often sound surprisingly bold. They may be imperious, harsh, unjust, wrong, and bitterly controversial, yet they do speak right out, and as a German writer has

said, "A noisy irritable debating nation does not prove that liberty is crushed, but a quiet and silent nation does."

A Sunday in England! There is doubtless great formality and great desecration of the day; but a day for the worship of the Most High, a day on which the shuttle ceases, the shop is closed, the house of God is filled with apparently devout assemblies, — this is above all things characteristic of England, in city or country. Other nations laugh at England for this, but the recognition of the Sabbath is a simple and sublime acknowledgment by the nation, of God. God must be in the life of a nation as of a man to make it great. The *faith* of England is a spring of character and a source of strength, that some philosophers do not always sufficiently take into account in their ingenious and profound estimates of English traits. It is deeper than all. Race, soil, position, history, are nothing to it. It is that invisible stream of truth, duty, and hope, that runs from the eternal heart. In a great sweating, working city like Manchester, the universal and marked regard of the Sabbath has something touching in it. It is poetry to worship God in the green lanes where there is peace and loveliness, and every thing to draw out the soul to sing praise; but it is affecting in the presence of want, of squalid poverty, of the ugly barren features of a huge manufacturing town in its joyless life and ofttimes awful despair, to see the myriad hands of toil raised to the Father of all,

and to hear the sounds of Christian joy and praise. I recall some words of Macaulay on this point: "While industry is suspended, while the plough rests in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of nations as any that is performed on busier days. Man, the machine of machines, compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless, is repairing and winding up; so that he returns to his labors on Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirit, and with renewed corporeal vigor."

The streets were thronged with little children going to and from their various schools. It was a sultry day, and the operatives cleanly dressed sat quietly in their door-ways, the men generally in their shirt-sleeves. They looked to me pale and worn. It was good to see them resting for a little time from their bone-wearing and monotonous toil. The poor children of the manufacturing cities are the greatest objects of compassion. The multiplicity of laborers in England and their consequent low wages, lead parents to put their children very early into factories where the hard work and confinement are terrible. They have been known to begin labor at the tender age of five, and I have seen it stated that boys and girls from eight to fifteen are obliged to labor in factories and workhouses eighteen hours a day. But now, at this still hour, there seemed to be, at least to a looker-on, something like repose to the weary.

I took a long walk to hear Canon Hugh Stowell preach in Christ Church, Salford. The text was from the Epistle to the Galatians, vi. 15. His sentences were extremely sententious. The first two I remember were these: "A man will give every thing to God but his heart. God will have nothing from man without his heart." He argued upon the essential falseness of a baptismal, ritual, credal, sentimental, or moral piety. Faith was a *new life*. It was God dwelling in us as a living principle of pure emotion, right thought, and benevolent action. To criticize so good and noble a sermon were hardly fair; but its style ran often into poetic commonplace, and did not retain the nervous masculine march with which it began. And one cannot but long in the English pulpit for the free elbow, the bold and graceful sweep of the arm, that is seen in the French pulpit, be it that of Lacordaire or Cocquerel, and also in the most effective American preaching and oratory. There is a trussed look, a gesturing with the hand, instead of the arm. In the afternoon I heard an Independent minister in a most humble and obscure brick building, with nothing on the exterior to distinguish it from an old black cotton warehouse. A few sheep were gathered in this lowly sheepfold. The preacher was a thin, pale man, who prayed fervently for the crowds of those who had not the bread of life in that swarming city, for the poor, the sinful, and the tempted. He preached an earnest but sad sermon. Yet perhaps he was one of

the few who in the eye of God saved the city — whose prayers filled the golden vials before the throne. I could not help fancying that even the sight of one stranger rather cheered the little flock.

Of course I do not mean to speak of a Manchester Sabbath as any thing peculiar. If I had penetrated into the back lanes of Ancoats, and the less public parts of the city, I should probably have found the gin palaces in full swing, and profaneness and gross vice enough. But to the transient stranger the day was apparently kept holy, and the great tired city rested from its labors.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAKE COUNTRY.

A LIVELY and pretty scene was that miniature Bowness Bay, on beautiful Lake Windermere, with its fleet of tiny yachts, their pennants flying, and its array of gayly cushioned pleasure-boats. A pleasant-looking boatman touched his hat, and we were soon out of the crowd of small craft and voracious swans, the rapid-winged boat cutting its way over the lake, smooth and black as Egyptian marble, toward the "Ferry Inn," some little way down on the opposite side. While we were running over, there were indications of the sultry day ending in a thunder-storm, and two or three rumbles of thunder broke among the hills. The tall mountains at the head of the lake grew misty, and the sun shining through the clouds that piled up swiftly around it, showed like an immense St. Andrew's cross. A considerable swell followed the gusts that began to sweep down the lake, but our boatman thought it would soon pass over, as it did. We neared the great craggy wall on the opposite side, about a mile across, skirting along its base, until we came to the promontory of Ferry Inn, marked by its conspicuous clump of sycamores.

Here we could see nearly the whole reach of the lake, which is ten miles long. In shape it is not unlike "Long Lake" in Northern New York, but how unlike the shaggy sides and setting of that rude though beautiful Indian water! Everywhere the hand of taste has smoothed the shores of this English lake. At every point where there is a foothold, some noble dwelling is placed, its rolled lawn or its majestic park coming down to the very water's edge. But the lakes of the Adirondack region, in point of size and other features, might bear some comparison with these English lakes, especially with the rockier and sterner ones. Perhaps in future times those rough emeralds of the mountains, where now nought is heard but the plaintive cry of the loon, or the plashing of the wild deer among the lilies, will be built upon, and become the homes of poets and the resorts of travelers, artists, and health-seekers. But there is something exquisitely soft in Windermere. It has a feminine delicacy, and with its light touches of beauty draws out the fatigue from the weary brain. It does not want in largeness and grandeur toward its upper end. As we came around Curwen Island, on our return, we had a clearer view of the northern extremity of the lake. Fairfield Mountain stood out distinct and dark against the sky, and just under it on either side Rydal Head and Nab Scar, with Wansfell Pike and the Kentmere range of hills on the right. But toward the south it faded away in wavy and gentle lines.

We landed upon Curwen Island, or Belle Isle, the largest island in the lake, a choice ring of springy turf and ancient trees, of about a mile in circumference. Christopher North has immortalized it, for the most beautiful Nature is dead until a human soul starts it to life by its living touch and sympathy. "We see then as we feel," Wordsworth said. There is a circular stone mansion upon this island more odd than tasteful. Clear it away and restore it to fresh Nature, and we cannot conceive of a more dreamy or poetic "Aiden" in a small compass, than this island. Other little "aits" of vivid green are strung along to the south of it; their leaning branches sweep the water, and upon their shallower sides they are fringed with a white border of water-lilies.

The next day, though showery, gave glimpses of the lake from higher ground, in and back of Bowness, taking in the majestic horns of the two Langdale Pikes at the north, and just opposite, the ridge of Furness Fells, crowned by the indented peak of Coniston Old Man, with a dim and distant view of Scawfell Pike, the highest mountain in England. Just beyond this high wall of table-land across the lake, lies the long, parallel lake called Coniston Water, having much the character of Windermere, though smaller. Between the two is the minute lake of Esthwaite, only two miles in length, upon the borders of which Wordsworth went to school, and from which his life-like description of skating in the "Prelude" is drawn.

I drove down into Troutbeck Valley, crossing the bridge that went over Troutbeck stream. It is strange how in hilly countries the very names grow beautiful and suggestive. We have seen this in the Dovedales and Derwentdales of Derbyshire. In the Lothian and Tweed countries we find such sweet, melodious names as Melrose, Yarrow, Lammermoor, Gala Water, —

> "To Auchindenny's hazel shade,
> And moss-crowned Woodhouselee."

In the lake region also we find names that it seems as if poets must have made expressly for the places, instead of these making the poets. Troutbeck, Patterdale, Windermere, Hartstope, Furness Fells, Leatheswater, Grasmere, Silver How, Helvellyn, Helm Crag, Bleaberry Fell, Glaramara, Ulleswater — in truth, there is no end to them. How could they have sprung or flowed forth, except from the real poetry in the heart of the primitive people; and as this is a kind of faint Wordsworthian idea, so we must be drawing near the home of the poet!

This Troutbeck Valley into which we have entered is a deep and picturesque hollow, running under the southeast side of Wansfell Pike (Peak), up toward the steep of Woundsdale Head, where there is a path that turns to the left into the Kirkstone Pass. The secluded village of Troutbeck stands some way down this valley, and a mile and a half above the bridge.

Wordsworth's own home is a drive of a mile and

a quarter from Ambleside. By a still pleasanter and somewhat longer walk nearer in under the heights of Lochrigg Fell, — that we may be sure Wordsworth often took, — we may go past the embowered cottage of Dr. Arnold, — Fox How, — situated just beneath the Fell, and looking directly up the great hollow bosom of Fairfield Mountain. How often does Dr. Arnold refer to this mountain nest! He says in one place in a characteristic way, "Behind we run up to the top of Lochrigg, and we have a mountain pasture in a basin, on the summit of the ridge, the very image of those 'Salthus' on Citheron, where Œdipus was found by the Corinthian shepherd. The Wordsworths' friendship, for so I may call it, is certainly one of the greatest delights of Fox How, and their kindness in arranging every thing in our absence has been very great."

His delight at getting home from a foreign tour he expresses in a lively way: "Arrived at Bowness at 8.20; left it at 8.31; passing Rayrigg gate 8.37. On the Bowness Terrace 8.45. Over Troutbeck Bridge 8.51. Here is Ecclerigg 8.58. And here Lowood Inn 9.04½. And here Waterhead, and our ducking bench 9.12. The Valley opens, Ambleside and Rydal Park, and the gallery on Loughrigg. Rotha Bridge 9.16. And here is the poor humbled Rotha, and Mr. Brancker's cut, and the new Millar Bridge 9.21 — alas! for the alders are gone, and succeeded by a stiff wall. Here is the Rotha in his own beauty, and here is

poor T. Fleming's field, and our own mended gate. Dearest children, may we meet happily! Entered Fox How and the beech copse at 9.25, and here ends journal. Walter first saw us, and gave notice of our approach. We found all our dear children well, and Fox How in such beauty, that no scene in Italy appeared in my eyes comparable to it."

What names have we gathered as we go along! As the mountains rise here above the rest of England so do the minds that have clustered here. How much they have done to refresh the plains!

Rydal village stands in the hollow between Loughrigg Fell and Nab Scar, near the lower end of Rydal Water; and a little up the side of Nab Scar, which rises bare and majestic, furrowed with the marks of torrents and avalanches — high enough, in fact, to take it out and lift it into a commanding position — is the house where Wordsworth lived. Somewhat further on, in the same ascending road, is Rydal Hall, the seat of the De Flemings, surrounded by an antique forest so often mentioned in the poet's verse, and in Wilson's exquisite prose-poems. Rydal Mount was closed when I was there, shortly after the death of Mrs. Wordsworth. I looked at the little yellow plastered house, peeping over its thick girdle of larch-trees and laburnum bushes. It seems to have been ingeniously set aside out of the common road, though not completely isolated. It is a kind of bird's-nest upon the rugged bosom of the mountain.

Interlaced around it with care are all species of thickly growing shrubs and vines. Its front windows have a splendid prospect over the deeply scooped vale of Rydal Water and Grasmere, and the mountains beyond. It is a very plain and almost rough dwelling externally, though with a peerless site. An American friend who had been kindly entertained by Wordsworth told me that it was furnished with every English comfort, but with no luxuries beyond the presence of books and flowers. It was the abode of a man who in his own words applied to another, "united plain living with high thinking." My friend said that the poet, he could hardly tell why, reminded him of Henry Clay. I suppose from all accounts he must have looked as much like an old bald eagle in his milder meditative mood as any thing else. Hazlitt, less reverentially, compared his long head and face to that of an old white horse! He was at that time in a state of irritation about his American bonds, and spoke strongly of the moral wrong of repudiation, and expressed his fears lest American nobility and faith might become swamped in materialism. The only thing yet done, I believe, about repudiating these Mississippi bonds in which the poet was fettered, has been to talk about it. But in independence and comparative wealth here he lived with his little family, and that sister whom he so much loved — the feminine correlative of his own mind, and more than all the other nine to him. How many other great men besides Wordsworth,

Lamb, and Neander, have had such guardian spirits in their sisters? Perhaps my reader may remember more. At the bottom of this same steep lane, running up out of the village, is the chapel where Wordsworth was a constant attendant. He had an Englishman's respect for the services of God's house. He was, I believe, a truly religious man. De Quincey has ejected some stains upon his character, making him appear to be a selfish man. But De Quincey, though an eloquent genius, saw his equals and superiors in such an intense light of feeling, that it served to darken them. The meanness of some of his remarks upon Wordsworth has been proved by Wordsworth's generous and absolute silence. Wordsworth was a reserved man, not always the most amiable, and a supreme egotist. But his egotism was of such a harmless and noble sort, of so pure and high an ideal, that none could be hurt by it. His spirit bent ever reverently before God. He has been accused of pantheism; yet a student of his writings will find that the God breathing through the natural universe was to him no mere suffused essence, but the Father of all, never for a moment lost in His own works, but who inspires them and uses them as a vast organism to play upon and shine through. Of this ever-present, ever-speaking God, Wordsworth felt himself *called* to be a minister. Among these hills in whose sight he was born, he lifted his eyes and cried, —

"How beautiful this dome of sky,
And the vast hills in fluctuation fixed

At Thy command how awful! Shall the soul,
Human and rational, report of Thee
Even less than these? Be mute who will, who can,
My lips that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here where Thou hast built,
For thine own glory in the wilderness!
Me didst Thou constitute a priest of Thine."

The God of Nature whom he joyfully recognized, was no beautiful impersonality of the transcendentalist, but a being whom he could worship, and with whom he could walk in "amity sublime." The prayer at the end of the "Excursion" is warm with religious feeling. "The serious song" ends in the serener hopes and light of heaven. As we love to quote from him whose words are as melodious as the swellings of a wind-harp, we shall do so abundantly.

Wordsworth was too great a man not to accept the inestimable truth of the Christian faith, and its new and living way to the Divine person and perfection. But he was one whose special office it was to interpret God as manifested in Nature, the second book. He was to show the fine relations of Nature to the soul, as a voice speaking to the soul of its wants, origin, and aim, even as God talked with Adam in the garden.

"For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity."

"For the man,
Who, in this spirit, communes with the forms
Of Nature; who, with understanding heart,

Doth know and love such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred, needs must feel
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.
Accordingly, he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion softened down;
A holy tenderness pervade his frame.

"His sanity of reason not impaired,
Say, rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
From a clear fountain flowing, he looks round
And seeks for good; and finds the good he seeks;
Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name; and if he hear
From other mouths the language which they speak,
He is compassionate; and has no thought,
No feeling, which can overcome his love."

In his philosophy of Nature he had a deeper view, I verily think, than is generally held, — than is even so vigorously set forth by our own eloquent Bushnell, — which regards Nature as but a mechanical effect or result of certain fixed causes; but Nature is a more vital and enduring part of God's work than this. It is a more true and intimate manifestation of God. It is something which will never cease to be. This Nature in which we are inframed answers to the subjective frame-work of our own mind, is necessary to its life, and growth, and education, and will be carried with us in its essence into another state. We are ourselves a part of this Nature. It is something *in ourselves*, which is the root of our being to be restored and built upon. And here, in Nature, Wordsworth anchored his

moral being; and he was the great *moral* poet of the age. He found the law of God written in nature, — in "the fleshly tablets of the heart." As this is an imperishable law, so the nature in which it is engraved is imperishable. And he drew from hence the great truth upon which he strikes so sweetly and boldly of the moral equality of the race.

> "The primal duties shine aloft — like stars;
> The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
> Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.
> The generous inclination, the just rule,
> Kind wishes, and good actions, and free thoughts —
> No mystery is here; no special boon
> For high and not for low; for proudly graced —
> And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
> To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth
> As from the haughty palace. He, whose soul
> Ponders this true equality, may walk
> The fields of earth with gratitude and hope."

This led him to respect man wherever he found him, and to study man. His walks among the poor of the mountains form in reality the simple theme of his greatest poem. He brought forth the greatness and angelic splendors of the human soul in its lowliest estate. He was a Christian poet here. He was never more interested than when studying how to benefit the poor, to educate them, to improve and invigorate the "Poor Laws," to raise humanity. He sought his spring of poetry amid the sorrows, joys, and experiences of the most humble of his fellow-beings. This also made him the indomitable poet of freedom. With what profound and yet indignant spirit he exclaimed: —

"If, having walked with Nature threescore years,
And offered, far as frailty would allow,
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
Whom I have served, that their divinity
Revolts, offended at the ways of men."

Here he was pathetic when he had lifted up some bruised flower of humanity. The granite rock which was in his nature, and generally showed itself impenetrably hard, melted at this touch. He has been charged with coldness as a poet. He may have been reserved and unemotional by temperament, but there was in him a deep fount of tenderness, to which the descent in his own language "was by the steps of thought." How feelingly he drew the trials of poor Margaret, and how exquisitely delicate was his picture of Ellen, whose

"Fond maternal heart had built a nest
In blindness all too near the river's edge."

How he loved childhood! And he became like a little child with Nature. He despised nothing in creation. He laughed and sported with the daffodils. In words as familiar now as any that Shakspeare wrote he said: —

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And he did not care whether others felt or believed this with him or no, as far as his own sentiment was concerned. Here was the old Scawfell granite. Others would come around to him by and by. So he sang with bold and joyful strain: —

"Thou art not beneath the moon
But a thing 'beneath our shoon';
Let, as old Magellan did,
Others roam about the sea;
Build who will a pyramid;
Praise it is enough for me
If there be but three or four
Who will love my little flower."

And why are these crowds thronging to his valley and his grave, if they have not come round to him? What means the rich subjective element which has been infused into English literature, if his profounder ideas have not begun to prevail? What means the fine analysis of Tennyson, his dwelling upon lowly and simple themes, his drawing out of a deeper soul from inanimate things, if he had not drunk into the spirit of this great master of true modern poetry? Wordsworth was the poet of progress, —

"A man of hope and forward-looking mind
Even to the last."

His idea of Nature and creation led to unlimited search, and to ever-widening and deepening thought, because he discerned

"God in the human soul, and God in all things."

Rydal Water is a miniature affair, not more than half a mile long, but its mountain guardians of Loughrigg Fell and Nab Scar make it lose its sense of smallness; and it is not too small for many little gems

"Of islands that together lie,
As quietly as spots of sky
Amongst the evening clouds."

A short way on from Rydal Mere, and strung to it by a silver streamlet, is the heart of all the lakes, Grasmere. As the road creeping around under Nab Scar passes the middle part of the lake, it runs near the "Wishing Gate" sung by Wordsworth in those tripping verses with such solemn ending. Here one looks down upon one of the most lovely and softly peaceful scenes on earth, and yet with a certain sober grandeur about it quite impossible to describe. Why was it named Grasmere? Because it could not have been named any thing else. There is a grassy margin around the whole shore of the lake, spreading out into dark green meadows at its upper end where the village stands, and climbing up almost to the summits of the bold cliffs that curl their edges over this vale. Just opposite rise the steep, overhanging heights of Silver How, and the eye running along its wall follows it up into the shadowy recesses of the lonely glen of Easedale. At the head of the lake beyond the village, towers the noble cliff called Helm Crag, not unlike a Roman soldier's nodding crest; if that were indeed the origin of its name. Back of it are the higher mountains that lie around Thirlemere Lake, and I do not remember whether one can catch here a glimpse of the shoulder of Helvellyn above Seat Sandal on the far right.

The waveless expanse of Grasmere, with its one little island, spreads out before one, tranquilly reflecting all this beauty.

A little further on we came to Town End, and

saw the humble roof, somewhat out of the village, beneath which Wordsworth made his first home. Here he brought his young bride, and gathered his soul-friends — Southey, Coleridge, Scott, Lamb, Lloyd, Wilson — about him. De Quincey also lived here after him. And not far from this his first home, the scene of his first works and studies, standing at the very head of the lake, is the small, square-towered, rude stone church, in the grave-yard of which he sleeps.

Within the church there is a marble bas-relief of his farmer-like yet thoughtful face, and a just and elaborate inscription placed over the pew which he frequently occupied. I will not stop to transcribe it.

> "Green is the churchyard, beautiful and green,
> Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge;
> A heaving surface, almost wholly free
> From interruption of sepulchral stones,
> And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf
> And everlasting flowers. These dalesmen trust
> The lingering gleam of their departing lives
> To oral records and the silent heart."

Beneath *his* ridge of green, with a simple black slate-stone at its head, inscribed simply with the name of William Wordsworth, among the dalesmen and humble people with whom he daily walked, sleeps the poet. His loved sister, and his only daughter Dora, and her husband the scholar Edward Quillinan, are laid by his side. Between these mounds and the church is the monument of poor Hartley Coleridge, covered with a cross-crown

and thorns, with the inscription — "By thy cross and passion, good Lord, deliver us!"

A clear little stream sings past the very edge of these grassy mounds, and slides into the soft and quiet lake which is but a few steps distant. The great mountains stand watching around. The shadows of the clouds pass silently over the spot. The stars shine upon it.

"As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die."

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAKE COUNTRY (CONTINUED.)

I STOPPED awhile at the "Swan" to take my last near look of Grasmere, and then went slowly up the ascending road to Dunmail Raise, which was a favorite walk of Wordsworth's. For some way it goes almost in the shadow of Helm Crag, whose crest presents odd combinations of rocks, out of which any one has as much right as the poet to form grotesque images. Of a mass of tall hob-nobbing rocks that stand black and clear against the sky, Wordsworth's fancy painted this little Albrecht-Dürer picture: —

> "The Astrologer, sage Sidrophel,
> Where at his desk and book he sits,
> Puzzling on high his curious wits;
> He whose domain is held in common
> With no one but the Ancient Woman,
> Cowering beside her rifted cell,
> As if intent on magic spell;
> Dread pair, that spite of wind and weather,
> Still sit upon Helm Crag together."

And the whole group of rocks and mountains around was gathered up in a picture in these lines: —

> "The rock like something starting from a sleep,
> Took up the lady's voice and laughed again;

That Ancient Woman seated on Helm Crag
Was ready with her cavern: Hammer Scar,
And the tall steep of Silver How sent forth
A noise of laughter, southern Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone:
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the lady's voice; old Skiddaw blew
His speaking-trumpet; back out of the clouds
Of Glaramara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head."

Further to the south of these hills lies the Oberland Alp region of this whole district, the mountainous group standing about desolate and savage Wast Water, and which is said to be very wild and grand. Here are the two Scawfell mountains, one of them the highest peak of England. This is a granite tract; the rest of these mountains are generally of schistose slate, forming what has been compared to a slate dome, rising to its greatest height in Skiddaw and Helvellyn, and surrounded by a rim of old red sandstone, limestone, and coal, the latter being found in great quantities near the sea, in the neighborhood of Cockermouth and Workington. The summit of the Pass at Dunmail Raise is six miles and a half from Ambleside, and here a new picture is revealed which may be said to belong to the Helvellyn circle. That mountain, with its long furrowed southern sweep, predominates over the scene, and at this moment veils its head in the clouds. At its base sleeps the narrow lake of Thirlemere, or Leatheswater, so narrow as to be bridged over in one place, — a cold and shadowy sheet of water, overhung at its lower end with

perpendicular rocks, especially one called Raven Crag. Yet when the sun flashed out again, even Thirlemere smiled back like a sister to her big mountain brother as the scowl passed away from his forehead. Some two miles on in the descent is the miniature chapel of Wytheburn, and from Nag's Head Inn on the other side of the road directly at the foot of Helvellyn, the ascent of that mountain is usually made, though this is a steeper path than from the Patterdale side. Looking up here at the broad and rugged slope of the mountain, my youthful reader will not forget the story of young Charles Gough, who fell from Striding Edge precipice, and his faithful little terrier that kept three months' watch over his dead body.

Helvellyn rises gradually from a wide-grasping base in great steps or terraces, and is so singularly formed and placed, that it is one of the most difficult of all the great mountains to be seen in its entire shape. Being centrally situated, the view from its summit is the finest in the region, extending on the north to the highlands of Scotland. The whole character of the mountain justifies Hartley Coleridge's epithet of "drear Helvellyn."

The road to Keswick led past the cloven gate of the narrow and romantic Vale of St. John, the scene of Scott's "Bridal of Triermain." It runs along under Naddle Fell, and near its head towers the singular architectural rock, that

> "Seemed some primeval giant's hand
> The castle's massive walls had planned."

From the hill of Castleriggs we gained a fine afternoon view of the broad resplendent vale of Keswick, with its two lakes and river, the tumultuous sea of the Derwentwater and Buttermere mountains on the south side robed in purple shadows and golden lights, and Skiddaw with its two peaks in lone majesty on the north. For large and beautiful scenery perhaps this is the finest part of the Lake region. At least Southey and Coleridge thought so. It is not a solitary inner mountain shrine, like Wordsworth's home, where his self-sustained genius could dwell apart; but it is a free and open spot, at the same time cheerful and grand. This is the circle of Skiddaw, a noble mountain rising easily out of the plain in gentle undulating lines, and yet from the fact that it stands alone, and shows its whole bulk, it is a finer mountain than Helvellyn, which is larger.

The afternoon was so beautiful, that although the sun was setting, I determined to see the length of lovely Derwentwater, and come home by the light of the stars. The lake is but half a mile from Keswick, by a broad walk that forms the public promenade of the town. The opposite mountains lying between Derwentwater and Buttermere and Crummock Lakes, of which Causey Pike, Greisdale Pike, and far-off Wythop Fells, are the highest summits, form a broken tumultuous group, a forest of mountains, peak beyond peak, and at the moment were richly tinted and softened by the sunset lights, that grew every moment mistier and dream-

ier and deeper in their purples and violets. It does not require the highest mountains like the Alps to awaken feelings of pure pleasure and sublimity. All mountain regions have more or less of this power. Our American hills will make their own poets; and have already served to refresh and purify thousands of minds. God doubtless meant them for this as well as for lower uses. Coming out of such a "valley of the shadow of death" as that of the Aar into the sweet vales of Imhof and Meyringen, one gets glimpses of truth that no other Nature can teach. The soul covets great emotions. These the mountains give. They brace the mind to grand purposes. And such delicate atmospheric phenomena, such a blue in the sky, such marvelous tints upon the rocks, such ethereal purity if one goes into the heart of the glaciers, — these are next to impressions of things spiritual.

But I am getting away from a fine English lake, if it be not a Swiss one. I called it "lovely" Derwentwater; it deserves a stronger epithet than that; for although the mountains about it are not high, yet they are so steep, so broken, forming such shadowy bays, and piling up so boldly toward the eastern Borrowdale end, that the scenery really merits the title of grand. Each lake has its own character. Taking away the associations, I was more impressed with the mingled grandeur and loveliness of Derwentwater than with the beauty of any of the other lakes.

I set forth on the placid water under the guid-

ance of a veteran oarsman named William Pearson, whose tongue ran like that of an old man, and sensibly too. Talking confidentially of some Americans he had taken out but a short time before on the lake, he said he never saw people with so much "bounce." Good! but we come fairly by it, friend Pearson of the white locks!

This western end of the lake appears mountain-locked, and one does not see here the whole extent of the water. We rowed directly over to Vicar's Isle, a wooded island of six acres, containing a gentleman's residence hidden among the trees. Passing this we struck out into the middle of the lake, going by Lord's Island, and St. Herbert's Isle, where was once a little chapel dedicated to Saints Herbert and Cuthbert, who had such love for each other, that

> "Though here the hermit numbered his last day,
> Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved friend,
> Those holy men both died in the same hour."

The margin of the lake is luxuriantly wooded, and on the northern shore there is a strip of meadow-land. Rich vegetation clothes the steep slopes of the mountains. How still the water over which we glided! Now and then a silver-sided trout would leap above the surface as if to catch the last lingering light. We pushed in among the long weeds off the Inn of Lodore when the twilight was almost gone, and walked fast up to the mouth of the ravine where the "Falls of Lodore" ought to be. Owing to the excessively dry season they

were rather a tinkling trumpery affair, and did not come up to the roaring and pouring part of the ode. But a very respectable precipice rose back of the gorge, and the rocks were heaped around in wild confusion. After taking a look at the end of the lake, (not very distant, for we went nearly its whole length and made out some of the Borrowdale mountains that close around it,) we turned our faces toward Keswick. The row back was by the starlight. A faint tinge of light lingered long upon the western slope of Skiddaw in front of us, which here appeared like a rounding range or crown of mountains, rather than a single mountain. Over the highest peak of Skiddaw glittered one large bright star! The mountain shadows lay dark on the edges of the glassy mirror. But in the centre there was a silver expanse, and through this the boat left a path like a string of pearls, and even the old boatman, who looked upon the lake as his farm and fish-pond, was subdued by the calmness of the scene. On landing he showed us a large battered boat that he said Mr. Southey used to use for picnics on St. Herbert's Island. He also had pointed out to us a commanding rock, or promontory, which Southey always showed to his friends and visitors as a place where he should like to build a house.

The home comes before the grave. "Greta Hall," standing aside from the principal street of Keswick on a grassy mound, at the foot of which runs the "carolling" Greta, and having on the

other side nothing between it and Skiddaw, is now the property of an English bachelor of literary and scientific tastes, who, it is said, holds the memory of its former occupant in enthusiastic veneration. While the place is in fine order, it has been preserved almost in the exact condition in which Southey left it. It is a plain tall white house, with vines running over the lower part of it. It has an air of comfort without being at all fine. There is a sloping grass-plot in front bordered with thick shrubs and trees, and the gardener pointed out to us the spot where Southey watched for his daughter coming home through the hawthorn walk. One gets a fine view here across the plain of the mountains on the other side of Derwentwater. The gardener told me (these were his very words) that "Mr. Southey when he walked always looked up into the element." He said, "Poor man, before he died, he was better pleased with rolling marbles than any thing else; and he could not tell one book from another, though he handled them through custom." I went into the room which was Southey's library, that once consisted of more than 7000 volumes; it is now occupied by a scientific collection. I also saw the room where the poet died, a small apartment looking out upon some gloomy fir-trees; and was then shown Coleridge's part of the house. His wife and Mrs. Southey it is well known were sisters. I afterward went down to the bank of the Greta, a babbling and cheerful stream, and looked up at Skiddaw, which begins to

rise from this point in a huge mass directly above. The poet had made a true selection of a home. Yet Southey drew more from his library within, than from Greta or Skiddaw without. He did not, like Wordsworth, repose on the bosom of Nature, and want nothing else for nourishment. He depended upon his books; and even his poetry was but a kind of glow around the edges of his vast historical lore. But what poetry he did write was noble and pure. Would that his pure unadulterated English were more imitated by the writers of the day. He did not falsify his art, nor strain after a clap-trap effect. He was the *scholar* of that great triumvirate of which Wordsworth was the poet, and Coleridge the philosopher. I cannot leave this spot without saying a word about Coleridge. This was the home of some of his most creative days. It is the small fashion now among a certain class to disparage Coleridge, to lessen his philosophical name, and to follow De Quincey in his charges. These charges are simply absurd. An American scholar of unquestioned integrity told me that in a conversation not many years since with Schelling, the philosopher referred with approbation to those very passages in the "Literaria Biographia" that De Quincey said were plagiarized, and evidently with no idea that they were taken from him. He spoke of Coleridge as the greatest English philosophical mind. Coleridge had no need to take from Schelling or any one else. They had both, it is true, drunk from the same fount of Kantian philosophy;

and their samenesses of expression probably arose in the following way: Coleridge's literary habits were careless; in his youth when in Germany he had made notes from Schelling's lectures, laid them aside and forgotten them; when renewing the same studies he referred to his German notes, probably supposed they were his own, and freely used them; but he seems to have had a suspicion that they were not all his own, and he therefore says in so many words, that what things were not his he would wish to lay no claim to and take no credit for, or something to that effect. It is a shame to charge so great and generous a soul as Coleridge with the petty sin of pilfering. As to his opium-eating, brought on by using opium under the advice of a physician, it has been distinctly denied by his own family that he died in this habit. He had become, after an affecting conflict, a penitent and reformed man. His last days were those of a humble, trusting Christian. His mind was taken up with spiritual contemplations. His end was beautifully peaceful and childlike. It will yet be acknowledged how much England and Christianity owe Coleridge. He taught the reasonableness of Christianity. He showed that it met with the highest reason in man. He opposed the devastating current of the sensational school with a deeper current. He was almost the only Englishman who sought for or apprehended the true and universal, in philosophy as in faith; and whatever England possesses of philosophy which is more pro-

found than the utilitarian system now upheld by an ability and persistency worthy of a better cause, is due to Coleridge. The Reids, Stewarts, and Hamiltons, could not compare with him in originality and depth of insight, if their mechanical skill in system-making was greater.

Let the young men of America who wish to try their minds in such high and difficult studies, instead of going to Comte, Cousin, and the French school, or even to the profounder school of Germany, begin to study Coleridge, who, with the exception of Lord Bacon, was the deepest and richest English philosophical mind. He will aid them to believe, and lead them to a truer and deeper faith instead of shipwrecking their faith. Why in truth do we need to go outside of this little England of our fathers for any thing, when it comprehends such minds as Lord Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, and Coleridge!

I made a pilgrimage to the burial-place of Coleridge at Highgate, so long renowned as a rural suburb of London, a kind of northern Richmond Hill. In front of Dr. Gilman's house is a row of elm-trees under which Coleridge used to walk, "and think of eternity." The old man who showed me about the place said: "Mr. Coleridge used to walk as if he was always studyin' and explainin' to himself, which gave him a kind o' curous look." The poet was actually buried beneath the old church which is now removed. The vault is inscribed with the initials S. T. C. and the date

1834. His monument, however, erected by Dr. Gilman, is upon the inside wall of the new church, a fine edifice standing at some little distance from the site of the old, and from whose back windows is perhaps the most magnificent prospect of London that can be found, with St. Paul's in the centre. The inscription I give in full as the testimony of one who knew him, and who is an unchallenged witness: —

"Sacred to the memory of
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,
Poet, Philosopher, Theologian.
This truly great and good man resided for
the last nineteen years of his life
in this hamlet:
He quitted 'the body of this death'
July 25th, 1834,
in the sixty-second year of his age.
Of his profound learning and discursive genius
his literary works are an imperishable record.
To his private worth,
his social and Christian virtues,
JAMES AND ANN GILMAN,
the friends with whom he lived
during the above period, dedicate this tablet.
Under the pressure of a long
and most painful disease,
his disposition was unalterably sweet and angelic.
He was an ever-enduring, ever-loving friend:
the gentlest and kindest teacher:
the most engaging home-companion."

We add the well-known epitaph written by Coleridge himself a month or two before his death: —

"Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
And read with gentle heart. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he:
Oh lift in thought a prayer for S. T. C.,

That he, who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise — to be forgiven for fame
He asked, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same."

We now come back to Greta Hall. Walking down a side road, past what was once the real front or lawn of Southey's house, and crossing the bridge over the Greta, I came to Crosthwaite Church. It is more of an edifice than the church of Grasmere, and yet it has something of the same rude simplicity. These words of Wordsworth, which might also describe many an English rural church, would give a true idea of it: —

"Not framed to nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy, for duration built;
With pillars crowded and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately crossed,
Like leafless under-boughs in some thick grove,
All withered by the depth of shade above.
Admonitory texts inscribed the walls,
Each in its ornamental scroll inclosed;
Each also crowned with winged heads — a pair
Of rudely painted cherubim. The floor
Of nave and aisle in unpretending guise
Was occupied by oaken benches ranged
In seemly rows; the chancel only showed
Some inoffensive marks of earthly state
And vain distinction. A capacious pew
Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery lined;
And marble monuments were here displayed
Upon the walls; and on the floor beneath
Sepulchral stones appeared with emblems graven,
And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small
And shining effigies of brass inlaid."

Set this on a solitary spot, with the circle of mountains around, and you have the place where the scholar and poet Southey has his last rest.

Within the church there is a monument to him, with a white marble reclining figure, finely done, though there is an uneasy posture of the head. Wordsworth, who knew him best, wrote the lines inscribed upon the monument: —

"Ye vales and hills whose beauties hither drew
The Poet's steps, and fixed them here, on you
His eyes have closed! And ye loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore;
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labors of his own;
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal,
For the State's guidance, the Church's weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or Wisdom of the heart,
Or Judgment, sanctioned in the patriot's mind,
By reverence for the rights of all mankind;
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.
His Joys, his Griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to Heaven was vowed
Through a long life and pure; and Christian Faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of Change and Death."

In the churchyard, with a slab of black slate-stone at its head, like that at Wordsworth's grave, is the grave of Southey, with this inscription: "Here lies the body of Robert Southey, LL. D., Poet Laureate. Born August 12, 1774; Died March 21, 1843. For forty years a resident in this parish. Also of Edith, his wife. Born May 20, 1774; Died Nov. 16, 1837."

It was no fancy at all, but as I stood there a slight cloud of mist was just detaching itself from the top of Skiddaw, as in the figure of Wordsworth.

CHAPTER XIII.

TWEEDMOUTH TO HAWORTH.

We have now come across England to Berwick on the river Tweed, and shall go down to London on the eastern side, — though an Englishman would call coming up from London to Scotland "going down."

Berwick-upon-Tweed is a venerable sea-stained town, with a long and massive stone pier looking out on the German Ocean. It is surrounded by a wall that has stood the brunt of many a hard contest between two stubborn and still unmixed nations in the Border wars. This is the famous Teviot-dale and Chevy-Chace region.

We here enter Northumberland, (Northumbrian land,) the scene of innumerable legends, in every vale that runs inland, and upon every sandy hillock that stands on the sea-shore; the home of the Percy, whose name starts armed men from the earth.

The railway from Berwick to Alnwick, thirty miles, is in sight of the sea nearly all the way. It passes by Belford, and by Bamborough Castle, near which places, off the coast, are the Farn Islands, where Grace Darling did those achieve-

ments that make bearded men silent when they think of them.

This was the same Bamborough of the old "Battle of Otterbourne" ballad: —

> "Yf thou hast hanged all Bambarowe shyre,
> Thou hast done me grete envye;
> For the trespasse thou hast me done,
> The tane of us schall dye."

Alnwick, a little to the west of the North British Railway, and reached by a short junction line of three miles, is a clean and stately town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants. It has the peculiar air of a "family town," not precisely the dependency, but the historical background, the natural "belonging" of an illustrious race. It is overshadowed by one mighty name from which it derives its own light and importance. The flashily painted omnibus from the Railway station rattles through the narrow and sullen old "Bondgate," said to have been built by "Hotspur" himself.

Alnwick Castle did not disappoint me, though I had always thought of it as the "Ilium" of England's historic story. It is a vast accumulation of masonry grouped around tall central towers. It has sixteen of these towers, and its whole mass spreads over five acres. Round and angular bastions of different heights give it a noble irregularity of outline, but it is bare of that beautiful "shawling" of ivy and green that covers the old bones of other English castles. It seems to say: "I am strong and young still. I want no covering for my

age. I can defend myself against all storms." It is stone, stone, stone, everywhere, with not a green thing within and without. At least this is my remembrance of it. Over the barbican, as you enter, stands an armed figure in stone, in the act of hurling a rock on the head of any who dare approach; and around the battlements are the effigies of other warriors in animated fighting attitudes. Such a stout, world-defying old pile is it, that a man, if he has never done so before or after, feels himself a hero while under the shadow of its lofty walls.

I was only permitted to see its three outer courts, not the interior apartments. Some visitor a few years since wrote in a disparaging strain of the Duke's building operations at Alnwick, and since then strangers have not been freely admitted. This was a disappointment, but I gained a good impression nevertheless of the stronghold of the Percies, and of the "great Northumberland." Going through the low-arched gateway, that seemed to echo still with the ring of steel-clad men and horses, one comes upon a noble view of the main body of the castle, rising in rectangular towers partly modern and partly antique. Here is a large outer court, where a small army might assemble. In the second court, you see the immense preparations for the modern kitchen department not yet finished. You are shown the place in the walls called the "Bloody Gap" through which the Scots forced their way under King Malcolm, who was slain at a short distance from the wall.

In the smaller inner court, surrounded by dark, high, gloomy towers, the stern heart of this strength, near the Saxon gate, is the prison where William the Lion was confined. Here the porter cracked a harmless and venerable joke. "King Malcolm," said he, "was killed at the Bloody Gap a tryin' to ruin the Duke o' Northoomberlan'; and this her same Malcolm's gran'daughter, mind you, sir, was glad to get a Duke o' Northoomberlan' for a hoosband." How the worthy seneschal of the Percies giggled and shook at this mouldy bit of family lore in the gloom of that dusky dungeon! Architectural works of great magnitude are still going on within and without the castle, and the courtyards are encumbered with blocks of stone.

The whole enormous mass of buildings hangs over the bright little stream of the Alne, beyond which the view is broken and wooded. Half a mile up the river amid the shadows of aged trees, is the romantic Warkworth Hermitage, a chapel and two chambers hewn in the side of a cliff: —

"There scooped within the solid rock
Three sacred vaults he shows."

The first part of the ride from Alnwick to Newcastle, (sixty-three and a half miles,) passes through the beautiful region of the Wansbeck River and the Blyth. The deep gorges, the clear streams dancing to the sea, and the green undulating hills, with here and there a clump of red-roofed farmhouses, with their prim hay-ricks, formed another singular contrast to the barren and smutchy coal

region of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This city may be compared to a big pitch-pot — the black Tyne answering for the simmering liquid decoction, and the ships, houses, carts, and men, for the bubbles. The railway stretches directly over the river and city to the height of 120 feet. Dimly seen through the clouds of smoky vapor, rises the grim tower of Robert, son of William the Conqueror, with the crimson flag of England floating from its battlements. The bridges, houses, and sails of the shipping are also black. Every thing is hung in vestments of sable, though it is reported by those who have been able to see them that there are fine streets and magnificent buildings, and all the signs of flourishing opulence in this dark-browed capital of coal.

On the way to Durham, which is fourteen and a half miles from Newcastle, we passed by "Washington," a place with three chimneys, and the remains of an old broken steam-boiler.

Durham is perhaps the most picturesquely situated town in England. It is placed upon a rocky hill that rises abruptly from the banks of the Wear, its sides covered with thick foliage, and on its highest summit stands the Cathedral, with its three square towers. The old monks built like emperors. They crowned every city, and wrote upon the very heavens, as it were, the insignia of their heaven-delegated power. The house or castle of the king had to take a lower place. When Richard Cœur de Lion left for the Holy Land, he put

the charge of his realm in the hands of the Bishop of Durham, where it was probably before. As I entered the Cathedral, one of the week-day morning services was progressing. According to my impression, as I have before hinted, the finest church music in Europe is to be heard in the English Cathedral service. The music at St. Peter's, or in Catholic churches, does not equal it for purity, fervor, and the exquisite beauty of the chorals of boys' voices. Whether this constant repetition of the Prayer-book, week in and week out, before a few ladies, children, and amateurs of music, benefits the common people, and raises the standard of religion and benevolence, is another question. The manner in which the prayers are raced through, and the processions hurried in and out, and the vestments slipped on and off, shows that it becomes wearisome to the most devout.

The pillars of the nave are massive, and ornamented with circular and zigzag lines, after the most fantastic description of the Norman architecture; and the church itself is Norman. It dates from the end of the 11th century. Its great fault is the lowness of the nave; but it has some singular architectural peculiarities and beauties. Among these is what is called the "Galilee," on the west end overhanging the river. It is a structure that mingles the Norman and Early English styles, with ponderous chevron mouldings and arches resting upon slender pillars. It came very near being swept away by that classic barbarian bigot of the

last century, Mr. Wyatt, who wanted to make a carriage-drive around this end of the church. Here is the monument of the "venerable Bede," in which all of his bones that were not scattered as relics through the world were deposited. Manuscripts in his handwriting are to be seen in the library. It is told of him in the old chronicles, that in his later days, when he was blind, he was led by the fraud of his guide to a great heap of stones, and was told that a large assembly of men and women were awaiting him to hear him preach the word of God. He, thinking it to be true, commenced a homily, and when he came to the end, the stones by divine power, like a great multitude of people, said "Amen," or, as the Latin version is, "Deo gracias." It were better to make the stones cry out by preaching like living men, than to petrify living men into stones! Let then the preacher have the venerable Bede in mind, and resolve, by God's help, to make men's stony hearts say "Amen" to his words.

But the peculiar genius of this cathedral was St. Cuthbert, whose shrine did an immense "sheep shearing" business in the early centuries; especially as the Saint was reported to lie in an incorruptible state, "entire, flexible, and succulent." In 1827 the coffin of St. Cuthbert was opened and the tricks of the monks exposed. Balls were found in the eyes, gold wire for the hair, and swathings over the bones.

On the outside of the northern door is a great

grotesque brass head with staring hollow eyes and a ring in its mouth, and it is said that in the olden time, whenever a criminal fleeing from justice could seize upon this ring he was safe. The floor beneath the western tower was sanctuary ground. This is the account given in a work on the antiquities of the church. "The culprit upon knocking at the ring affixed to the north door was admitted without delay, and after confessing his crime, with every minute circumstance connected with it, the whole of which was committed to writing in the presence of witnesses, a bell on the Galilee tower ringing all the while to give notice to the town that some one had taken refuge in the church, there was put upon him a black gown with a yellow cross upon its left shoulder, as the badge of St. Cuthbert, whose *girth* or peace he had claimed. When thirty-seven days had elapsed, if no pardon could be obtained, the malefactor, after certain ceremonies before the shrine, solemnly abjured his native land forever, and was straightway, by the agency of the intervening parish constables, conveyed to the coast, bearing in his hand a white wooden cross, and was sent out of the kingdom by the first ship which sailed after his arrival." There was a time when rough free England was absolutely ruled by the Church. The Church's temporal as well as spiritual power was above that of king or civil judge, even as claimed in the bull of Pope Urban; and this lasted till Henry VIII. demolished it, and proclaimed himself head of the English Church, the one being about as just a claim as the other.

The Bishopric of Durham is still worth something. The recent Bishop is reported to have left a property of $1,000,000.

Durham Castle, now turned into a peaceful theological seminary, contains nothing remarkable.

Yorkshire is the Empire State of England. In size, agricultural richness, manufactures, population, noble estates, rural beauty, and historical antiquities, it is the queen of English counties. It is more than six hundred square miles larger than Lincolnshire and Devonshire combined, which are the next largest counties. One section of it alone, West Riding, contains about a million and a half of people, one twelfth of the population of England. Yorkshiremen are tall and well-fed. They love horses, drive keen bargains, and are more like "Sam Slick's" Yankees, even in their dialect, than these are to their originals. If the ample kitchen fire-place and the old hearty English manners in hall and cottage remain anywhere unchanged in this "fast" age, they may be found in Yorkshire.

From Durham to York it is sixty-seven miles. The number of gentlemen's residences and noblemen's parks in this part of England is incredible. One naturally asks where is there any land to be obtained by smaller proprietors and farmers? One cannot wonder that the word "locate," as "to locate a lot of land," should be considered an Americanism, there being no such unappropriated bit of earth left in England. But the wealth of such great landowners flows over their land, and

makes it indescribably green, smooth, and beautiful. How different now the scene from that described by an old historian, giving an account of the effects of William the Conqueror's rage against the rebellious, or rather, as was really the case, patriotic Saxons. "He wasted the land between York and Durham, so that for three score miles there was left in manner no habitation for the people, by reason whereof it laid waste and desert for nine or ten yeares. The goodlie cities, with the towers and steeples set up on a statelie height, and reaching as it were into the air; the beautiful fields and pastures watered with the course of sweet and pleasant rivers; if a stranger should then have beheld, and also knowne what they were before, he would have lamented." No wonder the stern warrior gasped out on his death-bed: "Laden with many and grievous sins, O Christ, I tremble; and being ready to be taken by Thy will into the terrible presence of God, I am ignorant what I should do, for I have been brought up in feats of arms even from a child. I am greatly polluted with the effect of much blood. A royal diadem that never any of my predecessors did bear I have gotten; and although manly greediness on my triumph doth rejoice, yet inwardly a careful fear pricketh and biteth me when I consider that in all these cruel rashness hath raged."

York, where one Roman Emperor was born and another buried, has sunk from an imperial city next to London, to a place of third or fourth rate impor-

tance. It mixes drugs and blows glass bubbles where it once ruled a kingdom. On its gates the great "king-maker's" head was set, crowned with a paper cap by the fierce Queen Margaret. But the youngest reader need not be told that York Minster is the grandest building in Great Britain, and among the finest in the world. From the top of its central tower one can see thirty miles. Its west front is a most splendid instance of the Decorated style, and as "La Sainte Chapelle" is the "rose" of France, so its little chapter-house is the "rose" of England. Its seven great windows, and especially what are called "The Five Sisters of York" with painted glass of the 13th century, glow as if studded with gems. Charlotte Brontë often looked on these jewelled windows, and walked under these arches, and heard this great organ.

From York I went to the famous English "Spaw," consisting of two villages about a mile apart, called "High" and "Low Harrowgate." They are situated in the middle of the county, on the highest table-land in England, and are resorted to by dyspeptics and artists. Harrowgate is the "Avon Springs" of England. The sulphurous waters are of considerable strength and efficacy, and these combined with the pure air often effect cures in cases well-nigh desperate. I stopped at the "Granby Hotel" in High Harrowgate, termed in the guide-book "the truly aristocratic hotel of the Spa." It stands on the edge of a broad breezy common, over which young ladies in flats are con-

tinually walking or impelling reluctant donkeys. Old ladies in satins, and ancient gentlemen with the florid manners and costume of the era of George IV., play everlasting games of whist in the crimson-curtained parlor.

The walk between the two villages is through quiet fields, with now and then an old-fashioned "stile." In the vicinity of Harrowgate are some of the most picturesque ruins in England, and around it like a rim stretch the Craven and Hambleton Hills. But the coal-colored skies were gloomy and showery, though in a scientific book it was stated that "the amount of precipitation is less than that of the neighborhood." The old English word for "glory" was "clerenesse," and we wonder not that the clear shining of the sun in this region of perpetual mist should be thought glorious.

While at Harrowgate I made an excursion to "Fountains Abbey," fourteen miles distant by the Ripon road. How one speeds along over the smooth turnpikes in a stiff two-wheeled English wagon! We hardly yet know the luxury of such riding in America, excepting on a few of our best roads out of the large cities. Twenty or thirty miles are something of a distance to drive, but it is reeled off so easily, that neither the driver nor the horses seem to think any thing of it. They are fast drivers in England because both the horses and roads are admirable. At Ripon I strolled into the old church, and saw the lugubrious sight of the charnel-house

literally crammed with human bones, piled up with the nicety and geometric regularity of a warehouse.

It was a pleasant sight to stand on the old stone bridge over the bright Ure, and watch the river rippling underneath as clear as amber, as clear as when St. Wilfred drank it.

Three miles from Ripon is Studley Royal, belonging to Earl de Grey, in whose grounds are the ruins of Fountains Abbey. It is difficult to say which is the finest, Fountains, Bolton, or Tintern Abbey; perhaps the last; but there is nothing in the world more lovely than one of these English Abbeys, fallen to decay yet still tall, strong, and majestic in what remains; draped with vines and ivy, silent and unused, and standing in the midst of the most luxuriant Nature.

Fountains Abbey is indeed "a tale of the times of old." The lofty beautiful arches, the extent and solidity of the whole gray pile, and the perfect repose of the narrow vale, completely shut in by rocks and trees, and hushed to listen to the murmurs of its own little brook, which seems to whisper, —

> "Men may come and men may go,
> But I flow on forever," —

this just meets that mood of mind (certainly not the highest or best), in which, wounded and wearied by the world, one in old times and sometimes in these days, would gladly turn Contemplator, instead of Actor in worldly scenes.

In this dell, Robin Hood had his famous encounter with the "curtall fryer," in which he appears to have had the worst of it.

"From ten o'clock that very day,
Till four i' th' afternoon;
Then Robin Hood came to his knees
Of the fryer to beg a boone;"

and it ended in this compromise: —

"If thou wilt forsake fair Fountaine's dale
And Fountaine's Abbey free,
Every Sunday throwout the yeare
A noble shall be thy fee."

Standing a little to the west of the abbey, is the oldest yew-tree in England, with the exception perhaps of the one in Iffley churchyard. It is called the "Abbot's Yew." It was known to be aged when the abbey was built, and still so tough and vigorous is it, that two younger trees have forced themselves up through the parent trunk. Sombre and stirless it stands, not revealing what it has seen.

From Harrowgate I drove over the moors to "Bolton Priory." It is hardly fair to have two such abbeys come close together, but it cannot be helped; still as I have resisted the temptation of a description in the one case, so I will in the other.

Bolton Priory is now the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. May he have capacity to enjoy all he possesses! To own such a spot as Bolton Priory were enough for one man. I do not envy its owner, but one almost thinks when he sees it, that he should never desire to leave it for a day. Here is

every thing one could wish, and trout and "grayling" in the river. The vale in which the abbey stands is itself a noble one. The wide, bright meadows, the clear rushing Wharfe, and the tall cliffs that hang over the river, and grow narrower and more broken at the upper end of the valley toward Barden Fell, make it the central spot in England for sweet native loveliness. The first instance of Turner's mountain drawing, it is said, was from these shores of the Wharfe, which was his favorite Yorkshire river that he never could "revisit without tears, or speak of without a faltering voice." The only tender spot in his rude heart, the only spring which appeared to open into something rarer and nobler in him, was this exquisite perception, this pure and delicate love of Beauty, which sought its object not in the strange or grand, but in the quiet haunt and inmost shrine of Nature.

Keighly (pronounced "Keatley") has been chiefly made known to us from its proximity to Haworth, Charlotte Brontë's home. When did we ever hear or think of it before? Yet it is one of those important and swarming manufacturing places that make the power and wealth of England; and, as I arrived on pay-day afternoon, the streets were thronged with thousands of factory-people, bearing the hard and independent stamp of West Riding weavers, described so vigorously in "Shirley." In the dull and up-hill ride of four miles to Haworth, shut in most of the way by high stone walls, instead of the usual green hedges, I

could not but think of those two feeble sisters, struggling along afoot over this dreary road, in the thunder-storm, on their way to Keighly to take the London train, for the purpose of proving to their publisher their actual and separate identity. We passed several great stone mills that might have been very well used for fortresses.

Haworth was pointed out with its gray tower, near the summit of a very high hill, and at its back swept away north the rolling, dismal moorlands, without the sign of a human habitation. A month later, and these moors would be gorgeous with heather-blossoms.

After passing a few straggling houses, we began to ascend that long, steep, paved street of Haworth, now become so well known. What a straining, scrambling pull of it! At the top was the "Black Bull Inn." Its little parlor was well enough, but its sleeping apartments were frowsy and dirty, for probably few people 'overnight' there, as the Germans say.

Just at the left of the inn, within a step or so, through a tall iron gate, was the populous cemetery of the church.

The church itself is a plain stone building, less interesting, architecturally, than English village churches usually are. The tower is evidently of very ancient date, with a modern body pinned upon it. All was hard, weather-worn stone, with nothing green or smiling; there was not a tuft of grass about the churchyard.

I could not help glancing at the "Parsonage," looking over the edge of the tabled graveyard; but I hastened into the church, and was seated in the Squire's pew near the pulpit, hung with faded green baize.

For an English village choir's artistic performances, I refer my readers to the "Sketch-Book."

Mr. Nicholls preached from John v. 1. He is a dark-complexioned man, rather thin, with black hair and beard. It was a short, practical sermon, and the tones of his voice, especially in the service, were grave and pleasant, and, as I conceived, with a touch of sadness. The plaintive "litany" seemed never more appropriate. It was a gusty day of rain and shine, but its general complexion was melancholy.

The old pews within were so dull and brown, the old tombs outside were so still and sad, and the roar and dashing of the storm at times was so dismal, that the sins, conflicts, and sorrows of life would have been the sermon preached to one's heart, had the preacher charmed never so sweetly.

I saw the pew, and the corner of it, where Charlotte used to sit; and the new white marble tablet on the wall, erected to her memory, and that of her mother, four sisters, and brother. Its Scriptural motto was from 1 Cor. xv. 56, 57. The victory was soon gained after all, for the authoress of "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" was only thirty-nine when she died. I was also shown the register of her marriage, and her autograph in the church

records. And here she was married, and her stern old father was not even present to give her away.

Without intending or seeking it, I was invited, as a stranger, to call upon Mr. Brontë, for a few moments during the intermission.

I went through a high-walled yard at the back of the house, around to the front, through a small flower-garden, (rather run to waste now,) and was shown by "Martha" into Mr. Brontë's study.

I do not think it would be violating good taste to speak of an interview so simple, and that had nothing confidential in its character.

Mr. Brontë met me with real kindness of manner, but with something of the stateliness of the old school. His hair, worn short, was white as driven snow; his ample cambric cravat completely covered his chin; and his black dress was of the most scrupulous neatness. He has been called handsome, but that he never could have been. He has strong, rugged, even harsh features, with a high, wrinkled forehead, and swarthy complexion; and his eyes are partially closed, for he is almost blind. He said he was induced to invite me to his house, though he saw very little company, because he learned I was an American, and he thought much of America.

Our conversation was chiefly upon religious topics, and he wished to be informed about the great spiritual movements which from time to time pass over America. He thought that revivals in

England and Ireland were accompanied by too much animal excitement; yet he believed in their reality. He spoke of Roman Catholicism, and said that he had seen enough of it, as he was an Irishman. He thought we ought to guard against its machinations on the other side of the water. Roman Catholics *could not* be consistent Republicans; and we must not trust too carelessly to the principle that Truth would prevail in an open field. The Catholics made much of that, and took advantage of it. He spoke of education in England — that it was all the fashion just now; but I could not help thinking that the conservative, granite-minded old "Helstone" looked upon a great deal of it as sentimental and superficial. He struck me as being naturally a very social man, with a mind fond of discussion, and feeding eagerly on new ideas, in spite of his reserve. My call was necessarily quite a short one. I then went into the opposite parlor, where his daughters used to sit and write. There was Charlotte's portrait, with those large dark eyes, square impending brow, and sad, unsmiling mouth. Branwell Brontë's medallion likeness hung opposite; and Thackeray's portrait, "looking past her," as she said, was on the front wall. Her books still lay on the table. There was a Bible of Emily's, and a much-worn copy of Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton," presented by the authoress to Mrs. Nicholls. This room had rather a pleasant look; but its furnishing was simple to severity, and its only ornament was a little bunch

of broom-grass on the table. Martha then showed me into the kitchen for a moment. This had been Tabby's kingdom. Every thing was exquisitely neat, and the copper pans shone like gold. It was a snug, warm, crooning place; and it was not difficult to see the picture, on a dark winter eve, when the storms howled over the moor and rattled against the windows, of those bright-fancied children crouching together around the fire, telling their strange stories, and living in a world created by themselves. Here Emily Brontë studied German, with her book propped up before her, while she kneaded dough. Now all are gone; and the old father, shutting up many things in his own impenetrable mind, was still living on alone, thinking more perhaps of meeting his children again in a sinless and sorrowless world, than of all their fame in this.

In the afternoon I heard Mr. Brontë preach from Job iii. 17: "There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest." It was the simple extemporaneous talk of an aged pastor to his people, spoken without effort, in short, easy sentences, — and was drawn, it appeared to me, *right out of that old graveyard*, among whose stones his feet had walked, and his imagination had lived so long. In parts it was pathetic, especially where he alluded to the loss of children. He branched off upon the sorrows, convulsions, and troubles then in the world, and he seemed to long for wings like a dove to fly away from this change-

ful scene, and be at rest. The old church clock, as if echoing the venerable preacher's remarks, had written upon it, "Time how short — eternity how long!"

On the whole, my Haworth visit was a serious and sobering one. I thought of what Charlotte Brontë said, that "it always made her unhappy to go away from Haworth, for it took her so long to become happy after she got home." Yet that stone house a century old, those bleak moors, that very melancholy crowded graveyard, may have done something to make Charlotte Brontë what she was. They fenced her in, and made her inventive. Her fiery Irish imagination was concentrated here into a vital energetic current, that did not waste itself in endless poetic mazy streams, but cut for itself a deep, practical, and creative channel. As a pearl-oyster will, after a time, coat a gravel-stone introduced into it with its own rich and pure enamel, so the few rough and homely objects that her mind was familiar with, became clad with the lustrous and glorious beauty of her own thought and imagination. The less she saw, the more accurately she drew, and the more profoundly she analyzed. Her bodily eye grew microscopic, but her spiritual vision was enlarged, and saw into the elements of things, and the hidden springs of action. Hence a shy, secluded little woman describes Nature as if she had always been accustomed to live in the midst of the most lovely and opulent scenery, and moves our mind with some-

thing of the mighty power of Shakspeare, when she lays bare the abysses and spiritual forces of moral character. Even in her most vivid and realistic writings there is this intense subjectiveness.

The best criticism ever made upon her novels, it seems to me, was this — that her characters did not converse like human beings, but that their conversation was in fact their *thoughts;* it was thinking aloud.

I afterward saw Madame Heger's school in Brussels, where Charlotte and her sister resided for a time. Even that seemed to be a dull, shut-in spot, as it were down in a pit. Intellectually speaking, she was a vine always to be kept pruned close by the husbandman, that she might bring forth more fruit.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOME OF THE PILGRIMS.

TWELVE miles to the south of Doncaster, on the great Northern line of railway, and just at the junction of Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lincolnshire, in the county of Nottingham, but bordering upon the fenny districts of Lincolnshire, whose monotonous scenery reminds one of Holland, lies the village of Scrooby. Surely it is of more interest to us than all the Pictish forts and Roman walls that the "Laird of Monkbarns" ever dreamed of. I was dropped out of the rail carriage, which hardly stopped, upon a wide plain at a miniature station-house, with some suspicions of a church and small village across the flat rushy fields in the distance. This was indeed the humble village (though now beginning to be better known) which I had been searching for; and which nobody of whom I inquired in Doncaster, or on the line of the railway, seemed to know any thing about, or even that such a place existed. I made its discovery by the help of a good map. The station-master said that he came to Scrooby in 1851, and then it numbered three hundred inhabitants; and since that time there had been but twelve deaths.

My search for the manor-house where Brewster and Bradford established the first church of the Pilgrims, was, for a time, entirely fruitless. I inquired of a genuine "Hodge" working in the fields; but his round red face showed no glimmer of light on a matter so far removed from beans and barley. I next encountered a good Wesleyan minister, trudging his morning circuit of pastoral visitation, but could gain nothing from him, though a chatty, communicative man. At the venerable stone church of Scrooby, very rude and plain in architecture, but by no means devoid of picturesqueness, I was equally unsuccessful. The verger of the church, who is generally the learned man of the village, was absent; and his daughter knew nothing outside the church and churchyard.

I strolled along the grassy country road that ran through the place till I met a white-haired old countryman, who proved to be the most intelligent soul in the neighborhood. He put his cane to his chin, shut and opened his eyes, and at last told me in broad Yorkshire, that he thought the place I was looking for must be what they called "the bishop's house," where Squire Dickinson lived. Set at last upon the right track, I walked across two swampy meadows that bordered the Idle River, — pertinently named — till I came to a solitary farmhouse with a red-tiled roof. Some five or six slender poplar-trees stood at the back of it, and a ditch of water at one end, where there had been evidently an ancient moat — "a moated grange."

It was a desolate spot, and was rendered more so just then by the coming up of a thunder-storm, whose "avant courier," the wind, made the slender poplars and osiers bend and twist. 'Squire John Dickinson, the present inhabitant of the house, which is owned by Richard Monckton Milnes, the poet, gave me a hearty farmer's welcome. I think he said there had been one other American there before; at any rate he had an inkling that he was squatted on soil of some peculiar interest to Americans. He introduced me to his wife and daughters, healthy and rosy-cheeked English women, and made me sit down to a hospitable luncheon. He entertained me with a discourse upon the great amount of hard work to be done in farming among these bogs, and wished he had never undertaken it, but had gone to America or Australia. The house he said was rickety enough, but he contrived to make it do. It was, he thought, principally made of what was once a part of the stable of the Manor House. The palace itself has now entirely disappeared; "but," said my host, "dig anywhere around here and you will find the ruins of the old palace." Dickinson said that he himself was reared in Austerfield, a few miles off in Yorkshire; and that a branch of the Bradford family still lived there. After luncheon I was shown Cardinal Wolsey's mulberry-tree, or what remained of it; and in one of the barns, some elaborately carved wood-work and ornamental beams, covered with dirt and cobwebs, were pointed out, which undoubtedly belonged to the archiepiscopal palace.

This was all that remained of the house where Elder Brewster once lived, and gathered his humble friends about him, in a simple form of worship. Bradford, in his "Life of Brewster," says: "They ordinarily met at his house on the Lord's day, which was a manor of the Bishop's, and with great love he entertained them when they came, making provision for them to his great charge, and continued so to do whilst they could stay in England." And Leland, in 1541, says: "In the meane townlet of Scrooby I marked two things, the parish church not big but very well builded, the second was a great manor place, standing with a moat and longing to the Archbishop of York; builded in two courts, whereof the first is very ample, and all builded of timber saving the front of the house, that is of brick, to the which ascenditur per gradus lapideos." This manor was assigned to the Archbishop of York in the "Doomsday Book." Cardinal Wolsey, when he held that office, passed some time at this palace. While he lived there, Henry VIII. slept a night in the house. It came into Archbishop Sandys's hands in 1576. He gave it by lease to his son, Samuel Sandys, under whom Brewster held the manor. Brewster, as is now well known, was the Post-Superintendent of Scrooby, an important position in those days, lying as the village did, and does now, upon the great northern line of travel from London to Yorkshire, Northumberland, and Scotland.

A Cambridge scholar, and clerk of Secretary

Davison, Brewster had seen much of courts and mingled in public scenes. While engaged upon an important embassy to Holland, he had undoubtedly often met and conversed with that remarkable and far-sighted man, William the Silent. Bradford, a man of good family in the neighboring town of Austerfield, became interested in Brewster's religious views when but eighteen years of age, and at once joined Brewster's little company of independent worshipers, who were composed chiefly of Lincolnshire farmers and ditchers; and here on every Lord's day they met to worship until they left in a body for Holland. As the judicial books of the neighborhood still show, many members of this congregation refused to obey, at the cost of fine and imprisonment, the oppressive ecclesiastical laws of Elizabeth and James I., and of a somewhat later time. They were evidently no fanatics. The three simple points upon which Brewster and his co-religionists founded their right of separation from the Established Church at that time were these: 1. The determination not to support and attend upon many prescribed ecclesiastical forms, not perhaps wicked in themselves, but inwoven with ordinances and opinions that they esteemed Popish. 2. The claim to the right of individual interpretation of the Scriptures. 3. The assertion of the right to exclude immoral persons from their church communion. These points of difference compelled them to be separatists, not only driving them to a separation from the Church of England, but from

their native soil, and finally compelled them to become "strangers and pilgrims" on a totally new and foreign shore. The calm and enlightened character of Brewster himself forbids us supposing that he would have undertaken any thing unreasonable, wild, or visionary. He and his coadjutors were not disorderly persons, and did not go lawlessly to work. They constituted themselves into a church, "to walk in all his ways made known or to be made known unto them, according to their best endeavors, *whatever it should cost them.*" These last were no empty words, spoken as they were in times of persecution, when the government of the land, stimulated by the State Church, was sternly determined to crush out the life of dissent from the kingdom. The church thus established was the model of all our New England churches to this day, and was organized it is supposed about the year 1602. In 1606 Brewster was chosen an elder, and Clifton the pastor. John Robinson of Newark, Norwich County, then makes his appearance as teacher and preacher of this humble church. This little church removed with much difficulty, loss, and peril, during the pastorate of Richard Clifton, as one religious body to Holland, though in two divisions. They went first to Amsterdam; and afterward a portion drew off with John Robinson and settled in Leyden; and it was *this* portion of the Scrooby and Brewster, Leyden and Robinson church, which formed the integral part of the one hundred souls who returned to

England in the *Speedwell*, and who finally embarked in the *Mayflower* from Plymouth. The remainder of the people, and many other English refugees for conscience' sake, crossed over soon after by other vessels to America. But *these* were, by eminence, the "Pilgrim Fathers;" the separatists from the non-conformists; the purest siftings of the wheat; the "Puritans of the Puritans." They were, it is true, mostly unknown Lincolnshire ditchers, and plain Nottinghamshire farmers, with now and then a yeoman, and a man of family and education. They were, however, sound, honest, thoughtful Englishmen. They were diligent readers of the Bible, and were really superior in their moral convictions, and their spiritual elevation, to the rest of Englishmen at that time. As Governor Bradford wrote of them, "but they knew they were *pilgrims*, and looked not so much on those things, but lift up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits." They formed neither the highest nor the lowest class in the land, but that class of independent agriculturists, of "free socage tenants," who were the root of English freedom, and the English civil constitution. They had besides a small but pure leaven of consecrated learning in their body. Who, indeed, would ask but for one such capacious mind as that of John Robinson, whom God had made great, wise, and prophetic, to be the founder of a free and mighty people! "He was," says a contemporary, speaking of the Puritans, "the most

learned, polished, and modest spirit, that ever that sect enjoyed." The great words which he spake at the time of parting with his flock at Delft Haven are an inestimable legacy to us for all time: "'We are now ere long to part asunder, and the Lord knoweth whether ever he should live to see our faces again. But whether the Lord had appointed it or not, he charged us before God and his blessed angels, to follow him no further than he followed Christ: and if God should reveal any thing to us by any other instrument of his, to be as ready to receive it as ever we were to receive any truth of his ministry; for he was very confident the Lord had more light and truth yet to break out of his holy Word. He took occasion also to bewail the state and condition of the reformed churches, who were come to a period in religion, and would go no further than the instruments of their reformation. As for example the Lutherans, they could not be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; for whatever part of God's will he had further imparted to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And so also, saith he, you see the Calvinists, they stick where he left them, a misery much to be lamented; for though they were precious shining lights in their times, yet God had not revealed his whole will to them; and were they now willing, saith he, they would be as ready to embrace further light as that they had received.'" While thus a man of far-sighted penetration and progress, he was firm upon the great truths of our Christian faith. He

had the spirit of Christ, and united courage with mildness. His "New Essays on Things Moral and Divine" contain passages which, for smoothness and vigor of style, compare well with the writings of Hooker, or Hall, or any of his contemporaries. "Faith," he says, "as a welcome passenger must be well carried and convoyed through a sea of temptations, in a vessel of good conscience, that it suffer not shipwreck; directed by the chart of God's Word and promises rightly understood, that it run not a wrong course; and having ever in readiness the anchor of hope against a stress; and continually gathering into the outspread sails of a heart enlarged by prayer and meditation, the sweet and prosperous gusts of God's Holy Spirit to drive it to the desired haven." In the same essay he says: "Lastly, touching love; as it is the affection of union, so it makes after a sort the loving and loved, one; such being the force thereof, as that he that loveth suffereth a kind of conversion into that which he loveth, and by frequent meditation of it uniteth it with his understanding and affection. O how happy is the man, who by the sweet feeling of the love of God shed abroad in his heart, is thereby, as by the most strong cords of Heaven, drawn with all the heart to love God who hath loved him, and so becomes one with him, and rests upon him for all good." These are passages taken at random. It is strange that his writings are not more read by American Christians.

It is said of Bradford, a worthy disciple of Rob-

inson in largeness of soul and mental culture, that he mastered the Latin and Greek and studied Hebrew, because "he would see with his own eyes the ancient oracles of God in their native beauty." Brewster himself was a man of no mean acquirements. His library, which was the principal part of the estate he left, consisted of two hundred and seventy-five volumes, sixty-four of them being on the learned languages. Other Cambridge scholars followed them shortly after, among whom was that wise and gentle spirit, John Cotton, the founder or father of Boston.

Such were the men who were gathered together in that small despised religious communion, and who came to the New World as a united Christian church, impelled by a purely spiritual motive, without any admixture — among the original "Pilgrim Fathers" — of the commercial idea; to plant almost unconsciously, and as the natural results of their religious views, the principles of a free republican state. Let us never doubt that the pure impulse which bore them to America, will preserve their principles through all time to come.

Puritanism always goes, as Macaulay has splendidly demonstrated, before the establishment of a just, free, and Christian government; it must ever be, "first pure, then peaceable."

I do not believe that Puritanism comprehends the whole truth; for Puritanism is itself partial, though as far as it goes it is sound and true. But a world-church can never be founded on the prin-

ciple of separation, but only of unity; and it must have more than purity, it must have faith, hope, and charity. Puritanism makes a good beginning, — the only good beginning; yet it must rise to a higher, and larger, and diviner idea of truth, before it shall become the Church or the State universal.

But to look at this lonely and decayed manor-house, standing in the midst of these flat and desolate marshes, and at this most obscure village of the land, this Nazareth of England, slumbering in rustic ignorance and stupid apathy, and to think of what has come out of this place, of what vast influences and activities have issued from this quiet and almost listless scene, one has strange feelings. The storied "Alba Longa," from which Rome sprang, is an interesting spot, but the newly discovered spiritual birthplace of America may excite deeper emotions.

CHAPTER XV.

LINCOLN TO ELY.

I HAVE said that Lincolnshire was Dutch in its scenery; the resemblance is greatly heightened by the numberless windmills, some of them old, ragged, and picturesque. Broad canals shimmering in the red light of sunset, straight as a bee-line, and stretching as far as the eye could reach, cut through this flat, fat, fenny soil, which has been nearly all reclaimed and brought to a high state of kitchen-garden cultivation, though at vast cost. When will the "Pontine Marshes" be as thoroughly drained, and fit for something else than the habitation of wild hogs and buffaloes? This whole Fen district is computed to comprehend the immense tract of four hundred thousand acres.

Lincoln rises abruptly from the plain. Its summit is crowned by the Cathedral, which presides over a vast extent of flat country; and so commanding is its position and its height, that it can be seen, it is said, from Buxton hills in Derbyshire.

It is a tough walk in warm weather up "Steep-hill Street," but the Cathedral amply repays the effort. It is certainly in grandeur next to York

Minster, of all the English Cathedrals, and as a whole impressed me more. There is more of rugged strength and majesty in its front, while the east end is incomparable for its elegance and flowing grace. Its central tower rises to the height of two hundred and sixty-eight feet. In ascending the tower, I arrived at the bell-room just as great "Tom of Lincoln" was striking. The still air was in an instant racked with a mighty uproar, and the solid tower trembled under every humming thunder-stroke. The view from the summit is one of the most peculiar in England; the ancient city clustering on the slopes of the hill, and then a level plain not strewn very thickly with towns and villages, but rather like a grassy Hungarian steppe stretching far and wide to the hills on one side and the sea on the other. The Cathedral is built in the form of a double cross; its best parts belong to the most elaborate and mature period of the "Early English" or "Pointed" style. Within and without it is rich in carving of the boldest character. One can see in under the leaves. The "Presbytery" or "Lady Chapel" is full of this exquisite carved work, and is sometimes called the "Angel Choir," from the figures of thirty angels in the spandrels of the triforium arches, carved as if they were flying on high, and playing upon every kind of temple instrument, such as the harp, trumpet, cittern, cymbal. The two great marigold windows in the principal transept, each twenty-two feet in diameter, and filled with deep-colored painted glass,

give a rich tone to this central portion of the building, supported upon its four heavy piers or clustered pillars. The fault of the edifice is the common fault of the lowness of the nave, which gives too weak and steep a pitch to the roof. But it is absurd to criticize these Gothic structures; they have no rules like mountains, and take such forms as they please; they delight in the strangest contrasts and most violent irregularities; their unity is not in their uniformity of structure, but in their heaven-ascending aim, to which all tends. The "Chapter House" of the Cathedral is an entirely distinct appendage upon the northern side, in the form of a decagon, and is flanked by bold flying buttresses, as if tied to the ground by them like a wide-spreading tent. Its interior, supported by a single-reeded pillar of Purbeck marble, is not unlike a great military tent.

I was shut up by accident for half an hour in this "Chapter House," so that I had more time to study it. It abounds in those grotesque carvings that are so suggestive but mysterious. The small queer faces on the capitals of pillars and terminations of mouldings, look down upon you as if they were alive: sometimes it is the face of a monk and sometimes of a nun, and the monk does not always look pious but roguish; now it is a beautiful countenance with wonderful serenity and purity of expression, then it is a face in torment with the mouth horribly stretched, and the parched tongue lolling out; here is a winged angel, and there a

squat demon; animal heads, beaks, snouts, claws, images of the sensual passions and bestialities of the mind, mix with the symbols of purer and higher things.

In going from Lincoln to Nottingham, thirty-five miles, we passed Newark, in whose castle King John died, worn out by his vices and military misfortunes.

The scenery of the Trent valley was very pretty and peaceful, with the stacks of grain standing in the fields, and the cattle feeding in great numbers on the smooth meadows, or cooling themselves in the stream.

I asked a farmer who sat by me, without meaning any disrespect, — "What little stream is that?" "Wha, that's the Trent!" he answered with a stiff expression, as much as to say, "Your question, sir, is an insult to one of the most respectable rivers in the kingdom."

The eastern side of England, which is not as a general thing much visited by American travelers, is hardly less rich and beautiful than the western side, and is equally strewn with historical monuments. The climate, however, is said to be somewhat less genial. It is nearer the coasts of Holland, and was once more open to the spiritual winds and influences of the great German Reformation; and this last idea increases upon us as we approach Cambridge.

At Nottingham we are within fifteen miles of Derby, where I was a few weeks since. This is

the town and county of Robin Hood, Henry Kirke White, and Lord Byron, — an odd juxtaposition of names; yet there can be little doubt that the fact of Robin Hood's still living and popular ballads being known and sung in Nottingham, had its influence to make Henry Kirke White a poet, and he was not without his influence upon the mind of young Byron.

The house where Henry Kirke White was born is in what is called the "Old Shambles." The lower part of it is now used as a butcher's shop, as it was, I believe, originally. There is a staring daub of a picture upon it nearly as large as the house, representing the youthful poet sitting among shrubs and trees. The room where he was born forms part of another larger room, which is now used as a dining-room for a small tavern. It is a low-walled and decayed apartment, paved with crumbling cement. What, I was told, was Henry Kirke White's study, is a closet three feet by five! Two bits of red and yellow glass have been stuck in the little window to give it a shade more of importance. His inspiration was not caught here, but out under the trees of Clifton, and along the peaceful banks of the Trent. I walked through the Nottingham market-place, truly a magnificent square, up to the deserted terrace of the old castle, upon which stand the empty, cracked, and tottering walls of a palace that was burned in a Chartist riot. On this rock many kings have lived; great events have revolved around it; it was the strong-

hold of the Danes, when they held the northeastern counties of England, and here their gloomy "raven banner" once waved. Nottinghamshire and Lancashire mark indeed the circle of the main Danish conquests in England, and they are full of Danish names. Our old friend, "Peveril of the Peak," had a castle also on this eminence; Richard Cœur de Lion, after having crushed his brother's rebellion, held his first council here; Owen Glendower was shut up here; Richard III. made it his favorite den; Charles I. proclaimed the civil war by raising a standard on a turret of this castle, and here he was afterward confined as a prisoner. It is truly a lordly rock, and commands a wide and delightful prospect. "The silver Trent" flows through the valley at its foot, and just on the other side of the stream lies Henry Kirke White's favorite haunt, the beautiful village of Wilford, with lovely Clifton Grove. The view from this point extends even to the hills of Derbyshire. Nottingham stands on the edge of the ancient "Merry Sherwood" Forest, and the royal marks going back as far as King John's reign, are sometimes found upon the trees of this region when they are felled. There are some parts of the ancient forest still left intact, whose sylvan beauty, solitude, and majesty, it is said, would find no better description at this day, than the one which is given in the opening chapter of Ivanhoe. On my way back I fell in with an agreeable and chatty old gentleman who invited me into his summer-house,

and showed me a chamber cut in the rock, where the ancient archers concealed themselves and their fires in the winter time. He said he had seen Lord Byron, who used to visit Nottingham when his "Hours of Idleness" was being published in that town. He well remembered seeing him riding on a gray horse, dressed in a scarlet hunting-coat and jockey cap.

Nottingham is a large busy city, numbering perhaps 130,000 inhabitants. It has advanced lately with great rapidity, and has immense factories of cotton-yarn, stockings, and lace. The first cotton-mill in the world was erected here by Sir Richard Arkwright.

I took the cars for Hucknall Torkard, seven miles to the northwest of Nottingham. It is a dull dirty village; and here, in one of the poorest and apparently most forlorn of all English rural churches, Lord Byron is buried, out of sight, it would appear, and out of mind, of all England.

The church is a small stone building, with the plaster peeling off the tower; the porch over the door is made of rough and unpainted beams. The interior is also mean, with a row of rude pillars in the middle, altogether reminding me of Haworth Church. At the upper end a small white marble tablet bears the well-known inscription: —

"In the vault beneath,
Where many of his ancestors and his mother are buried,
Lie the remains of
GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
Lord Byron of Rochdale

In the County of Lancaster,
The author of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.
He was born in London on the
22d January, 1788;
He died at Missolonghi, in Modern Greece, on the
19th of April, 1824,
Engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that
Country to her ancient freedom and renown."

The family shield, with its motto, "Crede Byron," is engraved on the tablet.

Here the poet's mother and daughter are also buried, but with nothing erected to their memory, if we except two worn and dirty pasteboard sheets, which some stranger had caused to be made and hung up there. The pen-and-ink words commemorating Byron's daughter are these: —

"The Right Honorable
AUGUSTA ADA,
wife of
William, Earl of Lovelace,
and only daughter of
George Gordon Noel,
Lord Byron.
Born 10 Dec., 1815;
Died 27 Nov., 1852."

The inscription to the poet's mother declares her to have been a lineal descendant of James I. of Scotland.

On a yellow faded marble scroll, in a recess formed by the end window, is an ancient monument to others of the Byron family, some of them being illustrious, so the inscription runs, for "great piety and goodness."

A simple but bitter remark of the poet to one

of his friends, has always seemed to me a key of many of his deepest faults of character. He said, — "I never was governed when I was young." There was certainly much of latent sweetness in his nature. Reading his "Childe Harold" by the mountain grave of that pure spirit, Alexander Vinet, at Clarens, and looking down on the placid Lake of Geneva, where the poet invoked that

> "Undying Love who here ascends a throne,
> To which the steps are mountains," —

I felt that his verse was no desecration of that sublime scenery. I do not, however, blame England for being slow to readopt the memory of an outcast son, who dishonored the two great lights of her glory, her Virtue and her Home. "But," as Richter says, "have not giants in all nations warred against God?"

Newstead Abbey is about three miles from Hucknall Church, and is too familiar a pilgrimage for me to tread over. I had some difficulty in getting to it, being compelled to walk a goodly distance in a hot sun, and then through the assistance of a little lame boy who was the only person I could interest in my behalf, was enabled to hear of some sort of wheeled conveyance, and to have the promise of being taken up in an express-wagon "in aboot arf an oor." This was indeed good news, for in my tired and heated state even a donkey-cart would have been hailed with joy.

The half hour had grown into an hour or more, when a good fellow driving an ample "spring-cart"

wheeled up. I tumbled into its capacious depths, and as we jogged on I thought of Mrs. Poyser's ambitious speech, — "If you can catch Adam Bede for a husband, Hetty, you'll ride in your own spring-cart some day." I had attained that sublime position, and was in high spirits, when we met the Lord of Newstead Abbey, the late Colonel Wildman, driving out his family, with whom my coachman exchanged bows as if they were old acquaintances.

Let us now pay a brief visit to the Abbey of Peterborough, built originally in the fens where English piety in ancient times found its last refuge. Its inclosure of garden, graveyard, cloisters, and schools, is a most venerable spot. The nave of the Cathedral is Norman Gothic, with three tiers of bow-headed arches forming the sides and the clerestory. The length is four hundred and seventy-nine feet. The masses of shadow, and the bold mingling of different kinds of arches and of their intersecting lines, make the interior effect singularly impressive. Its wealth of sepulchral brasses is still remarkable, though greatly despoiled in the civil wars. These brasses, once called "latteen," laid in Purbeck marble, were really the first stereotypes. The exterior needs a lofty tower and spire, but the defect is almost compensated by the beauty of the west front, with its three deep-recessed pointed doors, like a great organ-front. The south gateway of the court leading into the Bishop's Palace is a gem of the "Early English" style; its

graceful groined roof and its turrets adorned with sculptures of saints and kings, struck me as being a sort of ecclesiastical or Gothic "arch of Titus," as indeed well corresponding to the old Roman arch in size and beauty.

Peterborough was the native place of Dr. Paley. Though a city, it is one without a mayor or corporation.

I was attracted around by the way of Ely, to see the Cathedral there, instead of taking the Huntingdon route more directly to Cambridge. This was quite a loss, for Oliver Cromwell was born in Huntingdon. Hinchinbroke House, the property of his family, now belongs to the Earl of Sandwich.

But Ely Cathedral was not to be lost. It is frozen history as well as "frozen music." I value these old structures because such wealth of English history is embodied in them; their human interest after all is greater than their artistic. Ely is said to be derived from "willow," or a kind of willow or ozier island, upon which the abbey and town were built in the midst of the marshes. Among these impenetrable marshes Hereward the Saxon retreated; and here, too, we have that bit of genuine antique poetry which from its simplicity must have described a true scene; and we catch a glimpse of that pleasing and soothing picture amid those rude and bloody days, of King Canute and his knights resting for a moment upon their toiling oars to hear the vesper-song of the monks: —

"Merrily sung the monks within Ely
When Canute the king rowed thereby;
'Row me, knights, the shore along,
And listen we to these monks' song.'"

The foundation of the Cathedral was laid in 1083, and it was finished in 1534. In printed lists of its bishops, as in those of other English cathedral churches, I have noticed that they are given in their chronological succession, right on, the bishops of the Reformed Church being linked upon the Roman Catholic bishops. The bishopric of Ely was partially carved out of the bishopric of Lincoln, and comprises Cambridge in its jurisdiction. It has therefore had all the riches, influence, taste and learning of the University to bear upon the restoration of its noble old Cathedral; and of all the old churches of England this one exhibits indications of the greatest modern care and thought bestowed upon it. It glows with new stained-glass windows, splendid marbles, exquisite sculptures, and bronze-work. Its western tower, 266 feet in height, turreted spires, central octagon tower, flying buttresses, unequalled length of 517 feet, and its vast irregular bulk soaring above the insignificant little town at its foot, make it a most commanding object seen from the flat plain.

What is called the octagon, which has taken the place of the central tower that had fallen, is quite an original feature of the church. Eight arches rising from eight ponderous piers form a windowed tower, or lantern, which lets in a flood of light upon the otherwise gloomy interior. Above the

key-stone of each arch is the carved figure of a saint. The new brasses of the choir are wonderfully elaborate. The bronze scroll and vine-work of the gates and lamps, for grace and oriental luxuriance of fancy, for their arabesque and flower designs, might fitly have belonged to King Solomon's Temple of old. The modern wood-work of the choir compares also well with the ancient wood-work carving. Gold stars on azure ground, and all vivid coloring and gilding, are freely used. The new "Reredos," or altar-screen, is one marvelous crystallization of sculptures. The ancient Purbeck marble pillars have been scraped and re-polished, and form a fine contrast to the white marbles on which they are set.

If indeed one wishes to see what modern enthusiasm, art, and lavish wealth can do for the restoration and adorning of one of these old temples, he must go to Ely Cathedral. But he will hear the worthy verger, as usual, hurl anathemas against Cromwell; and if he go into the "Lady Chapel" and see every head of every statue (and their name is legion) systematically knocked off, he will feel a pious indignation too against the doer of it; but he will assoil the soul of Cromwell, as being engaged in bigger business of destruction than this.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

THE Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are wonderfully well matched in point of historical interest, size, and picturesque beauty of buildings and situation. Oxford, as a city, has some superior advantages over Cambridge, and its one magnificent High Street is unrivaled. But there are particular points in Cambridge more striking than any thing in Oxford. Nothing in Oxford is so majestic as King's College Chapel in Cambridge, nor so lovely as the grounds behind Trinity College; and I was struck with the positive resemblances between Oxford and Cambridge. Both are situated on slightly rising ground, with broad green meadows and a flat, fenny country stretching around them. The winding and muddy Cam, holding the city in its arm, might be easily taken for the fond but still more capricious Isis, though both of them are insignificant streams; and Jesus' College Green and Midsummer Common at Cambridge, correspond to Christ Church Meadows and those bordering the Cherwell at Oxford. At a little distance, the profile of Cambridge is almost precisely like that of Oxford, while glorious King's College Chapel makes up all deficiencies

in the architectural features and outline of Cambridge.

Starting from Bull Inn, we will not linger long in the streets, though we might be tempted to do so by the luxurious book-shops, but will make straight for the gateway of Trinity College. This gateway is itself a venerable and imposing structure, although a mass of houses clustered about it destroys its unity with the rest of the college buildings. Between its two heavy battlemented towers is a statue of Edward III. and his coat-of-arms; and over the gate Sir Isaac Newton had his observatory.

This gateway introduces into a noble court, called the Great Court, with a carved stone fountain or canopied well in the centre, and buildings of irregular sizes and different ages inclosing it. The chapel which forms the northern side of this court dates back to 1564. In the ante-chapel, or vestibule, stands the statue of Sir Isaac Newton, by Roubilliac, bearing the inscription, "Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit!" It is spirited, but, like all the works of this artist, unnaturally attenuated. The head is compact rather than large, and the forehead square rather than high. The face has an expression of abstract contemplation, and is looking up, as if the mind were just fastening upon the beautiful law of light which is suggested by the hand holding a prism. By the door of the screen entering into the chapel proper, are the sitting statues of Sir Francis Bacon and Dr. Isaac Barrow, two more

giants of this college. The former represents the philosopher in a sitting posture, wearing his high-crowned hat, and leaning thoughtfully upon his hand. Isaac Barrow, who sits beside him, though a wonderfully learned man, was sometimes what old English authors called a "painful preacher." On one occasion, after preaching three full hours, the organ set up to play, and fairly blew him down; and being afterward asked if he were not fatigued by so great an intellectual effort, he replied, that "indeed he did feel slightly fatigued with standing up that time."

There is also in this vestibule the effigy of a ruder Trinity Anak still, Dr. Porson. At evening prayers in this chapel I could fully agree with the remark of Mr. Bristed, who was a student of Trinity, that a company of smooth-faced youths in white surplices have a certain "innocent look," as if they were a choir of Fra Angélico's angels.

The hall of Trinity College, which separates the Great Court from the Inner or Neville Court, (courts in Cambridge, quads in Oxford,) is the glory of the college. Its interior is upward of one hundred feet in length, oak-wainscoted, with deep beam-work ceiling, now black with age, and an enormous fireplace, which in winter still blazes with its old hospitable glow. At the upper end where the professors and fellows sit, hang the portraits of Bacon and Newton. I had the honor of dining in this most glorious of banqueting-halls, at the invitation of a fellow of the college. Before

meals, the ancient Latin grace, somewhat abbreviated, is pronounced.

On the side of the hall, and in the same building, is the college kitchen. A glance at the scientific operations of this purely physical department of the University, at the gigantic spits and pans, the vast turtle-shells and pantry-moulds, the hills of potted meats, pickles, and preserves, the cavernous fireplaces, huge cranes and brawny scullions, the blaze, the stir, the hissing activity, would convince one that England dines her scholars bravely every day — those of them, at least, who can pay for it.

In the centre of the same range of buildings is the Combination Room, an elegantly furnished parlor, ornamented with portraits, where the fellows of the college retire after dinner to discuss their dessert and university politics. Upon the sideboard I noticed a large and elaborate wedding-cake, recently sent in by a fellow to his quondam bachelor friends, this being the immemorial penalty of his having given up their fellowship, and the selfish luxuries of his former bachelor condition for a much better fellowship.

We pass through the hall into Neville Court, three sides of which are cloistered, and in the eastern end of which stands the fine library building, built through the exertions of Dr. Barrow, who was determined that nothing in Oxford should surpass his own darling college. The library room is nearly two hundred feet long, with tesselated marble floor, and with the busts of the great men of

Trinity ranged around the walls. The wood-carvings of Grinling Gibbons that adorn this room, of flowers, fruit, wheat, grasshoppers, birds, are of singular beauty, and make the hard oak fairly blossom and live. This library contains the most complete collection of the various editions of Shakspeare's Works which exists. Thorwaldsen's statue of Byron, who was a student of this college, stands at the south end of the room. It represents him in the bloom of youth, attired as a pilgrim, with pencil in hand and a broken Grecian column at his feet. Take any group of people, old men and children, middle-aged men and beautiful maidens, and however much of power, loveliness, and poetry there may be in the group, yet let a young man in the first glory of his strength and beauty pass by, and he has the homage of all hearts — he is king of all. But add to this genius, like a visible crown on his open brow and clustering locks, as Byron is here represented, and he is irresistible. The poet is set before us as we all wish he might have been, and perhaps could have been, but was not. It is the ideal poet of the "Childe Harold"— he who led captive at his will the old and young, the good and bad, the high and low, of the last generation of men. It is surely a cause of sincere thankfulness that the day of Byron has passed away, especially among the young in our colleges; and that the day of a far nobler, purer, and profounder poet, Tennyson, has risen like a day-spring from on high.

One is here shown the cast of Newton's face,

taken after death; also his own telescope, and many of his mathematical instruments, extremely rude and simple, showing that it is not the perfection of the instrument or the tool that makes the great astronomer or discoverer, but the force of the brain and the spiritual eye that lie behind it. Trinity has some five hundred scholars and about sixty fellows; and it is not too much to say that, with its ancient names and associates, its modern corps of instruction, and the number of its students, it is the first and most illustrious single college in the world.

As to the numbers in the entire Cambridge University, I have seen this statement recently made, and believe it to be correct: There are 517 matriculants, and the whole number of residents is 2038, of whom 1226 are in the colleges, and 812 are lodgers.

The west end of Trinity borders on the Cam, and we will now take a look at a few of the colleges lying along upon the river bank.

The next neighbor to Trinity on the north, and the next in point of size and importance in the University, is St. John's College. It has four courts, one opening into the other. It also is jealously surrounded by its high walls, and its entrance is by a ponderous old tower, having a statue of St. John the Evangelist over the gateway. Through a covered bridge, not unlike "the Bridge of Sighs," one passes over the stream to a group of modern majestic castellated buildings of yellow stone be-

longing to this college. The grounds, walks, and thick groves connected with this building form an elegant academic shade, and tempt to a life of exclusive study and scholarly accumulation, of growing fat in learning, without perhaps growing muscular in the effort to use it. The plan of fellowships, which is the peculiar feature of the English University, and which often is continued in by a scholar for a whole life, is a remnant of monkish days, of the celibacy of the clergy, and must inevitably lead to this life of literary epicureanism. It has, however, its advantages. A fellow of Oxford told a friend of mine that while thirty-nine good men were spoiled by it, the fortieth man was a grand production — perhaps the topmost perfection of science and civilization. There is some truth in this. Ample time is given, and every other outward aid, for the slow and symmetric development of a noble intellect. The genial sun shines on it for years, and its roots strike down into the rich soil of ancient learning, of the mould of ages, till its top reaches heaven. But we in America could ill afford to spoil so many good trees in order to make one tall mast. We prefer our own system of college eduation, which brings up more minds to an evenly high level of mental cultivation, practical scholarship, and general usefulness. Our collegiate system might perhaps combine something of this English system of fellowships in the modified system of scholarships, extending somewhat beyond the term of the college course, and which is already

the tendency in our colleges. The system of English fellowships, it is said, produces the pure love of study; the desire of human applause dies out; the popular ends or rewards of scholarship are despised; and the love of learning for itself alone becomes the great incentive. A university man will often bring out, with immense labor and learning, an anonymous edition of a difficult Latin author, or an elegant translation of a Greek dramatist. He shuns public notice. He sticks to his incognito, or goes on noiselessly heaping up lore and producing learned works, that in any other country would make him a distinguished name.

We give an extract from a curious account of the manners of scholars at St. John's in the reign of Edward VI., commending it to the attention of our American young gentlemen, who sometimes complain of the hardships of college life: — "There be dyverse ther, which ryse dayly betwixt foure and fyve of the clocke in the mornynge, and from fyve untill sixe of the clocke use commen prayer, with an exhortation of God's worde, in a common chappell, and from sixe unto ten of the clocke use eyther private study or commune lectures. At tenne of the clocke they go to dynner, where they be content with a penye pyece of biefe among foure, havynge a few porage made of the brothe of the same biefe wythe salte and otemel, and nothyng else. After dynner, they go eyther teachynge or learnynge untill fyve of the clocke in the evenynge, when they have a supper not much better

than the diner; immedyately after the whyche, they go eyther to reasonynge in problemes, or into some other studye, untill it be nine or tenne of the clocke, and there beynge without fyre are fayne to walke or runne up and downe halfe an houre to gette a heate on thire feete when they go to bed."

Among the eminent men of St. John's College are Ben Jonson, Stillingfleet, and Sir Robert Cecil. This was also Henry Kirke White's college; and a monument has been erected to his memory in the Church of all Saints by an American. A far greater poet, William Wordsworth, was educated here, and it was a college vacation trip to Switzerland that was the occasion of the poems called "Descriptive Sketches," which were his first publication.

On the other side of Trinity, to the south, is Trinity Hall, a small college, and almost exclusively devoted to law studies. Its buildings are not remarkable. Frederick Denison Maurice and his brother-in-law, John Sterling, came here from Trinity College. Maurice was then a Dissenter, and for that reason could not take advantage of the fellowship which was offered him.

Directly to the west of Trinity Hall is Gonville and Caius College, called in Cambridge parlance "Keys." The southern court has three gates — of Humility, Virtue, and Honor. The edifices are of the Italian style, and their appearance is quiet and scholastic. Jeremy Taylor — the golden-mouthed preacher, whose imagination was Oriental

even under the foggy skies of England — studied in this college.

Next to the north of Trinity Hall is beautiful Clare Hall. In the civil war this college suffered greatly, and especially its chapel. The following is an item from the report of the Parliamentary commission: — "We destroyed in the presence of Mr. Gunny, fellow, 3 cherubims, the 12 apostles, a cross, and 6 of the fathers, and ordered the steps to be levelled." The long river-front of this college is exceedingly elegant, being built in the Italian style of the 17th century. Seating one's self upon the river-bank, under the great willow-tree at the southern angle of this hall, one may watch the young men darting by in their narrow "shells," and disappearing like noiseless phantoms under the shadowy arches of the old bridge. Beautiful, dreamy college life! how swiftly it glides into and under the dark shadows of the actual, and its free joyousness vanishes!

King's College, founded by Henry VII., from whom it takes its name, comes next in order. Its wealthy founder, who, like his son, loved architectural pomp, had great designs in regard to this institution, which were cut off by his death, but the massive unfinished gateway of the old building stands as a regal specimen of what the whole plan would have been had it been carried out. Henry VIII., however, perfected some of his father's designs on a scale of true magnificence. King's College Chapel, the glory of Cambridge and England,

is in the Perpendicular style of English Gothic. It is three hundred and sixteen feet long, eighty-four feet broad, its sides ninety feet, and its tower one hundred and forty-six feet high. Its lofty interior stone roof in the fan-tracery form of groined ceiling, has the appearance of being composed of immense white scallop-shells, with heavy corbels of rich flowers and bunches of grapes suspended at their points of junction. The ornamental emblem of the Tudor rose and portcullis is carved in every conceivable spot and nook. Twenty-four stately and richly painted windows, divided into the strong vertical lines of the Perpendicular style, and crossed at right angles by lighter transoms and more delicate circular mouldings, with the great east and west windows flashing in the most vivid and superb colors, make it a gorgeous vision of light and glory. One could wish that the clumsy wooden screen in the centre of the chapel were away, so that he might at a glance see the whole length and breadth and height of this truly august room. It has been sometimes compared to the Sistine Chapel at Rome; but with all the advantages of Michael Angelo's adorning hand in the wonderful frescoes of the chapel, that is but a dull and cavernous apartment, something belonging to this earth, compared with the soaring majesty and ethereal splendors of this gem of Gothic architecture. This is an instance of the *last* pure English Gothic.

Queen's College, the next south upon the river, is distinguished as the residence of Erasmus during his

second visit to England from 1510 to 1516. He suffered much persecution and obloquy in his attempt to introduce the study of Greek into Cambridge, which study was, curiously enough, still more obstinately opposed at Oxford. Erasmus speaks of the educational condition of Cambridge in his day thus: — "About thirty years ago nothing was taught in the University of Cambridge except Alexander, (the middle-age Latin poem of Walter de Castellio) the Parva Logicalia, as they called them, (a scholastic treatise written by Petrus Hispanus,) and three old dictates of Aristotle, and questions of Scotus. In process of time there was an accession of good learning: a knowledge of mathematics was introduced; then came in a new or at least a regenerate Aristotle; the knowledge of the Greek literature was added, with so many authors whose very names were not formerly known." We do indeed owe the revival of sound learning in England, as well as on the Continent, to the Reformation. This college has two courts. There is a fine terrace-walk on the opposite bank of the river shaded by noble elms.

Turning now from the river-side, and continuing our stroll along Trumpington Street, we come to St. Peter's College, the oldest foundation in Cambridge, having been established in 1257. We sometimes speak of old Yale and old Harvard, but when we look upon a college which dates back to the time of the Crusades, when much of Europe as well as Asia was still lying in heathen darkness,

we feel that our American colleges are but wild young children of the forest and of yesterday. St. Peter's was originally, as most of the older colleges were, an ecclesiastical "hostel," half-convent, half-hospital; its buildings are modernized and are not noteworthy. The celebrated Puritan general, Colonel Hutchinson, was educated here.

On the same street, and nearly opposite St. Peter's, is Pembroke College, a most interesting and venerable pile, with a quaint gable front. Its buildings are small, and it is said, for some greatly needed city improvement, will probably be soon torn down; on hearing which, I thought, would that some genius like Aladdin's, or some angel who bore through the air the chapel of the "Lady of Loretto," might bear these old buildings bodily to our land and set them down on the Yale grounds, so that we might exchange their picturesque antiquity for the present college buildings, which, though endeared to us by many associations, are like a row of respectable brick factories.

Edmund Spenser and William Pitt belonged to Pembroke; and Gray, the poet, driven from St. Peter's by the pranks and persecutions of his fellow-students, spent the remainder of his university life here. Some of the cruel, practical jokes inflicted upon a timid and delicate nature sound like the modern days of "hazing freshmen." Among his other fancies and fears, Gray was known to be especially afraid of fire, and kept always coiled up in his room a rope-ladder, in case of

emergency. By a preconcerted signal, on a dark winter night, a tremendous cry of fire was raised in the court below, which caused the young poet to leap out of bed and to hastily descend his rope-ladder into a mighty tub of ice-cold water, set for that purpose.

St. Katharine's Hall is also situated on Trumpington Street, immediately to the south of King's College. It is distinguished for the great number of eminent theologians who have been educated within its walls, among whom was Thomas Sherlock. It is a small college and its buildings are plain. Corpus Christi, just opposite, has a towered and battlemented frontage, and its buildings are of imposing Tudor architecture.

Following up Trumpington and Trinity Streets to the north, we come into Bridge Street, which is continued along in Magdalene Street, upon which is Magdalene College, standing also partly on the river, which curves in here. Its library contains the valuable antique collection of black letter volumes of Samuel Pepys. Charles Kingsley was a student of Magdalene. It is called a plain college; but what would be called plain in the Old World would be elaborately ornamental with us.

Coming back to Bridge Street, and turning to the west into Jesus' Lane, we arrive at Jesus' College, a most delightful and retired spot, the very home and haunt of the Muses. The old saying is, "Pray at King's, eat at Trinity, and study at Jesus." Springing out of an ancient nunnery, it

still retains its antique cloisters and its grave and almost austere ecclesiastical character. The garden and grounds are of dark and rich luxuriance, and will compare with any in Oxford. It has been a college about five hundred years, having been founded four years after the discovery of America. The number of students is now small, averaging some sixty. Archbishop Cranmer was a scholar of this foundation. Coleridge's room is in the oldest and dingiest portion of the edifice, looking out upon the secluded garden. But the outside of these college rooms gives little idea of the comfort and oftentimes luxury of their interior; and when the rough oak "sporting-door," as it is called, opens upon apartments which unite the privacy of ancient monkish seclusion with the elegant ease of the modern refined and wealthy man of letters, the visitor, if he come from the New World, with its simpler ideas of college life and manners, is filled with astonishment. Returning to Bridge Street, at the corner of Jesus' Lane and Bridge Street, we come upon Sidney Sussex College, with its formal high-stepped gable-ends, founded in 1596 by the aunt of Sir Philip Sidney. The buildings are of the later Elizabethan style, with red brick copings. The master's garden connected with this college is a pleasant and shut-in spot, with an abundance of old trees, and is almost as shadowy and solitary as the heart of a forest. These gardens and parks are a prime feature of the English University. They are kept in exquisite trim, and

are rich with beds of bright, rare flowers, and beautiful with their smooth-shorn lawns, filled with that soft, mossy-velvet turf — that "living green" — so peculiar to misty England. What could be a more grateful resort for the weary student than to be able to spend a few moments in one of these still and noble gardens; and what is more purifying and vivifying to the mind itself than this daily contact with the most beautiful things and sights of Nature? It is grievous to think that our American colleges were not able to reserve for themselves broader grounds for the free cultivation of Nature about them; that, instead of being placed in the centre of bustling towns, they could not have been more entirely secluded or shut in from the noisy outside world by a screen of shady trees and quiet meadows; and thus been wholly consecrated to the purposes of study and spiritual improvement.

Sidney Sussex and Immanuel Colleges were called by Archbishop Laud "the nurseries of Puritanism." The college-book of Sidney Sussex contains this record: "Oliverus Cromwell Huntingdoniensis admissus ad commeatum sociorum Aprilis vicesimo sexto, tutore mag. Richardo Howlet [1616]." He had just completed his seventeenth year. Cromwell's father dying the next year, and leaving but a small estate, the young "Protector" was obliged to leave college for more practical pursuits. "But some Latin," Bishop Burnet said, "stuck to him." An oriel window, looking upon Bridge Street, is pointed out as marking his room;

and in the master's lodge is a likeness of Cromwell in his later years, said to be the best extant. The gray hair is parted in the middle of the forehead, and hangs down long upon the shoulders, like that of Milton. The forehead is high and swelling, with a deep line sunk between the eyes. The eyes are gray. The complexion is florid and mottled, and all the features rugged and large. Heavy, corrugated furrows of decision and resolute will are plowed about the mouth, and the lips are shut like a vice. Otherwise, the face has a calm and benevolent look, not unlike that of Benjamin Franklin. Indeed — although in an æsthetic point of view the comparison might not be considered a flattering one by the distinguished clergyman — the face struck me as bearing a rough likeness to the leading minister of New Haven. In Sidney Sussex, Cromwell's College, and in two or three other colleges of Cambridge University, we find the head-sources of English Puritanism, which, in its best form, was no wild and unenlightened enthusiasm, but the product of thoughtful and educated mind. We shall come soon upon the name of Milton. John Robinson, our national father, and the Moses of our national exodus, as well as Elder Brewster, John Cotton, and many others of the principal Puritan leaders and divines, were educated at Cambridge. Sir Henry Vane, the younger, whom Macintosh regarded as not inferior to Bacon in depth of intellect, and to whom Milton addressed the sonnet, who was chosen Governor

of Massachusetts, and who infused much of his own thoughtful and profound spirit into Puritan institutions at home and in America, was a student of Magdalene College, Oxford.

A little further on to the south of Sidney Sussex, upon St. Andrew's Street, is Christ's College. The front and gate are old; the other buildings are after a design by Inigo Jones. In the garden stands the famous mulberry-tree said to have been planted by Milton. It is still vigorous, though carefully propped up and mounded around, and its aged trunk is sheathed with lead. The martyr Latimer, John Howe, the prince of theological writers, and Archdeacon Paley, belonged to this college; but its most brilliant name is that of John Milton. He entered in 1624; took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1628, and that of Master of Arts in 1632. This is the entry in the college record: "Johannes Milton Londinensis, filius Johannis, institutus fuit in literarum elementis sub magistro Hill gymnasii Paulini præfecto, admissus est pensionarius minor, Feb. 12, 1624, sub M^ro^ Chappell, solvitque pro ingr. 0. 10*s*. 0*d*." Milton has indignantly defended himself against the slander of his political enemies, that he left college in disgrace, and calls it "a commodious lie." In answer to the scornful question as to "what were his ways while at the University," he says: "Those morning haunts are what they should be at home, not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring — in winter, often ere the sound

of any bell awoke men to labor or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught; then with useful and generous labors preserving the body's health and hardiness to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion and our country's liberty, in sound bodies to stand and cover their stations." There are similar words of Milton which ought to be engraved on the heart of every young man and scholar: "He who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought of himself to be a true poem, that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing the high praises of heroic men and famous cities, unless he has himself the experiences and the practice of all that is praiseworthy." When we reflect that Milton came within a hair's breadth of laying his own gray head on the block, and in fact invited death with unbending will for truth's sake, we may see in him that "true poem" of a heroic life. It is noticeable that Cambridge has produced all the great poets; Oxford, with her yearnings and strivings, none. Milton were glory enough; but Spenser, Gray, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tennyson (a Lincolnshire man), may be thrown in. It might be said of Cambridge, as Dr. Johnson said of Pembroke College, "We are a nest of singing birds here." Milton, from the extreme elegance

of his person and his mind, rather than from any effeminateness of character, was called while in the University, "the lady of Christ's College." The young poet could not have been inspired by outward Nature in his own room; for the miniature dormer-windows are too high to look out of at all. It is a small attic chamber, with very steep narrow stairs leading up to it. The name of "Milton" (so it is said to be, though hard to make out) is cut in the old oaken door.

Upon the same street, further to the south, is Emmanuel College, "a seminary," as it has been called, "for Puritan divines." Its founder, Sir Walter Mildmay, was the leader of the Puritan party in Queen Elizabeth's day; and during the immediately succeeding reigns the college flourished beyond any other. It sent forth a great number of preachers, who gave a mighty impulse to the spiritual and political struggles of those days. Would it be too much to trace our own religious and political liberties back to this and its sister colleges? This college is intimately and peculiarly American in its names and associations. John Robinson, Samuel Stone and Thomas Hooker the founders of Connecticut, together with Thomas Shepard, and Henry Dunster the second president of Harvard College, were graduates of Emmanuel. This college has a long and more modern Ionic front upon the street, though some of its buildings are old, and of the Tudor Gothic style. Ralph Cudworth was a student of Emmanuel.

Following St. Andrew's Street down into Regent Street, we come upon the extensive grounds and classic edifices of Downing College, the youngest of the university brood, founded in 1800 by Sir George Downing, the descendant of a distinguished Puritan statesman of the same name. Downing College has some peculiarities in the terms of its admissions and fellowships.

We have now walked around all the colleges; and even from this glance we can, I think, see that these venerable piles, these names of living power, these portraits of great Englishmen adorning the public halls where the students gather morning and evening, these historic scenes and walks and shades, are in themselves strong inspiring forces to awaken the best ambition of young minds. " Why could we not now begin to have in our own colleges more of this sensible appeal to the past, more of the influence of the commemorative arts, to stimulate the forming educated mind of the country and draw it toward lofty aims and ideas?

I was so fortunate, or perhaps unfortunate, as to be in Oxford during " Commemoration " week. Its heat, bustle, and confusion remind one vividly of " Commencement " season at Yale or Harvard. The town was so full that I was obliged to find lodgings in Woodstock, eight miles distant. Every vehicle had also been forestalled, though at last an antique chariot was dragged to light, whose bowl-like body, with its perked-up lofty ends, the one precisely like the other, made it resemble a Roman

galley, such as might have been used in the sea-fight at Actium. Nevertheless, a comfortable voyage was made to the "Bear Inn," Woodstock. In good season the next morning, of a bright hot July day, I returned to Oxford. Across the flat meadows and through the shimmering summer air the elegant spires and domes of Oxford appeared; and on passing "Martyr's Memorial," the general movement and stir of the great day was already visible in the wide half-rural street. The shovel-crowned Oxford caps and billowy black silk gowns of the collegians, were rapidly sailing to and fro; multitudes of ladies were astir to secure good places; and the more ponderous bodies of university dignitaries were beginning to slowly collect their forces. The point of interest was the building called the "Theatre," on Broad Street, and a crowd of visitors had gathered at the closed iron gate that opened into the yard in front of the "schools." Here stood the proctors, or, in Oxford parlance, "pokers," keeping guard with their long sticks. Rolls of thunderous noise came from the impatient students assembled within the building. By the courtesy of a doctor of divinity, in scarlet robe, with sleeves of black velvet, I at length gained admission. There the scene was peculiar. The room is a lofty circular area, and the undergraduates were clustered like a great swarm of bees, tier above tier, in the upper galleries. There was a circle of ladies in the lower gallery; but it must have been a considerable trial of the nerves

for them to remain there. Surely, it was a wonderfully noisy time, for English lungs are powerful. There is very fair wit sometimes struck out by the students on Commemoration Day; but I must say that I did not hear any, perhaps from the fact that it was so difficult to hear any thing at all. For one just from the New World — from the woods as it were — feeling a proper sense of awe in regard to all things connected with a university founded by Alfred the Great, it was rather odd to be suddenly ushered into such a babel and roar of nonsense, proceeding from the throats of the express flower of British youth.

As the begowned regents, doctors, and officials of high and low degree began to assemble and take their seats on a lower circle of the proscenium, there was now a general groan for some one, called out by name, and then a tremendous hurra for another, but the groans predominated. Brays of donkeys, crowings of cocks, laughings of hyenas, and all the uncommon sounds that a crowd of college boys, totally unrestrained and stimulated by rivalry, can make, gave the only variety to the steady Bull-of-Bashan roar kept up by all. Wit, sharp and saucy, would have been a relief; but, as I say, I did not hear it. The capital hit at Tennyson, some years ago, made by a collegian, is quite familiar perhaps to my readers, but will bear repeating. The poet is said to be as negligent in his personal appearance and dress as poets commonly are. That morning as he came into the "Thea-

tre" and took his seat among the distinguished guests, he was particularly unkempt and uncared for in the outer man. A cool, drawling voice was heard from the highest student gallery, saying: "Did your mother call you early, Mr. Tennyson?" The pensive author of "May Queen" might have been excused for laughing heartily.

At length the High Chancellor rose — a fine-looking, dignified man — and putting on his cap, pronounced the usual opening Latin address. For a few moments he was allowed to proceed quietly, and I thought that the famous Oxford saturnalia was ended, and that the regular exercises of the day had begun. But no! A voice from the student tiers began to mimic the tone of the speaker; then as any personal eulogistic allusion occurred, some one would squeak out, "Put it on strong!" Then there would be a general clamor, and several times in the course of the twenty minutes' address, the Vice-Chancellor was compelled to stop, trying to look composed, but, as it appeared to me, feeling considerably chafed. A Latin essay was then read, interrupted at every sentence by "We 've heard that before," and "The rest to be understood," etc. The speaker struggled gallantly through, like a stanch craft in a hurricane. Any tendency to the Ciceronian was instantly greeted with sarcastic shrieks, and rotund Latin sentences, with plenty of qualificatives and superlatives, helped out the orator's sentences in the same tone in which they were delivered, only "a little more so." So also fared

the addresses of the Professor of Civil Law and the Public Orator. But the pieces of the undergraduates were much less interrupted. They were, however, hurried through in low, monotonous voices, and at railroad speed, as if the speaker either feared the "boys-terous" comment or despised the part he was performing. The Newdegate or Prize Poem — the same for which Reginald Heber wrote his "Palestine" — was well delivered, and had a happily chosen theme, touching successfully now and then the chord of British patriotism, and calling forth great applause. There was also a Carmen Latinum, by a student of Balliol College. After the exercises, which were rather bluntly concluded, were ended, I had time to look about the "Theatre." It was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and was the gift of Archbishop Sheldon, whose plan in its foundation was to remove the secular ceremonies of the University from sacred buildings — a hint for our colleges. Here are celebrated "all the public acts of the University, the Comitia and Encœnia, and Lord Crewe's annual commemoration of founders and benefactors" — the great day at Oxford. This building forms one of that constellation of grand old edifices, made by the schools, the Bodleian Library, the Radcliffe Library, and Christ Church, which are the common heart and centre of the University.

The stone of which the Oxford College buildings are built is unfortunately a very soft stone, and the present ragged, scarred, and peeled condition of

those beautiful structures can hardly be imagined. Some of them are completely honey-combed. In many instances they are rebuilding, or rather making over the edifice stone for stone, in exactly the old style and pattern.

The ivy-mantled walls, green archery lawns, shadowy walks, brown sombre buildings, and venerable quadrangles of New College, William of Wykeham's College, especially delighted me. This is fed by the tributary of Winchester school, itself a titular college.

Old Exeter is undergoing a thorough transformation, and looks astonished at her own youthful magnificence. Her new chapel rivals the ancient glories of the place, especially in its stone and wood carvings, in which delicate passion-flowers, cut in oak, wreathe in with vine-leaves and lilies. Froude the historian studied at Exeter, and there caught the new impulse for historical studies which Dr. Arnold introduced from Germany. The beautiful soaring spire of St. Mary's Church, a majestic wedge, so strong and yet so light, and the square and pinnacled tower of Magdalen College, upon which the Latin anthem is sung every New-Year's morn, form the striking landmarks of Oxford, seen far over the flat meadows.

One is tempted to lay irreverent hand upon the smooth-worn monster brass nose of the gate of Brasenose College. It is said, however, that the name of the college has nothing to do with "Brass," but was derived from "Brasin-hous," the ancient

name of "Brew-house." Bishop Heber was a student of this college.

Most appropriately has this college honored the memory of another of her noblest sons, Frederick W. Robertson, with a memorial window in the chapel, surmounted by the inscription on a scroll "Te Deum laudat prophetarum laudabilis numerus." By his splendid powers that burned out with their own energy so quickly, and by his thoughts that seem to enter into the very shekinah of spiritual Truth, he has lighted the dark and struggling way of thousands. The true life which he lived, the great "fight of faith" which he waged, reflect back a purer glory on his college, than if he had fallen (as he sometimes wished to do) in the trenches before Sebastopol, or had won the fame of the first scholar on earth. In these walls he consecrated his early manhood to Christ; and it was all his life his constant thought and prayer how he might aid young men, especially educated young men, in their conflicts and doubts to come to the same Master, and find in him a higher light than that of learning — "to begin in youth to say with David, O God, thou art *my* God, early will I seek thee."

Oriel, Dr. Arnold's college, is the most battered and worn-looking of all the University buildings, which, taken together, form a kind of monumental history of England, exhibiting all its great historic epochs. The sombre influence even of Spain may be clearly traced in their architecture.

Queen's College, where the "boar's head" is served up on Christmas in memory of the legend of the student's escape by thrusting a volume of Aristotle down a wild boar's throat, has so fine a front on High Street that its modern style may be pardoned. Henry V. was once a scholar of this college.

But there is nothing in Oxford which, taken as a whole, quite equals Christ's College, at the termination of High Street, for the number of members upon its foundation, its great names, its "quads," and its famous "Hall," one hundred and fifteen feet by forty. This college, built by Cardinal Wolsey on the scale of his own magnificence, is *par eminence* the noblemen's college. These tufted gentlemen occupy at meal-time a raised platform by themselves — something which our republican taste could hardly brook, and which I have seen criticized in English papers. To spend a summer's afternoon sauntering along the broad walk of Christ's College, looking out upon the great smooth meadows and shining Cherwell on one side, and beautiful Merton College, with its masses of splendid trees and gardens on the other, with now and then the deep tones of the big bell in "Tom Tower" filling the air with solemn sound, Oxford would seem to be a place in which to forget the present, to lose the future, and to walk and muse life away in the dim cloisters of the past. Before leaving Christ's College it were well to remember that that great and holy man, William Tyndale,

was educated at Oxford, and was a poor obscure canon of Christ's College while yet in its infancy. Here he conceived the plan of printing an English translation of the Bible, and in conversation with his fellow-priests who derided the idea, he said: "If God spare me, before many years I will cause a boy that driveth a plow to know more of the Scriptures than you do." And this leads me to speak of a still nobler spot in Oxford, in comparison with which these academic buildings, with their thickly clustering associations of wisdom and learning sink into insignificance — I mean "The Martyrs' Memorial," erected over the spot where the three chief martyrs of the Reformation, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, suffered. This beautiful monument marks, as it were, the spiritual centre of England. It is such spots as these — the "Martyrs' Tree," at Brentwood, the place where Hooper was burned at Gloucester, and Smithfield Market — which make England holy ground. He who can read the account of those martyrdoms, especially in the fresh language of Froude, and not have his faith quickened and his heart filled with high emotion, has no English blood in his veins or Christian feeling in his soul. Through the deathless constancy of these men, we in America enjoy a pure faith and read a free Bible. They but testified to, they sealed with their blood, the faith which already lived and burned in the hearts of the common people of England. They were upheld by the encouraging words and prayers of the common

people as they went to the stake. They fought the battle of spiritual liberty for the English people, and for us who now live, and for all men.

My first impression of Oxford still remains, that it is the palace of the scholar — his paradise of literary rest, his final reward — rather than a place to *make* vigorous scholars and workingmen. Yet somehow or other England's great men have been educated here, and I have been struck by a remark in the "London Quarterly," drawing a comparison between a young man brought up at foreign universities and an English educated youth: "At the moment they have left their respective places of education, the young Englishman has little to show for his time and money, while the foreign young man is full of information and accomplishment. But in ten or twelve years the tables are turned. The foreign university man is still 'a lad in mind, and a babbler on the surface of every subject.' The Englishman has gone into the business of life with a mind so trained that he grasps at will the necessary knowledge of the subject before him." There must be something in English education, with its everlasting drill in Latin and Greek composition, and its hard metaphysics and logic, which, after all, develops and toughens the mental faculties. It may be narrower in range than the American course of study, but it nevertheless "educates," draws out the intellectual powers, and gives them manly grip and force. It teaches men to think closely and write well. But it is said that in an

Oxford education there is a want of definite aim and earnest principle. Beside Greek literature and English metaphysics, and now perhaps, since Dr. Arnold's time, the study of history, in the whole range of liberal studies which makes a man skillful in the business of life — especially the departments of physical science and modern languages — there is still a confessed deficiency at Oxford. Aristotle still rules. The physical sciences and modern languages have obtained no real recognition or solid respectable foothold at Oxford; and the same, with some modification, might be said of Cambridge. Many old-fashioned ideas prevent a more enlarged and practical course of study. The study of divinity, for example, which is above all others a branch fitted for maturer years and for a professional course, is pursued by academical students with no particular religious aim or preparation of spirit, and only to a superficial extent at best. Yet custom compels the reading of so much of Church history and theology, in which there is, after all, very little personal interest evoked. It is a system of getting themselves up for examinations, in which all the ingenuity and efforts of young men are concentrated to pass a critical goal, and to make the show, if they have not the reality, of thorough scholarship. The real hard study at Oxford, we have the impression, is mostly done by the young men who are striving for scholarships and university prizes. These are tempting baits. They confer even literary and political distinction; and some

of them amount to a substantial life-income, — say from £200 to £400, — so that it is a university saying that "a high degree man supports himself and his mother and sisters." To obtain these prizes there must be excessive hard study. Men are trained for these mental contests with the painful care and minute attention of physical athletes. They are reduced to a state of pure intellectual working activity, and then "crammed" with the express juices of the rarest scholarship. As the "lecture" is the vital principle of the German university system, and the "recitation" of the American, so, although there are professional lectures and recitations, "private tutorage" is the chief characteristic of the English university method of study. This of course adds greatly to the expenses of student life, but has its advantages. It might perhaps be introduced to a certain extent into our American college system, thus aiding the support of worthy scholars, and smoothing real difficulties in the path of the learner himself. For a young student to have the continual assistance of a highly scholarly mind, of a "junior wrangler" for instance, fresh and victorious from the arduous conflict, would be an immense aid in stimulating and directing his energies, although in many cases it may produce, as it does, intellectual weakness and enervation. But those who do not aim at high degrees in the English university, *may* escape with comparatively little labor. There is not that uniform and steady purpose brought to bear upon

the whole body of students that the American system of daily recitation and "marking" for stand produces. While the tone of scholarship among the best scholars is far higher than with us, the general standard both for entering and continuing in the University is, according to the late "Parliamentary Commissioners' Report," very imperfect. This Report says, among other things: "The standard of the matriculation examination varies at different colleges. At Christ Church a candidate is expected to construe a passage (which he has read before) of Virgil and another of Homer, to write a bit of Latin prose, to answer some simple grammatical questions, and show some acquaintance with arithmetic." In 1862 one third failed even to pass this simple test. This hardly coincides with Mr. Bristed's estimate of the standard of scholarship at the English schools. He says, "An Eton boy of nineteen is two years in advance of a Yale or Harvard valedictorian in all classical knowledge, and in all classical *elegances* immeasurably ahead of him." But Mr. Bristed, though he has written an admirable book, has, we know, a sort of chronic prejudice against American scholarship and American colleges. Some one has classified the students of Oxford into — 1, the reading men; 2, the idle slow men; 3, the good kind of fellows; 4, the idle fast or do-nothing men; 5, the regular fast men. Nevertheless, we can but acknowledge the superior thoroughness of English scholarship, its richer culture, and more permanent and sub-

stantial depth. What it does do it does well. Those who are scholars are genuine ones. They are inspired with a true love of sound learning which never leaves them.

The moral tone of the English university is not so high as that of our American colleges. Infinitely more money is spent in proportion to the number of students for horses, sporting, wine-suppers, and fast living. This is partly accounted for by the fact that as a general thing only the wealthiest class of young men can be educated at the two great universities, (for it would be useless to deny what they themselves glory in, that they are the highest expressions of the aristocratic principle in English society,) and partly from the simpler tone of New England and American life. Drinking and other vices have a lamentably free admission into these centres of Old-World civilization, where London itself is distant but half an hour's ride on the railroad. It were surely to be hoped that the young men of our American colleges will strive to compete with those of Oxford and Cambridge and of the German Universities, not in their deplorable rowdyism and their ability to drink eighty 'schoppen' of beer apiece, but in their true English manliness and muscle, and their high German ideals of brotherhood and broad independent culture.

There is one admirable feature that we might learn from the English university — its delightfully genial and social spirit. This is nourished by the

intimate family life of each particular college, having its own common table, home customs, and traditions. This sentiment of profound college *esprit de corps* never wears away, and results in friendships of the most tender, noble, and lasting kind. The Englishman's capacity for friendship, with all his crustaceous pride of temper, is, I have sometimes thought, greater than an American's; and why greater? Not from any greater depth of soul, but because the *boy* is kept fresh in him by the constant cultivation of early associations, and especially by the sympathies and memories of college days. There is far more poetry in English college-life than in ours. It is not so matter-of-fact. The continual association with what is venerable in the past and beautiful in Art and Nature, educates the heart as well as the intellect, and the whole man is rounded into nobler proportions. The "humanistic" element in education, as Mr. Gladstone calls it, is more thoroughly cultivated than with us. There certainly should be in every enlightened land those profound and tranquil springs of learning, removed aside from the pathway of traffic and the disturbing influences of a selfish, superficial, and money-making world; where the most noble and generous susceptibilities of the nature are developed; where youth may have its intellectual and spiritual ideals raised above the standards and successes of ordinary practical life. Then, when youth comes down into the world's agitated current, it will ride upon it strongly and

safely, for it has an inward strength that is superior to the world.

I need not spend time in speaking of the outward organization and government of the English university. Being almost entirely aristocratic, or more properly, oligarchical, it does not possess the organic unity of an American or even German university. It is a collection of different independent colleges, each absolute in its own dominions, having its own laws, existing by its own funds, and extremely jealous of the least infringement of its rights by the general government. Originally an ecclesiastical school attached to some religious house, each college still retains something of its exclusive monkish spirit, which stands in the way of very great unity of governmental discipline, and perhaps of rapid general improvement.

The full title of Cambridge College is, "The Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge."[1] These form the general government, concentrated in the higher assembly, which is thus composed: "All persons who are masters of arts or doctors in one or other of the three faculties, viz., divinity, civil law, or physic, having their names upon the college boards, holding any university office, or being resident in the town of Cambridge, have votes in this assembly." Besides this general senate, there is a more special council chosen yearly, called "The Caput," which approves of every proposal before it is submitted to

[1] Le Keux's *Memorials of Cambridge.*

the senate. "The Caput consists of the vice-chancellor, a doctor in each of the faculties, two masters of arts, and other subordinate members, nominated by the vice-chancellor." The meeting of the senate is held about once a fortnight, the quorum being forty members at its first session, and twenty-four at its second. If a motion pass the two houses of the senate (called regents and non-regents) it becomes a law. Each degree which is conferred undergoes the scrutiny of the senate. The strictly *executive* authority consists of a Chancellor, who is the representative head of the university, and who has authority for a mile around the town, excepting in cases of mayhem and felony; a high steward, who has power to try cases of felony; a vice-chancellor, elected annually by the senate, who does the Chancellor's duty in his absence, and who is to all intents and purposes the acting head of the university, taking the place of our president; a commissary; public orator; assessor; two proctors; and other minor administrative officers. There are two courts of law to try all cases (excepting those of mayhem and felony) having relation to any member of the university; which courts are conducted upon the common principles and forms of civil law. The two members of Parliament from Cambridge are chosen by the senate. The professors' salaries are drawn from varied sources and from very ancient and quaint foundations; some of them come directly from the revenue of the English government.

Perhaps the grand distinguishing feature of the English college, which, above all others, makes it differ from the German and American college, is what has been already alluded to, its system of "Fellowships." The college exists, above all, for the benefit of its "Fellows," who enjoy its literary and social advantages to the utmost. From this body, continually replenished by the best scholars of the University, the lecturers, professors, and officers are drawn. They are in fact the permanent nucleus, "the pillar and ground" of the university organization. They represent and control it. The students seem to come in as a secondary and necessary class, or as forming the material out of which "Fellows" are made and supported.

This system, monastic in its origin, and monastic, until very recently, in its condition of celibacy, has its evil as well as its good, even as it relates to the "Fellows" themselves. It brings together, it is true, a body of highly cultivated men, who are constantly increasing their mental cultivation and heaping up erudition. But the tendency is for them to become refined and critical, instead of broad-minded and practical scholars, penetrated with the spirit of the age, and having living sympathy with living men. They are tempted to work for the reputation of their college, instead of the highest good of the multitude of young minds who come under their shaping influence. They do not also, it is averred, actually produce as much in the way of original scholarship as might be expected from

such splendid opportunities. Besides, the system which sets a premium upon learning, and which makes the noblest studies the means and measure of pecuniary reward, cannot be considered as founded upon the broadest idea of education. The German idea is in the main superior to this. These Fellowships, since they may be held for a certain time without residence at the University, are, I have seen it stated, sought for with great avidity by those who expect to become lawyers, physicians, and clergymen, and who do not intend to connect their lives permanently with the University; in this way they are afforded support and a certain standing, as it were, in the transition period before they are well able to stand by their own strength and efforts. The temptation in such a case would seem to be, to retain as long as possible that support and stimulus, whether of a moral or pecuniary nature, which is so much needed at the very outset of a professional life.

Therefore, while we honor and reverence these glorious old universities, the parents of our own colleges, the nurses of English learning and letters, we would not copy them too closely, nor would we hastily pronounce upon the inferiority of our own systems of education for our own peculiar wants and civilization. While the German university is somewhat too advanced, learned, and professional for our present needs, the English university is in some respects too exclusively national, stiff, and impractical for our imitation. We can learn much

from both; and so long as we have before us such living representatives of English university education as Gladstone, Goldwin Smith, Trench, Stanley, Froude, Kingsley, Ruskin, Lord Derby, Tennyson, we must feel that there is something in it whose depth we have not comprehended, and which draws from sources of life and power that are unseen.

CHAPTER XVII.

LONDON TO FOLKESTONE.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, in a playful mood, is said to have sent a message to Miss Marsh, the authoress of "The Life of Headley Vicars," asking her "when and by whom she had taken orders?" I wished to see this noble Christian woman, and the barn where she preached to the poor. Seven or eight miles to the south of London, leaving Sydenham and the Crystal Palace a little to the west, is Beckenham, a common country English village, pretty enough as that part of Surrey County is, but in no way remarkable. Walking past the inn, and the butcher's shop, and the baker's, and the blacksmith's, I did indeed at last come to the barn standing in the meadows, where Miss Marsh collects her motley audience of delvers and ditchers. Her own residence is at the other end of the village, in a pleasant mansion set back a little from the road, with many fine old trees and a smooth lawn about it. Before I saw Miss Marsh I visited the village church, where there is a monument recently erected to the memory of Captain Vicars. It is neatly designed, with the ornament of a carved sword, sash-knot and

scroll. This is one expression in the epitaph: "He fell in battle, and 'slept in Jesus' on the night of the 22d of March, 1855, and was buried before Sebastopol."

Miss Marsh, as she entered the parlor with a quiet step and a pleasant greeting, impressed me with her dignity and winning feminine kindliness. In personal appearance she is commanding and handsome, and she dresses with exceeding good taste. She does not neglect this means of personal influence with the poor and humble. I can well conceive how the rough "navvies" might be quite carried away with her; for there is nothing in her looks or conversation that bespeaks the straight-laced religionist, but rather the noble and accomplished Christian lady.

I do not feel at liberty to trespass further in describing the frank courtesy which took me immediately into the family circle, nor the very pleasant hour I spent, especially in conversation with her father Dr. Marsh, whose venerable face might be truly called "a perpetual benediction." The widow of the hero of "Victory Won" was making a visit in Beckenham at the same time, and she was put under my escort back to London. She told me that Miss Marsh was a true friend, and that "when she once became interested in one's welfare, she never left that person till the good she strove for was accomplished." It was easy enough to see where her power lay. It is in her perfect trust — her great-souled confidence in God and

man. She believes that sympathy shown to any human being will meet some return, and will afford some standing-place, some opportunity of good. To a masculine will she unites a true woman's heart, and both are consecrated to the work of educating and raising up the forsaken classes of society. She leads this "forlorn hope" with a cheerful courage that should inspire imitation. She is the Florence Nightingale to the religious wants of poor soldiers and seamen. She showed me the method in which she kept the accounts, or acted as Savings Bank, for hundreds of these people. These two noble women were the ensamples of our own American and Christian Commission ladies during the war, and they are only worthy of more honor, not that they have done more, but because they were first in the work.

I am now going to take my reader a little further down into the county of Hampshire, or Hants. With a letter of introduction quite unexpectedly put in my hands to the "Rector of Eversley," which offered a temptation I could not resist, I sought out on the map of the county the point called Eversley. To get at it one leaves the railroad at the Winchfield Station, on the South-western Railway. Here I hired a carriage and drove some twelve miles over the sandy moorlands, skirting around the village of Hartley Wintney. The last part of the way was through a wilderness of blooming heather. It was one sea of purple flowers as far as the eye could reach, and

the ride through it was exhilarating. It was, if I mistake not, the common "ling" with bell-shaped blossoms, quite fragrant, and the delight of the honey-bee. In the midst of this purple waste, down in a little hollow, was the "Rector of Eversley's" house; and near by, almost in the garden, was his church; and they formed the only village that I could see.

Charles Kingsley's home was the very picture of a rural parsonage, or poet's dwelling, away from noise and men. The garden and lawn were ornamental without being stiff, and the windows and walls were smothered in luxuriant vines and roses. All the apartments and bow-windows stood open, and there seemed to be a free communication with out-door Nature. The birds might sing through and in the house. Unfortunately the master of this pleasant house was away. I was hospitably entertained in Mr. Kingsley's own study, which was indeed next to seeing himself. I could not help glancing around the room — might I say "den"? Some stalwart old folios of the "Fathers" looked like the rough bark out of which the honey of "Hypatia" and other books of exquisite flavor and spiritual richness had been drawn. There appeared to be a good collection of historical works, and the whole, as far as I could read at a glance, formed an interesting and rare library — just the one that awakened the appetite to look and search further. An oak fragment of one of the ships of the Spanish Armada hung over the fireplace.

Pipes were not wanting and walking-sticks — but enough of this raiding upon a man's private dominions in his absence!

Kingsley is still what may be called a young man, as are indeed many of those living authors such as Ruskin and Matthew Arnold, who have breathed new freedom and power into English literature. He was born at Holne Vicarage on the borders of Dartmoor in Devonshire, and was at one time a pupil of Derwent Coleridge. The spirit of freedom has long lived in his family. The Kingsleys of Cheshire were noted for their fidelity to the Parliament in the civil wars, and one branch of the family emigrated to America, from whom the late Professor Kingsley, of Yale College, was a descendant. A relative of Froude the historian, he has perhaps thereby been brought in contact with the new and independent ideas of English History, of which he forms as it were the prophet or poet. And whatever may be thought by some of his theological short-comings, as the ardent champion of his friend Maurice, he has vigorously striven to carry Christianity into practical life, and to infuse its higher spirit into the very framework of society. He has advocated a religion which has warm blood in it, and can feel, think, run, and work. He considers religion, in the words of an old English divine, as "the seed of a deified nature." Let us hope that he may never be faithless to his principles, as some of his latest utterances awaken the fear of his being. He must

deny himself in an unscrupulous and bad sense to become a defender of injustice, or of power against the poor. If he do this, notwithstanding a great enthusiasm for him, he may go to the shades where, alas! many dead heroes have gone before him. This is indeed a small threat as far as myself is concerned, but, if I mistake not, it will also be the united judgment of an American public opinion which has heretofore passionately honored and loved Kingsley, and the entire loss of whose favor, which has been called an English author's verdict of posterity, no man living, be he ever so great, can well afford to suffer.

I went into the plain, old-fashioned church where Mr. Kingsley then ministered to his humble congregation. A young relative of his told me that his congregation was chiefly composed of laboring people, "clod-hoppers," as he called them. "But," he added, "he manages to interest them wonderfully." He said that young officers from the camp of Aldershott, a few miles distant, were in the habit of riding over to hear Mr. Kingsley. They probably recognized the true fighter in him — the true "soldier-priest."

To turn to another topic. The people of Europe may be divided into two classes, those who drink wine, and those who drink beer. The Englishman vies with the German in his insatiable love of beer. Its small fountains are spouting night and day in town and country. Our friend Gough thinks that they are fountains of unadulterated evil, but that

Englishman is poor indeed who cannot have his mug of ale at dinner. Three fine counties, Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, are almost entirely devoted to the raising of hops. In Nottingham hops are also grown, but they are of a weaker flavor. There is no prettier sight than an English hop-garden with its festooned and flowing vines, its narrow lanes, and checkered lights. It is far more beautiful than a cropped vineyard of France or Germany. And the numberless little neat white drying-houses with their red-tiled pointed towers, and crane-like wooden flues or chimneys for carrying off the reek of the hops, are not unpicturesque. The drying process lasts from eight to ten hours. Fuel that is smokeless or nearly so must be used. The picking commences when the flower is of a straw-color turning to brown. During the hop harvest in September there is a merry time throughout the length and breadth of these counties. It is sober England turned stroller and gypsy. Men, women, and children, beggars, strangers, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Welchmen, and poor London people, stream into the hop districts and gather the harvest, sleeping mostly out on the fields in tents. But the hop is the most precarious of crops, and fortunes are annually lost and won in its delicate speculations. The very abundance of the harvest sometimes destroys its value; the duty upon hops is extremely heavy, and as the hop raisers declare, very unjust. It is laid upon the amount produced, instead of by the acre or *ad valorem;* so that the producer in

one county may raise more and get less, than one in another county who raises less in quantity but better in quality. The total number of acres under the cultivation of hops is said to be not far from fifty thousand, the region of Rochester raising the largest crop, and that of Canterbury the next largest. The queen of the hop-rearing districts and the royal city of Kent, is Canterbury, fifty-six miles from London and seven from the sea-shore. It is a place now of some 15,000 inhabitants. Its Saxon name was Cantwarabyrig, or "city of the men of Kent." It is said to be older than Rome, and at the time of the Conquest it contained more inhabitants than London. Truly a fair sight it is, lying "compact together" in the vale of the Stour, with a circle of picturesque windmills standing around it on the low hills, and engirt by its hop gardens and trees, its antique buildings, and the cathedral rising from its bosom like a very "city of God." It is an English Damascus for situation. What multitudes of pilgrims once poured into it to visit the shrine of à Becket! There was the seat of the missionary operations of Augustine, the apostle of England. "Watling Street" of the Romans which traversed England, the English Appian Way, ran through Canterbury, and here still retains its ancient name. But one of the old gates of Canterbury, that called "Westgate," remains standing by the puny black stream of the Stour, and forms a narrow arched entrance between two formidable and battlemented round

towers, reminding one of Hotspur's gate at Alnwick. In the little lane called "Le Mercerie," leading up to the Cathedral from High Street, was situated the "Tabard Inn," sometimes called "Chequers Inn," where the Canterbury pilgrims rested.

The Cathedral is a gray pile, with an elegant central tower called "The Angel Tower," two hundred and eighty-five feet high; the porch is an exquisite specimen of the Perpendicular Style, and over its door was formerly carved the scene of Thomas à Becket's assassination. The spot where this event occurred was in the north cross aisle at the end of the nave, and this part of the church bears the name of "The Martyrdom." The imperious prelate died with dignity, —

> "darkening with his blood
> The monument of holy Theobald." [1]

The day of his death, the 29th of December, 1170, was long held sacred by the Papal Church in England. His shrine in Trinity Chapel behind the screen of the high altar, which became from the gifts of innumerable pilgrims one of the richest in the world, has been removed for centuries, but the stone steps which ascended to it, worn deep by the feet of myriad votaries, are still to be seen. One is also shown the spot from which a small square piece of stone stained with Becket's blood was cut out and sent to Rome. The penance and flagellation of the haughty Henry II., showing the power

[1] *Thomas à Becket* — a Tragedy by G. H. Hollister.

of Rome at that age, took place in the "Chapter-house" of the Cathedral.

From the fact, perhaps, that Edward the Black Prince was buried in this church, it has become an English "Valhalla" or "Temple of Heroes." The tomb of the hero is in an excellent state of preservation. The bronze effigy of the Prince, once highly gilded and of fine workmanship, represents him as a young man of graceful form and regular, even delicate features. The helm, shield, surcoat, and gauntlets that he wore on the field of Cressy, are suspended over the tomb. The helm is surmounted by a bronze lion, with stiff brandished tail and open mouth. One of the old chroniclers of England wrote thus in his quaint way of the death of the Black Prince: "His deth bare awey with it all the sikernes (security) of the land." There are also modern monuments to English soldiers slain in Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Spain, India, and the fights at Moodku, Sobraon, and Abwal. The church is hung with torn flags that have passed through the fierce fires of England's battles. In the undercroft of the Cathedral a small remnant of the ancient church of French Walloons, driven away by persecution from their native land in Elizabeth's reign, still worship. This subterranean chapel was granted to them by Elizabeth as a place of worship. They continued to be silk weavers, and in the time of Charles II. were the most important silk manufacturers in England. This Cathedral is an exhaustless mine for the

architectural student, as it was the royal shrine of English faith for so many centuries, and was ornamented, added to, and enriched by so many kings, whether moved to do so by piety or remorse. King Edward I. and Margaret were married in 1299 at the altar of the "Martyrdom." Edward the Black Prince died in the Archiepiscopal house in Palace Street near by. Fragments of history of every age crop out, from the deep and extensive crypt whose foundations were laid in Saxon times, to the new windows that are the production of the latest modern English Art. The bit of Norman staircase, with four heavy pillars, round-headed arches with the chevron ornament, and an open arcade at the northwest angle of the Priory, is an extremely interesting feature of the past. The armed feet of the warlike Edward III. and of the "Black Prince" might often have trodden it, and it looks now, with its ponderous columns and angles, in perfect keeping with those dark and mail-clad forms.

A Missionary College has been founded upon the site of the Abbey and the residence of Augustine, and has incorporated within its buildings some parts of the old edifice, especially two gateways, and a fine old arch. The ancient work is mostly of flint rubble, which is a kind of building material now extensively used all along through the chalk districts. This was the "Augustine" sent by Pope Gregory, of whom the familiar story of seeing the English youth in the slave-market of Rome is told.

A purer Christianity had been sown in England long before, and had its precarious abode among the mountains of Wales and along the western shores of the island; but Augustine, partly by persuasion and partly by force, succeeded in bringing all under his spiritual sway, and by degrees also won over the warlike Saxon kings and their people to a nominal acceptance of the Christian faith. Ethelbert, King of Kent in 596, was the first to receive the new religion, and upon the site of his palace Canterbury Cathedral stands. The chair in which the ancient Kings of Kent were crowned is preserved in the church. From this spot therefore, even though feebly and mistily, our own faith sprang. As much as we may abhor the errors of the Romish Church, we cannot forget that it was through her hands we ourselves have received the Word of Life. The procession of monks from Rome entered the heathen city where the temples of stormy Thor and wanton Friga stood, bearing a silver cross and chanting the solemn old Latin words, "Deprecamur te Domine in omnia miserecordiâ ut auferatur furor tuus."

The list of ancient charities of the city of Canterbury is a curious one. One of them is a benefaction producing an annual income of £37 5*s*., to provide gowns of russet cloth for poor persons above fifty years of age, residing in certain parishes of the city; another is a gift of £100, every £5 of the interest of which sum is to be appropriated to setting up some young man in trade who has

served an apprenticeship of seven years; another is a yearly rent of but eleven shillings.

While at the Fountains Inn, the landlord insisted upon my hearing the famous "Canterbury Catch Club," which has been established for about a century. It was an odd scene, rivaling a German student's beer-cellar. A large room handsomely frescoed in blue and gold was arranged with long mahogany tables, at which companies of gentlemen old and young sat, each with a tall mug of ale before him and a long white clay pipe. Through the thick volumes of smoke appeared also a speaker's desk, and a raised platform at one end of the apartment where the singers and the musicians sat. I was invited to a seat by the side of a ruddy-faced Canterbury burgher, who gave me a minute history of the club and its trials with democratic foes, and furnished me with a good deal of gossip about city matters, hop speculations, beer making, etc. The ladies occupied an adjoining apartment with an open door between, and they must have enjoyed with the music a powerful flavor of smoke during "the ambrosial evening." There were some brass instruments, but the chief entertainment was song-singing, and if ever I heard true melody, such as makes the heart leap and the eye sparkle, it was there. The old historic glee of "Queen Bess" was given in fine round style, and the national piece called "The British Isles," with five parts, touched a chord in every heart. Some sweet English airs full of tenderness were sung with manly

feeling; but the gem of the evening was Shakspeare's majestic lines sung in six voices: —

> "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea all which it inherits shall dissolve,
> And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

Voice followed voice, solemn and rich, as if they were building up together in harmony these glorious fabrics, and then interweaving and dying away in plaintive tones like the wind that sweeps over the ruins of a desert city. The whole evening was so thoroughly racy, hearty, and English, that I could almost forgive the stupefying beer and acrid tobacco smoke. He who says the English have no music in them should hear one of these national "Catch Clubs."

It is a dull, long, lonely ride between Canterbury and Dover, sixteen miles over the chalk hills, with now and then a dirty, boozy, drinking inn. The names of English road-side inns, such as the "Barley Mow," the "Red Cow," the "Pack Horse," the "Malt Shovel," etc., have the true smack of rural England. Sitting on the outside of the coach I was amused by the conversation of two young Londoners, with round hats, checked clothes, and eye-glasses, upon the comparative merits of London theatres. Their pronunciation particularly attracted me as being the broadest type of Punch's utterances of this class of youth. As a general thing I do not altogether dislike the English man-

ner of speaking, notwithstanding its "stomachic" tones. It has a manliness, richness, and breadth of light and shade, that our sharp flat pronunciation lacks. It does not dwell upon the short vowels as Americans are apt to do, but touches them lightly. Yet when English pronunciation is pushed to an extreme, now gurgling thick as Devonshire cream, and now running up and down the gamut in extraordinarily high and low tones, it is any thing but harmonious or intelligible. There are, it is true, very decided differences of pronunciation among educated men in England and in America, — who are right? We should think that the older nation would retain the right standard, but it would be difficult for us to say "prīmer," and "inspīration," as they say them in Oxford; or "fertīle" and "e-vil;" or "ràther" and "Sàrah;" or "Iron Juke" and "Tchudor architecture." Pronunciation is so arbitrary a thing, however, that one need not be alarmed if he sometimes differs from another educated person, especially from one across the water. Americans, I contend, have a superior clearness of articulation, but with our tendency to lay stress on unaccented syllables, and our flat pronunciation of the vowels, we may learn something from the trippingly talking Englishman.

We are now going over a portion of that great chalk region of England, which extends north through nearly the whole of the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, and south through large portions of

Sussex, Hants, Wilts, and Dorset counties, and is seen also in the Isle of Wight. It marks and paints itself in the scenery with its more tranquil and gently undulating hills and vales, rising higher toward the sea-coast, and breaking off in bold cliffs, as at Dover and Folkestone. Patches of snow-white chalk rock gleam out here and there from the summits and sides of the green hills, like the white Southdown sheep that feed upon them; and they are as different from the black slate shelves of Wales as if it were another world. The intensely green and white colors form a fine contrast. Geologists tell us that we are treading here upon the bed of a primitive ocean, formed by the accumulation of minute crustaceous and marine animals. This was all life once. When we look up we are lost in the greatness of the celestial universe, whose edges only we have feebly explored, and when we look under our feet we are lost in the infinity of the minute; and both bear equal evidence to the inconceivable extent of the Past, and to the truth that their Author is "from everlasting to everlasting."

In the calcareous rock are found those colossal mammals and quadrupeds of the British Museum, those mountains of bones, vastly excelling in size the sculptured bulls of Nineveh.

Here in the neighborhood of Dover began that famous Roman road of which we have already spoken, called "Watling Street," and which the traveler often comes across in his journeyings

through the midland counties. It ran through Kent over the Thames by London; on by St. Albans and Stratford; along the Severn by Worcester; and then through the middle of Wales to Caradigan on the Irish Channel. Nothing by halves, was the Roman motto. What a conception one gets of the power of ancient Rome to find her roads, viaducts, bridges, arches, baths, citadels, standing in the midst of totally dissimilar and far-distant regions, like England, Northern Germany, Syria, and the wastes of Africa. Her rule in Britain was on the whole beneficial, and she taught the painted barbarians of "The Little Island" their first grand lesson in civilization — the idea of Law.

Dover has little to interest with the exception of its castle, which stands upon a high rock to the east of the town, and covers some thirty-five acres with its buildings of Roman, Saxon, Norman, and modern architecture. As the principal of the "Cinque Ports," and as the great outlet to the Continent, and more than all as one of the few places of safety along that sweep of dangerous coast, Dover will always be important. And even this is a precarious haven. The immense works now going on for the improvement of the harbor, so that fleets may ride in safety in it, are very slowly progressing. Another generation may enjoy their advantages. It is a mighty submarine battle with shifting sands, and an external one with winter storms. When finished, this "harbor of ref-

uge " will embrace an area of 760 acres, surrounded by a wall more than two miles in length, and securing a depth of 30 or 40 feet of water at low tide.

These great white cliffs of Dover, covered with fierce barbarians, presented a formidable sight to the galleys of Cæsar, as they sailed slowly by to find a difficult landing-place a little further north at Deal. In those times the water came up to the foot of the cliffs, and the port of Dover was at the mouth of the Dour Valley, on the north of the city, extending as far as Charlton, and which is now filled up. Coming into Dover Harbor in a dark night the lines of lights upon the lofty heights, the bright lights of the Castle, and the brilliant beacons along the towering cliffs, have a singular effect; they seem as if written on the face of the sky. The town stands chiefly upon a strip of soil formed under the cliffs, and is mostly composed of one long street. It has broken an outlet for itself from its confined prison-house on the ocean, right through the hills that surround it. The double tunnel under Shakspeare's Cliff, for the passage of the South Eastern Railroad, more than three quarters of a mile long, is a stupendous work. From the soft and crumbling nature of the chalk rock, its cutting was a perilous and often disastrous operation. And there are seven other tunnels on this line, some of them still more difficult and extended. " Shakspeare's Cliff " is not so high as it was in the poet's time, and its base has receded from the

water. From its form, sloping inward, and answering perfectly to the words of Edgar, —

"There is a cliff whose high and *bending* head," &c.,

every fragment that falls from the edge lessens its height. In walking up it I roused a host of little birds, making the air melodious with their morning songs. From the top of the cliff I counted one hundred and twenty sail, and saw the coast of France distinctly, although the day was dusky. It is twenty-one miles across. The time was when this England was thought to be a mere appendage to yonder coast by its Norman kings. The view toward Folkestone has something wild and solemn in it. The white cliffs solitary and stern, gleaming pale under the sombre sky, look like resolute and thoughtful sentinels watching the opposite hostile coast, the giant guardians of freedom.

Folkestone, six miles from Dover, is soon reached upon the railway. It has been greatly improved, purified, and beautified, since it has become the chief point of communication with Boulogne, a sail of an hour and a half. Here, as at Dover, one sees the genuine English sailor such as France cannot grow. He "smacks of the wild Norwegian still," and has an impudent, independent swagger, but stands on the deck firm as a rock, and carries a calm eye and ruddy cheek.

The "Pavilion Hotel" at Folkestone is a most comfortable and ample house. The aristocratic town stands above on the heights. The grassy edge of the cliff forms a beautiful promenade.

Not far from Folkestone to the south are Hythe, Romney, and Hastings, — three other towns of the Cinque Ports, —

> "Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe and Dover,
> Were all alert that day."

Seven miles from Hastings is "Battle Abbey," the remains of that proud structure built by William the Conqueror on the field of Hastings, over the spot where Harold fell. It was also upon these shores that our free-roving ancestors, the rough, big, blue-eyed Saxons, swarmed in upon England. At "the Isle of Thanet," near Margate, landed the first Saxon invaders. Craftily obtaining possession of but just as much land as a bull's hide would go around, with true Anglo-Saxon acquisitiveness they finally overran and conquered the whole island. The same old viking spirit of the lust of power and possession has manifested itself in the whole course of English history, in the harrying of Scotland, the oppression of Ireland, and the unprincipled conquest of India; and it has cropped out in the New World in the policy of the United States toward the American Indian, and in the system of American Slavery. But let us be thankful that the spark of a nobler spirit was also sown with this inborn piratical instinct — the spark of the love of liberty — which though long lying latent finally breaks out and burns up what is base and material.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS TO ISLE OF WIGHT.

TUNBRIDGE JUNCTION on the South Eastern Railway is just half way between Folkestone and London; and by a branch line of five miles one comes to Tunbridge Wells. Seated in the garden of Kent, on the brow of a hill overlooking a broad and gentle vale, is this old and popular watering-place. Its thymy and healthy moors strewn with singular masses of isolated rock, its luxuriant hop-vines, its chalybeate spring, and above all its union of pastoral beauty with the comforts and elegancies of a handsome town, will always make it a favorite English health resort, to those who can bear the rough breezes of the English Channel.

The sandstone rocks of Tunbridge Wells form a part of that remarkable geologic feature called "The Wealden Beds." They are a superficial stratum of clay, sandstone, limestone, and ironstone, formed over and around the great chalk-bed of this region. They extend over large portions of Kent and Sussex, and reach even to the coast of France. From petrified forests, and characteristic fossil remains found in the "Wealden," it is inferred that these strata were a fresh-water deposit. Here

was once the vast estuary of a British Amazon two hundred miles wide, flowing from interior mountains before the British Channel was scooped out. It is conjectured that on the subsidence of the waters, those odd columnar masses known as the "Harrison," "Eridge," "Rusthall," and "Toad" rocks, were left standing, and being soft stone have been worn into their present grotesque shapes by the action of time and weather. The "Wealden" is said to grow the finest oaks for ship-timber that are to be found in England.

Brighton, in Sussex County, the queen of all English watering-places, is fifty-one miles by rail from London. I made the journey during a violent October tempest, when at times the stout English locomotive could hardly make head against the fierce blasts of wind, rain, and hail. At the hotel I was put in a room very high up, "because," said the landlady, "it was the height of the season." The windows rattled and the house shook. It was one of those storms that strew the coast of England with wrecks. I myself counted one hundred and five wrecks from that one storm reported in the English papers, — how many more there were I know not. But the next morning the pier at Brighton presented a sublime sight. Although the wind was still so furious that it was difficult to walk or drive, hundreds of bold ladies were gathered on the sea-walk to witness the effects of the storm. No ship was in sight, and as

far as could be seen there was one wild gray chaos of waters, with now and then a bright light breaking through the coal-black storm-clouds, and illumining a spot far out on the sombre and angry waste. Every billow made a clean sweep over the graceful chain-bridge of the "New Pier," twisting and rending away its supports. What gigantic in-rolling arches and fountains of foam, that, as they leaped on high, were scattered by the wind like a driving snow-blast! An old fisherman told me that there had not been such a storm since the *Pilgrim* was wrecked. Opposite Kemp-town men were occupied in securing casks, bales, and boxes, that came ashore from a Mediterranean trading-vessel, which had been thrown on the chalk cliffs a few miles distant. The cliffs stretching north even to Beachy Head looked most formidable, and woe to the craft that was then flung upon their white teeth.

Yet ladies reclining on sofas at the windows of their hotels, while they sipped their coffee at breakfast, might look directly out over this fierce marine view. For three miles there is a noble drive and sea-wall, lined with splendid mansions, hotels, and boarding-houses, adapted for winter residence. Brighton, notwithstanding its sea-exposure, is a comparatively warm and agreeable winter resort. It is, in the summer months, a city of nearly 100,000 inhabitants. The smooth undulating Downs above the town not only produce delicate mutton, but are fine fields for walking and horseback exer-

cise. The "Pavilion," with its puerile domes and minarets, recalls the false and flimsy epoch of that semi-Oriental monarch, George IV. His statue by Chantrey stands upon a promenade called the "Old Steine." The house of Mrs. Thrale, where Dr. Johnson visited, is still standing. The atmosphere of Brighton is considered to be very favorable for invalids in the winter time, as well as the summer. Dr. Kebbell, in a book upon "The Climate of Brighton" says of it: "The mildness, and particularly the equableness, of the atmosphere, and its freedom from all malarious exhalations, together with the choice it offers in the difference of temperature between its sheltered and exposed situations, all combine in rendering Brighton a very desirable place of residence during the winter months, and suitable in the great majority of diseases for which sea-air is found to be serviceable. To define the winter climate of Brighton in a few words I should use the terms mild, equable, dry, and bracing; though in this latter quality it varies considerably in its different situations. I should say that the more sheltered parts of Brighton cannot differ very materially in the general properties of their climate from some of the more elevated portions of Ventnor. The sea-side places on the southwest coast, as Torquay and Penzance, owing to their more westerly position, have both a milder and more equable winter climate than Brighton, or any other place on the south coast; but they are at the same time more relaxing, ener-

vating, and humid — qualities of climate which certainly agree better with some constitutions, and are particularly well suited for a large class of pulmonary complaints. But the impression is certainly now rapidly gaining ground that the drier and more bracing climates of the south coast are, on the whole, more conducive to health, as well as more suitable to the great majority of invalids, including many chest affections, and even some forms of pulmonary consumption, for which not long since the southwest climates were invariably prescribed."

How often one spirit seems to take possession of a place, and to pervade it like a divinity, so that every thing else in the place is known or brought into prominence simply by its relations to that spirit. We at a distance know Brighton as the home of F. W. Robertson; though doubtless thousands in Brighton would be surprised at this, or, it may be, would sneer at it. But, more than any thing else Brighton is interesting to us, because here so great a part of his life-battle was fought. These clay cliffs have light on them, because his feet trod them, and this ocean view is glorious because his wearied mind was so often refreshed by it. In the pulpit of Trinity Chapel he preached those matchless sermons which are almost perfect in form, and are perhaps the best expression of the modern type of finished, pulpit oratory. It is a singular fact that he who would not, as a matter of principle, say any thing that he thought would be popular, was one of the most popular preachers of the times.

The scene at his funeral, when fifteen hundred working men followed his remains to the grave, and the whole city spontaneously put on mourning, was a burial that no king could hope for. Yet his power was not altogether inborn or accidental; it was in part the result of thorough culture. He who, other things being equal, would rival him as a preacher, must go through his training. His sermons have a unity, a depth, an individuality of thought, that could come but from the severest discipline. Added to this, his æsthetic sense, his poet's love of Nature, his exquisite mastery of language, in which "the word is born with the thought," and his intense realization of truth — his self-absorption in it — made a combination of wondrous power. He who makes abstract things simple, and spiritual things plain, will have hearers enough. He will speak to the world. Robertson is another proof that the highest culture, the truest art, instead of unfitting a man to be a preacher to all minds, to the unlettered as well as educated, only fits him the better for it. It is the man who is half trained who never gets to the depths of a subject, nor the depths of a heart. He spoke some things that will not chime with the orthodoxy of the ages, and that are too inconsistent to entitle him to be a sure guide in theology, but if he spoke boldly he was ready to suffer; and as a man who had drunk into the spirit of self-sacrifice, who seized upon the central truth of Christ as the life of the soul, who followed his Divine Lord through

life and death, and whose earnest words came out of the white heat of his own soul's strife and agony — for these things, all true men in all Christian lands will love him. Robertson's life is sad to read, though one "with a kingly sorrow crowned." He has found, in his own words, "Rest in God and Love: deep repose in that country where the mystery of this strange life is solved, and the most feverish heart lays down its load at last."

Venerable Winchester, on the way to Southampton, in the county of Hants, overlooking the beautiful vale of the Itchen, is worthy of a longer description than I can give it. It was Alfred's home, and was an old British city even before his day. It has played a royal part in all the early history of England, especially during the Norman period. In its ancient cathedral, Egbert the first Saxon king, Richard I., and three other English monarchs, were crowned. The dust of Alfred, Egbert, Canute, and William Rufus, sleeps here. The remains of many Saxon princes have been gathered into six small chests, or coffers, and placed in the choir. Winchester is the chief seat and home of that great genius, William of Wykeham; the west front of the Cathedral, with its noble perpendicular window, and also the magnificent nave, are his handiwork. No English Cathedral has a more impressive and beautiful interior than Winchester, though its exterior is low and austere; the amount of exquisite carved flower-work in this church I have before hinted at. The tomb and

painted effigy of its greatest builder, William of Wykeham, is quite perfect, and represents him as a fresh-faced benignant-looking man. The capped effigy of Cardinal Beaufort is in the presbytery, in which he is represented as having a Norman nose and high proud face. Shakspeare says "He died and made no sign;" and one cannot help thinking in contrast of the death of the stern but just Scotch reformer, as related by Carlyle: "'Hast thou hope?' they asked of John Knox when he lay a-dying. He spake nothing, but raised his finger and pointed upward, and so he died."

Gentle Izaak Walton's remains also rest here. He lived in Winchester with his son-in-law until he was ninety years old. Dr. Arnold was a scholar of Winchester School, which is the oldest in the kingdom.

From Winchester I went to Portsmouth, a wholly different scene, with its dirty crowded streets and busy dockyards. Hiring two old mottle-faced "salts," I took a row in the lake-like basin of the harbor, though the waves were still rolling and tossing uncomfortably, so that when we put up sail and plowed across the harbor, we had a plentiful shower-bath of salt water. We passed the old *Bellerophon*, now rotting by the wharf. She looks small and stubbed by the side of those vast "three-deckers" that lie around in the harbor like chained sea-lions, and which are in fact like lions with their fangs pulled out. "Yankee cheese-

boxes on rafts" have drawn the fire from these old thunderers. The *Victory* also lies here, and is crowded with chubby-cheeked, bright eyed naval apprentices. Though made over almost entirely, something of the ancient vessel still remains, especially in the lower parts. One is shown the spot where Nelson fell, and the "cock-pit" where he died.

At Spithead, just outside of the harbor, where the *Royal George* went down, is the chief rendezvous of the British Navy. It is protected from violent winds by the Isle of Wight and the main land. These great inland channels made by the Isle of Wight, Spithead, the Solent, and Southampton water, these free yet broad and sheltered anchorages, give to this point of the English coast its naval preëminence. Here is its naval arsenal. Not obtaining admission to the dockyards which form the principal object of interest in Portsmouth, covering some one hundred and twenty acres, and separated from the city by a wall fourteen feet high, I will go on to Southampton.

The ride of eighteen miles is for the first part of the way along the shore of the inner harbor, and affords one a view of the fine ruins of Porchester Castle. I had here a second specimen of an oscillating car, which jolted out many rough sayings from the sea-faring passengers.

At Southampton the most striking object is a piece of the old feudal wall looking sea-ward, — a grand fragment. Southampton has almost the as-

pect of a new American town, and seems to have a great deal of unoccupied ground. In the hall of the hotel all sorts of odd-shaped boxes, elaborately corded bundles and packages, marked "Bombay," "Calcutta," &c., remind one that he stands here in the vestibule of the avenue that leads to the great Indian Empire. I was told that when a steamer for Egypt left Southampton, she would often take eight hundred solid boxes of letters, such as one sees marked with large capitals in the yard of the London Post-office. Southampton was the birthplace of Isaac Watts; and beautiful Netley Abbey, one would think, might make poets now.

The Isle of Wight is a pocket edition of England, — an epitome, a compact gem, of all England's beauties of rolling hills, quiet valleys, emerald meadows, hedgy lanes, broken cliffs, and shaggy ocean bays. I visited the Isle of Wight in the month of August, so that this visit forms a short episode by itself, and breaks somewhat the regular course of my travel southward. In driving across the island from Cowes to Sandown Bay, we soon lost sight of the tall square campanile of the Italian villa of "Osborne House," and after a ride of five miles along the Medina River, through a bosky wooded country, we came to the old town of Newport, the harbor of Carisbrooke. Carisbrooke Castle lies about a mile to the north, and nearly in the centre of the island. It is perched on the summit of a round green hill, and one enters it under an archway of Elizabeth's time; and sure-

ly nothing can be more lovely than the marine view from its battlements over the tranquil but busy waters of the Solent. On the left of the gateway are the rooms once occupied by Charles I.; but the window from which the king's escape was attempted is built up. The broken keep still presents outwardly a lofty, rugged, defiant aspect; while within, a poor little scrubby donkey drawing-up water from the interminable well, was the chief amusement at this stronghold, where a rough nation put its unsafe sovereign under lock and key.

I went on by the Standen and St. George's Down road to Arreton. The road was deeply cut, and on either side was a perfect tangle of thorn and bramble; while riding over some other parts of the island the fragrance of the rose and honeysuckle was delicious. The Downs here looked sere and white, dried up by the heat, although the sheep found pretty good pasturage upon them. At Arreton I paid a visit to the church where "The Dairyman's Daughter" worshiped and was buried. It is a plain stone building not unlike Hucknall Church, with buttresses to the tower on either side of the doorway. Outside in the rude churchyard is the tomb of Elizabeth; and many little barefooted children clustered around as I read the simple inscription. The bell on this old tower tolled her funeral. The "rich and fruitful valley," now rich again with a new harvest, lay beneath with a streak of the blue sea in the distance, just as Leigh

Richmond describes it; and the summer air was as mild as then.

We drove on through a region growing greener and more luxuriant to the "Common," as it is called, where stands the cottage in which this pious maiden lived, who thought religion consisted in being "like Christ." Stepping over two bars into the pasture, a few steps through the green meadow brought us to the small oaken wicket gate (doubtless the same one mentioned in the tract) opening into a yard, where a few common bright flowers, wild thyme, etc., were growing; two or three tall elms shaded the thatched roof of the cottage, and a roughly carved porch was over the doorway. A decent intelligent woman welcomed me within, where an air of neatness and humble English comfort prevailed. There was the wide kitchen fireplace, at which doubtless the good minister often sat and talked with his young disciple; and I was shown the Bible belonging to "The Dairyman's Daughter," with some of her writing in it. I looked too at the little window of the chamber where she died, and where she said that the dark valley was *not* dark because the Lord was there to light it.

In riding on toward Sandown I noticed a copse of oak-trees very curiously bent by the south wind, so as to form a complete green arch over the road.

The window of the hotel at Sandown looked directly out on that wide spreading bay often

spoken of by Leigh Richmond, who had something of a poet's nature. Shanklin Chine terminated it on the south, and white Culver Cliff on the north. I gathered fantastic flint pebbles, to fling them into the sea again. What sight after all is so fine as a great green billow just arching into the sunlight to pour itself along the shore!

A short distance north of Sandown is Brading; and in the walk from Sandown to Brading one sees the scenery through which Leigh Richmond walked, in his pastoral labors as Rector of Brading and Yaverland. Back of lofty Culver Cliff, which is crowned by an awkward and neglected monument to Lord Yarborough, lies a broad glistening bay almost land-locked, with green hills around, on whose steep slopes feed flocks of sheep, and the beautiful and rich promontory of Bambridge, where Leigh Richmond used to go to teach the people of this hamlet, stands at the mouth of this bay. The ancient church of Brading, in the valley, is far more picturesque than the one at Allerton. It has a short spire with a long low body covered with a red roof, and terminated by a broader addition or ell with three roofs and gable ends, giving the rear of the church greater width than the front. A conspicuous weather-cock stands upon the low spire, as if to remind one of an inscription on one of the old tombstones in the yard: "Watch, for ye know not when the day of the Lord cometh;" and in this yard is the monument of "The Young Cottager," erected by her pastor, which many

ladies, and children, and men also, were looking at when I was there. Leigh Richmond made a book of instruction for his people out of this ancient churchyard among the hills. This may seem strange, but among a rural and primitive people the churchyard, usually a green and tranquil spot, and the place where the congregation on summer Sabbaths spend the interval between the services, is no feeble preacher to conscience and heart; it is their "wicket gate" into Immortality. Many of the graves were bound over with interlacing rose-vine withes. The parsonage, separated from the churchyard by a high stone-wall, stands at a little distance hid in a wilderness of trees, while Bambridge Hill rose steeply to the south speckled over with sheep. It was the Sabbath "nooning." On the old dial in the yard there rested no shadow. Groups of clean-dressed villagers sat conversing together upon the mossy grave-stones. The soft summer wind gently swayed the tops of the trees. The rugged church, of great antiquity, with weeds and flowers growing out of every crevice, stood in strong light and shade; and on this spot, the tradition is, was the first preaching of the Word of Life in England. I entered by the low west porch into the broad and cool Norman interior. The arches between the pillars were rimmed with red color, otherwise every thing was bare and plain. In the high square unpainted oaken pews a few people were gathered. The "Evening Hymn" was first sung, principally by

fresh young voices; and from the pulpit where Leigh Richmond preached, I heard a serious and pathetic sermon from the text, "If any man would come after me, let him take up his cross daily and follow me." The thought "daily" was dwelt upon, — the need of self-culture in small things, and in common every-day matters. The doors were wide open, the mild air stole softly in with the sunshine, and one caught glimpses of the flowery churchyard and the high swelling green hills beyond.

Before leaving Sandown I traversed Culver Cliff, peeping over its fearful perpendicular front, and sliding down its steep rolling grassy sides.

From Sandown I took a ride along the "Undercliff" to Shanklin and Bonchurch, and beyond. This "Undercliff," which extends to the "Needles," is a breaking down, or as we would say in America "caving in," of the high chalk and green sand-cliff coast, leaving the sea-line a tumbled inextricable mass of luxuriantly weeded and wooded rocky chaos, through which the road winds along, sometimes shooting over the high hill-top six or seven hundred feet in elevation, sometimes around the narrow edge of the cliff, and sometimes down on the ocean shore at its base. There is here a narrow strip of country lying directly upon the sea under the hills, of about seven miles in extent, which is another of the great health resorts of England — for it has a Mediterranean climate — of which Ventnor is the head point of fashion. The

myrtle and fuschia winter here in the open air. The northerly, easterly, and westerly winds do not blow here, and it is only open to the soft south wind blowing over the sea.

The cottages by the road to and beyond Shanklin were the merest dots of houses, built of flint paving-stones, and some of them literally smothered in roses. The brass knocker on each front-door looked about as big as the house. The reapers were in the fields; the blackberries were ripening; the clover meadows were the richest I have ever seen. The smooth green field ran even to the edge of the cliff, and men were tying up sheaves of wheat on the very rim of the high precipice. Looking thus suddenly off from the cliffs upon an unlimited ocean horizon, the sky and sea being of the same tint, for there was a slight mist in the air, and ocean and sky thus mingling mysteriously together, with patches here and there of soft hazy sunlight on the sea, the effect was strangely beautiful, — there seemed to be a mystic indefiniteness and infinitude to the view. There is a transcendental passage in Jean Paul Richter's writings which conveys something of a similar impression: "As the sea, when it is quite stilled and transparent melts so softly and entirely into the heaven which is mirrored in it, that both become arched into a globe of sky, so that the ship appears not to be borne on the water but hovering in the soft ether of the universe."

Down in little gray old Bonchurch Cemetery,

entirely hid from the road, and within sound of the gently rippling sea, sleeps John Sterling, the friend of Archdeacon Hare and Carlyle; and here also William Adams, the author of "The Shadow of the Cross," is buried. Ventnor itself is getting to be too grand and town-like for such a little "Aiden" as the Isle of Wight; and the great prim English stone villas accord ill with the wild verdurous chaos of "Undercliff."

St. Lawrence Church, a little way beyond Ventnor, is said to be the smallest church edifice in England. It has been lately enlarged, and is now just twenty feet by twelve, and has held, when crammed as full as it could be, one hundred and seven people! One actually looks down on the eaves when standing upon the outside of the church, which is built on sloping ground. One minute window is twelve by eighteen inches; two small stone crosses crown either end, and rough beams cross the ceiling which are not even straight, resembling the bent oak ribs of a ship. Lord Yarboro's large pew took up about one fourth of the interior; but still it had every thing that belonged to a church, even to a painted window. It was a Lilliput cathedral; yet from its high antiquity and touching lowliness, it had a certain dignity of its own. The view from it is superb over the darkly fringed cliff and the broad blue serene ocean. I could not carry out my intention to return to the Isle of Wight and visit the southern and western coasts, the Needles and Scratchell's Bay, where the

scenery is said to be truly magnificent, with the pearly-white sharp-edged cliffs towering in great isolated masses from the ocean, and in a storm looking wan and strangely threatening against the gloomy sky. Things there are not upon such a miniature scale of prettiness as is the rest of the island.

Near Freshwater Bay, at Farringford, was then the residence of Alfred Tennyson. A good opportunity had been afforded from a high source of an introduction to the poet, which would doubtless have secured for me a pleasant reception, but I did not avail myself of it. In the case of Maurice and Kingsley, and also of Miss Marsh, I had another object than personal curiosity; and the interview with old Mr. Brontë at Haworth was also entirely unsought by me. It is quite unsatisfactory to present letters of introduction in England, and it is far better to receive the spontaneous invitation of a fellow-traveler, as it was my good fortune to do in two or three instances, thus winning for me delightful visits to pleasant English homes, where every kind of generous hospitality was heaped upon me. An American friend who visited Tennyson about this time told me of his pride in the grove of ilex-trees growing near his house, of which he speaks in his poems. In his ordinary conversation he would be taken for a man of science rather than a poet; for he is an accurate student and keen observer in the natural sciences.

Although they may be quite familiar, I will repeat his lines to Rev. F. D. Maurice: —

"Where, far from smoke and noise of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown,
All round a careless ordered garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.
You have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And further on, the hoary channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

CHAPTER XIX.

SOUTHAMPTON TO SALISBURY.

In going from Southampton to Salisbury on the Southwestern Railway, I stopped for a few hours at Romsey, Hants, where is "Broadlands," the seat of the late Lord Palmerston. I wished to hunt up some records in the Abbey Church, for which I was furnished every facility. The fine old church itself is a genuine specimen of the early Norman, and it stands in its primitive simplicity. It struck me as having some architectural resemblance to Bakewell Church, Derbyshire. The sexton grew pathetic over a long tress of auburn hair which he had himself exhumed, and which he said belonged to Alfred's daughter, or a Roman princess, I have forgotten which. I spent some time in turning over the ponderous vellum church archives; but it was like looking for the grave of Merlin, to find any particular name in such a vast unsystematized mass of extinct names.

Three miles from Romsey is "Embley Park," the southern home of Florence Nightingale.

It is a culminating point in one's English travel when he catches his first distant sight of Salisbury Cathedral. If there is any thing graceful it is the

spire of Salisbury Cathedral, and above all when it is seen etherealized through the misty English atmosphere, which transmutes solid into aërial forms.

At this season of the year, when the fashionable travel was nearly over, and only business men, or, as they are termed, "commercial travelers," are abroad with their "mackintoshes" and carpet-bags, I was doomed to interminable conversations in railway carriages and coffee-rooms, with hard-brained and plain-spoken men. I met among them oftentimes exceedingly well-informed individuals, and if one is a little cautious not to arouse national prejudices, there are few more interesting and graphic conversationalists than this class of persons. They are men who blurt their thoughts out without fear or favor. They are practical men, who despise humbug and pipe-claying. Louis Napoleon, to be sure, was determined to burn and sink England before his reign was over; and they did not know but he could do it, though he would find it a tough job; but, on all other topics, no people are more sensible and clear-headed. I fell in with some of these men at the "White Hart Inn" in Salisbury. They did not spare their national idols, their leading men. Even Gladstone, who was one of the best of them in their estimation, came in for his share; they called him "a book-man" who knew no more of finance than "Boots" here. They berated the boarding-houses of London, and in fact London trades-people generally, and said that any of these would coin his soul for a guinea. This

honest talk, if it sound rough, lends an individuality and knotty picturesqueness to the commonest Englishman, and makes him stand out from the rest of mankind like a gnarled oak.

It is beautiful to see the pleasant relationship existing between father and son in England. It is free and unrestrained like that of brothers. The father yields up his stiff authority and paternally critical tone, and descends to meet the son almost on a level; and the son repays this with unbounded affection and confidence. The conversation between them sounds almost like that between young men; they laugh and jest, and yet the fine sense of the true relationship is never lost. I noticed this particularly in the case of a young officer and his father whom I met at Salisbury. They came into the hotel from a walk of sixteen miles in a heavy rain, to and from Stonehenge. The father, if any thing, was the more brisk of the two. The son was an elegant fellow who could quote "Juvenal" about his fish, and who had seen hard service in India. He told his soldier stories and adventures in a genial way, that American sons would not do before their father. And I confess I liked it, for there seemed to be true love between the two, without the actual loss of filial respect.

Salisbury, the principal city of Wilts County, eighty-two miles from London, seated amid its broad open downs, is the centre of a highly interesting region for the antiquarian. Salisbury itself has some very old houses, many of them having

thatched roofs, which, grown undulating and irregular by age, look like black elephants' backs; but its chief interest concentrates in its Cathedral. The quiet "Close," occupying an area of half a square mile, surrounded by its high wall and quaint antique gates, its smooth lawn and noble trees, comprehends the church, the Bishop's palace, the deanery, and many other buildings of old foundations. These ancient "Closes," more or less defined, are found in every ecclesiastical town in England, and indicate the former magnificence of the Church, taking the lion's share of the city, and of every thing good and pleasant in it. They were in fact the hearts of the old civilization, the centres of power, — cities within cities, — and generally ruling all outside of them.

In this green and tranquil yard sheep roam about unmolested, and lie close up under the walls of the church. Salisbury Cathedral has a noble and open site, and can be seen therefore to peculiar advantage. The buildings of the city have not been allowed to encroach upon and crowd it. It is a reverend and awe-inspiring structure, with a moss-grown, scarred, and broken front, but all its lines are elegant and pure.

The octangular spire is wonderfully beautiful, soaring upward slenderly but to an immense height from the forest of crocketed turrets upon the tower, its shaft intersected at intervals with richly wrought bands. Its height to the top of the cross is within two inches of four hundred feet. I recall my last

sight of it. It was on the edge of evening, when the sailing mists had left it entirely free and clear, and the calm golden light of setting day rested brightly for a little time upon it, as it pointed to heaven and seemed to show the way.

The decline of the spire from the perpendicular, of about twenty-four inches, has caused apprehensions of its falling; and it has been bandaged and strengthened, for it is boldly poised on four arches thrown across the angles of the tower, and clamped with iron. The walls of this tower itself are only two feet in thickness. Salisbury Cathedral from foundation stone to spire-point, is perhaps the most perfect specimen that exists of the "Early English" style. Its first stone was laid in 1220, and it was hardly finished in the reign of Edward III., somewhere about the middle of the 14th century. It is built of Chilmark stone obtained fifteen miles from Salisbury, and is in the form of a double cross. Its majestic west front is covered with the finest tracery work, and has one hundred and twenty-three niches for statues, most of them now empty. Its interior, compared with Winchester or Ely, is severe and bare, but harmonious. It is not an astonishing irregular Gothic epic, but a pure English poem. The columns are clustered and slender; the windows are lancet-shaped and the mouldings plain. The length is four hundred and forty-nine feet; and stretched along on either side of this grandly extended nave lie the effigies of heroes who fought in the Holy Land, carved with their legs

crossed, and with broad shields on their breasts; and those also who contended in the ancient bloody civil wars, their gorgeous blazonry gone, and some of the figures headless and handless, but brave still in their wide girdles and chain armor.

The tomb of William Longsword, first Earl of Salisbury, son of Henry II. and Fair Rosamond, has been especially battered by time. The Countess of Pembroke, upon whom Ben Jonson wrote the epitaph, is buried in the east choir of the Cathedral. The place is not marked by a monument.

The Chapter House, in the "Octagonal Pointed Style," supported gracefully by one slight springing column of Purbeck marble, as if it were a slender fount in stone, shines richly with modern gilding and colors. It has been carefully restored. The architect supposes that he has authority for this high coloring and gilding, from having detected the traces of ancient colors here and there upon the carved work; but I agree entirely with the remark of a friend, who said, "I doubt whether the room ever looked half so gorgeous in the olden time as now."

A series of old sculptures in alto-relievo of Biblical scenes, runs around the apartment below the windows, and is surprisingly ingenious and elaborate. The same patience and faithfulness are shown in them that we see in ancient missals, and often the same exquisite purity of expression. Besides these, on the face of the archivolt are a number of allegorical figures representing the "Virtues" and

"Vices," which for delicacy and power called forth the admiration of Flaxman. Despair presses his hand on his heart like the condemned spirits in Beckford's Hall of Eblis, and Pity throws a cloak over one who is slaying her with a sword.

On the Cathedral door, as may be everywhere seen on parish church doors in England, were pasted notices in large letters of "Income Tax — Land Tax — Assessed Taxes in this liberty."

Let us take a walk of three miles or so out to "Wilton House," through the Fisherton suburb crossing the Avon, and we will stop first at Bemerton, about two miles from the city. In this obscure village George Herbert lived and labored, following out his own words, —

"Be useful where thou livest."

It was while walking over this very road, Izaak Walton relates, that Herbert stopped to aid a countryman whose cart had been upset, and for this reason arrived late and dirty at a social musical meeting of his friends and brother clergymen in Salisbury; upon being rallied for such an unseemly operation, he said that, "the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight."

Turning off the main road down a quiet lane, on one side of which is a thick wood, is the little church of Bemerton, somewhat larger than St. Lawrence Church on the Isle of Wight, but they would match pretty well for smallness and humility. It has one minute window upon a side, four tiny buttresses, a red-tiled roof, and a low flat cupola with a vane;

in the interior are seven pews on each side of the narrow aisle, and a gallery for the choir.

Almost within sight of the proud mansion of his own illustrious Pembroke family, here the Rector of Bermerton, and the glory of Trinity College, Cambridge, fed his illiterate flock. And he hesitated long before he assumed even this humble post, so that a tailor happening to be at Wilton House, so says Izaak Walton, made his canonicals in great haste, he putting off his fine silken clothes and his sword to assume them. Yellow tottering gravestones stand around this diminutive edifice and crowd up under its shadow, and within its lowly walls, under the altar-table, Herbert was buried. He taught us that a man is made no greater nor less by his place. He is what he is in himself. Nothing can lower him if his heart be above. Does his own poor earthly life lie buried here, —

> "Gone
> Quite underground; as flowers depart
> To see their mother-root when they have blown?"

Yet that sweet, Christ-like soul, now "past changing," sings: —

> "I bud again."

The parsonage where Herbert lived stands just across the little lane that runs by the side of the church. His own study is shown. I noticed no other houses immediately around. A larger church is to be erected near by, by the Herbert family, to bear the name of the poet. Sweeter than ever to me since this visit to Bemerton have George

Herbert's poems with all their odd conceits grown, and, above all, that gem: —

"Teach me, my Lord and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in any thing
To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
But for this tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for lesse be told!"

Somewhat further to the west, at the entrance of Wilton town, in the bosom of a magnificent park, stands Wilton House. It was built from designs of Holbein and Inigo Jones, upon the site of a Benedictine Abbey, granted by Henry VIII. to Sir William Herbert. It is indeed a palace, but has something grave and sober about it. Its fair stateliness could not be more precisely described than in the lines of Wordsworth: —

"Like image of solemnity conjoined
With feminine allurement soft and fair
The mansion's self displayed: a reverend pile
With bold projections and recesses deep;
Shadowy yet gay and lightsome as it stood
Fronting the noon-tide sun. We paused to admire
The pillared porch, elaborately embossed;
The low wide windows with their mullions old;
The cornice richly fretted of gray stone;
And that smooth slope from which the dwelling rose,
By beds and banks Arcadian of gay flowers
And flowering shrubs, protected and adorned.

...

Profusion bright! and every flower assuming
A more than natural vividness of hue,
From unaffected contrast with the gloom
Of sober cypress, and the darker foil
Of yew, in which survived some traces, here
Not unbecoming, of grotesque device
And uncouth fancy. From behind the roof
Rose the slim ash and massy sycamore,
Blending their diverse foliage with the green
Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped
The huge round chimneys, harbors of delight
For wren and redbreast, where they sit and sing
Their slender ditties when the trees are bare."

The trees are of great variety and noble growth. One sweeping ilex has its branches supported by chains. A group of cedars of Lebanon, towering in massy chambers of foliage, gives an almost Italian, or Oriental, shading to the picture. The river Nadder, which flows through the park, is crossed by a bridge in the grounds. In these quiet shades Sir Philip Sydney wrote his "Arcadia," — it is said, for his sister's pleasure and amusement.

The suite of state apartments, though superb, looked comfortable and as if they were lived in. It was not a show-palace. In the "double cube room," is the noted collection of Vandykes, most of them portraits of the Pembroke family. There was one striking picture of Prince Rupert, as a youth, calm and beautiful, with none of the dashing cavalier about it, but a determined look in the large brown eyes. I did not notice any portrait of Sir Philip Sydney, or of George Herbert. They must, however, have been there. A small likeness of Florence Nightingale, of whom Lady Herbert

is said to be a particular friend and co-laborer, stood upon a side-table.

It was a luxurious apartment as far as the opulence of the furniture was concerned, but that was not the real feature of the room. I do not dwell upon the age-darkened and highly carved furniture, the splendid mirrors, the antique marbles, the princely books, the pictures, and the hundred objects of ornament and taste about the room, for every thing was so harmoniously placed that nothing arrested attention; but there was an æsthetic charm in the apartment, which did not allow one to think of material magnificence. It was a room worthy of a noble *mind* to take its ease in, to make itself at home in. There was no cold splendor to be warmed up twice a year on the eve of a great ball, but a sense of perpetual ease and enjoyment, a spot lighted with tokens of affection and friendship, and with all that is soothing and ennobling.

From the grounds in front of the house, the glorious spire of Salisbury Cathedral is seen through a skillfully made opening in the thick screen of trees.

The Lombard Gothic church erected by Sir Sydney Herbert in Wilton, with its square bell-tower, as a family memorial church, is one of the most gorgeous modern structures in England. It seems as if Italy and the Continent had been rifled of architectural jewels to enrich it. Its brilliant mosaic pulpit of Caen stone, its white vine-wreathed columns, its gleaming brasses, its blue and gold frescos, its great sparkling rosette windows, and its

antique fonts, transport one from the little English carpet manufacturing town, to Siena or Rome. Along the top of the screen are carved the words, "All things come of Thee, and of Thine own we have given Thee." It seemed, however, too rich for the place, and had to me a foreign and un-English look.

Wilton itself is a very ancient town, once the capital of the West Saxon kingdom; but it was overshadowed by the growth of Salisbury. It was a favorite town of Charles I. The first carpet ever made in England was here manufactured. Massinger is said to have been born at Wilton.

Twelve miles from Wilton, near Hindon, is "Fonthill Abbey," now owned by the Marquis of Westminster, where Beckford spent twenty years and regal revenues in building his jealously inwalled Kubla-Khan palace, employing a little army of workmen night and day. The gigantic tower of his selfish pleasure and pride crumbled, like the tower of Babel, as if it had been smitten by an invisible hand. I ascended another Saracenic tower erected by him at Bath, from which one could almost have seen among the green Wiltshire hills, this more Titanic monument of a depraved egotism and prostituted genius.

I have left little room for the two most interesting places, to an antiquarian, in the whole Salisbury circle, old Sarum and Stonehenge.

Fortified with a breakfast of hot coffee and muffins, for this is wild weather, we will tramp off to

scramble over the site of that ancient Saxon city, "Old Sarum," the germ of "New Sarum," or Salisbury.

It lies within sight of Salisbury, about two miles distant, and is simply a hill cut into great steps or terraces, looking like a modern sand-fort, or a huge mound which suggests more than it reveals. Back to the time of the early Britons this hill was a fortified spot; the Romans made it a great military centre, and six roads radiated from it; in the time of Alfred it was a strong city; under the Norman kings it attained great ecclesiastical splendor and importance, two bishoprics being blended here in one; but in the reign of King John, its bishop, Herbert Poore, determined to come down into the plain and establish his ecclesiastical seat there. This was the death-blow to Old Sarum. Gradually all the inhabitants followed him and gathered around the rising walls of the new "House of God" in the plain below. This new house was itself built of the stones of the old cathedal. The circular fortress which once crowned the hill, whose walls comprised a space of fifteen hundred feet in circumference, is now reduced to a ragged mass of flint and rubble, which hangs tottering upon the edge of the height. This broken fragment is all that really remains of this once powerful city of Celt, Roman, and Saxon. The hollow of an ancient ditch runs around what was the line of the citadel walls. I startled numerous rabbits in running around the hill, and from a gloomy tangle of foliage

that filled one part of the ditch, an owl whirred away; it is a desolate spot, although a little cultivation smooths one side of the first terrace. Until the passage of the Reform Bill, the election of the members from Old Sarum — which William Pitt so long represented — took place under a "witch-elm" that marked the site of the ancient Town House. There is a wide view from the top of this discrowned hill, in which Salisbury Cathedral spire forms the marked feature.

Stonehenge! I am not going to add another to the many learned theories which lie strewed at its base, like rusty tools broken against its granite walls; for when we know who built "Tadmor in the wilderness," we may know who heaved up this rude circle on Salisbury Plain.

This mysterious monument lies eight and a half miles to the northwest of Salisbury. In coming to it one passes over a wide, slightly undulating, and thinly grassed chalk marl-down, where now and then a weather-beaten "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" may be seen sitting with his dog and staff, and his flock feeding near him. In some directions one may ride twenty miles on the plain without seeing a house or human being. It is not until one strikes into the clearly defined ancient avenue that leads up to Stonehenge, and gets pretty near the monument itself, that its vast skeleton form can be seen looming over the hillocks. There is said to be a gradual ascent to it from every direction. As one approaches the temple, the plain

is filled with green circles and round barrows, as if it were the burial-place of a numerous nation. Some of these mounds have been opened, and contain the evidences of primitive sepulture. The Celtic "cyrch," or cirque, or circle, the national sacred place of burial, is said to have been the origin of the word "kirk."

The sky had a threatening look, the heavy clouds drooped low, and the gusty autumn wind swept in melancholy cadences over the plain, as I saw before me this oldest structure now standing in England, — this solemn circle of unwrought stones, out of whose rocky loins have come forth her life, art, and history.

"Stonehenge" is a Saxon name, meaning "hanging stone," descriptive of the blocks of stone imposed transversely upon perpendicular masses. The Britons and Druids had another name for it. It was probably, like the great temple at Avebury, in Wiltshire, a hypethral temple, even to the inner circle or adytum, where is the sacrificial altar-stone.

It is a circle within a circle. First comes an outer trench three hundred and sixty-nine yards in circumference. Then a circle of sixty stones, composed of thirty perpendiculars and thirty imposts, fastened by rude mortice and tenon, and forming a continuous architrave, the uprights being twenty feet high and four feet apart. Then a second concentric circle of thirty smaller stones without imposts; and then two ovals of huge uprights with

imposts, forming perhaps the real body of the temple. In the inner oval is the altar-stone, a block of hard gray Derbyshire marble. The other rock masses are of crumbling siliceous grit. The entire number of stones was originally one hundred and forty. Of course many of these have disappeared, and many have fallen. A gigantic trilithon recently fell with a force that shook the plain.

The stones taper somewhat to the top, and bear but rude marks of the chisel and hammer. Yet there is a mathematical unity of plan in the structure. It is the thoughtful work of a rough strong people. But where did these great masses come from on that stoneless plain? And how were they transported thither? The character of some of them differs entirely from the rocks of the region.

I feel much inclined to *adopt* a theory lately put forth concerning the origin of Stonehenge; that it was built by the Celts, or native Britons, in the Arthurian period, or the fifth century A. D., as a sepulchral temple, to commemorate the treacherous slaughter of the Celts by Henghist in 461; that it means "Stone of Henghist."

In all ancient nations of Celtic origin on the Continent, and even to the centre of Asia, circles inclose sacred spots. The form of the Buddhist temple is always circular.

Stonehenge could hardly have been a Druidic temple, because here is, and has been, no grove in which to perform the secret Druidic rites, or to cut the mistletoe with the golden knife.

And this locality was evidently the ancient national British burial-place, although no signs of sepulture are discovered immediately in or under the temple; yet an immense number of "barrows" or sepulchral mounds are found not far from it, and indeed everywhere upon the plain.

Merlin himself might have built it, for he was evidently the poet, artist, and philosopher of that period.

Harmless sheep feed quietly under this mighty solitary form of barbarian power. A rough shepherd clad in skins, with hay leggins and a long staff, standing in the shadow of one of the colossal pillars, told me the story of the place as it was told to him by his fathers, and will doubtless be told to others by his shepherd sons.

CHAPTER XX.

SOUTH DEVON AND TORQUAY.

By one route from Southampton to Exeter, which I had previously taken, I passed through a portion of the "New Forest," looking like unsettled land in America, and stopped a night at the dull old town of Dorchester, in Devonshire. The new line of railway from Dorchester passes through the beautiful Axminster and Honiton Valley, near Ottery St. Mary, where Coleridge was born. His father was vicar of the Collegiate Church there. From this town of Dorchester the "Dorchester Adventurers Company" was formed, that settled Gloucester, Salem, Charlestown, Dorchester, and other towns in Massachusetts. Dorsetshire, and Devonshire, and all Southern England, in those days, contained a strong element of Puritanism, and formed perhaps the chief source of supply to the Massachusetts colonies, after the settlement of New Plymouth.

In going to Exeter by the other route, I was obliged to wait an hour or two in the little agricultural town of Yeovil. It was a rainy cold day, and in the bit of the tap-room where I dried my wet clothes, the burly farmers and drovers came in to

drink their hot mulled wine, and talk over the storm and cattle market, while paddling armies of sheep and frightened cows, and now and then an ugly red-eyed bull, went by the windows. It was "Fair Day." I walked through the cattle-stalls, and saw some noble Devonshire oxen and cows. The beef, with such layers and collops of yellow fat, that one sees hanging up in English butchers' stalls, I saw here in its sleek amiable living state. Devonshire cattle rather take the lead of fine cattle in England. Perhaps the finest specimens of them are found in North Devon on the Bristol side. They are thus described, and the very particularity of the description will show how much is thought of such points: "The Devonshire bull has the head small; the muzzle fine; the nostrils ample; the horns tapering, and of a waxy yellow; the eyes large and clear; the neck thick and arched above with little dewlap; the chest is broad and deep; the breast prominent; the limbs fine boned; the fore-arm muscular; the hips are high, and the hind-quarters well filled up; the thighs are voluminous; the tail long, slender, set on high, and tufted at the extremity. The ox is taller and more lightly made, with fine withers and a slanting shoulder; the breast is prominent; the limbs are fine-boned, muscular, and straight, but rather long; the neck, too, is thin and rather long, the head small, the muzzle fine; the horns longer than in the bull, slender and tapering. The whole form indeed indicates activity and freedom of action. The skin

is moderate and covered with mossy or curling hair; but occasionally it is smooth and glossy. The color is universally red, chestnut, or bay, seldom varied with white; a paler space surrounds the eye, and the muzzle of yellow." The cow is lighter and full of action and life. Though they do not attain to the elephantine size of some of the larger breeds, they lay on flesh rapidly, and of the finest grain. The cows, grass-fed, weigh from thirty stone to forty stone. The oxen weigh from fifty stone to upwards of sixty stone. Hundreds of these fine red fellows may be seen along the railroad track, cropping the green meadows, or lying under the broad-armed trees. England is green all the year round; and no country in the world has such grass-feed as this misty island has. And in no other land have there been such persistent and scientific efforts for the perfection of domestic cattle. Breeds have been made over and over till they are as perfect for this or that quality as Nature seems willing to make them. A Yorkshire cow is as different from a Devonshire cow as are the dialects of the two counties, and a little Kerry ox by the side of a big, coarse Herefordshire ox, is a small rattling Pat, compared with a huge, slow-revolving, slow-motioned Englishman.

In the ride from Durston, through Wellington, Tiverton and Hele, on the Bristol and Exeter Railroad, true Devonshire scenery began to make its appearance, and the rich green hill-slopes, narrow valleys, and the red clay, showed that we were in "Dark Devon."

The long red cliffs rising from the Exe River, on which fair Exeter stands, gave a warm tint to the beautiful scenery around that old ecclesiastical city; and already the cold raw air and driving rain of the north began to be subdued into a moist drizzly mildness, as if one had come suddenly into a new zone.

At the snug old-fashioned "Clarence Hotel," near the cathedral yard, I passed several days. It was now the beginning of the fox-hunting season, and the "Clarence" was the headquarters of a jovial young nobleman with his friends and retainers, who sallied forth to the "Grand Meet" in the morning, in great pomp of scarlet coats, white-topped boots, velvet jockey-caps, yellow breeches, and heavy whips, to return well bespattered and hungry for a feasting, roaring night. All England is on horseback at this season. Every one is mad to break his neck, or at least his collar-bone. There seems to be no affectation in this love of hunting. A free-spoken Englishman told me that he had been to California and Australia, had traveled all over the world, had seen all kinds of life, had gambled and fought, and there was but just one thing left now that roused him, and that was fox-hunting!

The days of "fox-hunting parsons" have not altogether gone by. I cut out a piece from an English newspaper about this time, describing the presentation of a testimonial to a clergyman in Devonshire, who, for many years, had discharged

the duties of a master of hounds in his district. In every English town at this season large red hunting horses, with their sides literally flashing from high grooming, with quick-moving ears and springy step, may be seen ridden slowly through the streets by their diminutive grooms. Such gaunt greyhounds of horses, with pinched bellies and straight rail-necks, may have reached the maximum of speed, but they have also attained the minimum of beauty. How different the Arab's estimate of beauty and excellence in a horse, according to Dr. Barth, in the Oriental description which he translates of the steeds of heaven: — "Sleek swift horses, coursers trained to run, tall piebalds, five-year olds, fleet, wide-stepping, apple-rumped, plump, long-boned, strong in back and neck, Arabian blood horses of El Hôdh, that are fed upon cooling milk."

Exeter is a large and stately city. Devonshire and Cornwall form one Episcopal See, whose seat is at Exeter, and ecclesiastically, socially, and commercially, it is the principal city of these two counties, and of Southern England. It has been somewhat impoverished by railway speculation, as the road to Plymouth was enormously expensive. By means of "locks," small vessels can come up to Exeter, whose real port is Exmouth, three miles below. High Street, which runs under different names through the whole length of the city, is a broad and in some parts elegant street, containing the most attractive art-shops, and book-shops, and

hunting-shops, of any street of a smaller sized city in England; it crosses the river Exe by a handsome stone bridge; the old "Guildhall," which stands midway upon it, looks like a bit of quaint Flemish architecture, or like an ancient, black, elaborately carved sideboard.

Exeter is the city of churches. The Cathedral, as usual, crowns all, and presents a noble appearance when seen from the other side of the river, standing loftily upon its hill-bank, with its two massive Norman towers. It does not belong to the first class of English cathedrals in point of size, but it has some peculiarly rich features, of which the singular fleur-de-lys ornament of the roof is an instance. Its two Norman towers of which I have spoken were built in the twelfth century, and the rest of the edifice belongs to a date considerably later than that. The superb stone vaulting of the nave is of the deepest and most harmonious fan-tracery style, branching as if with living stems from lightly clustered columns and drooping in heavy corbels and bosses like veritable bunches of fruit. It is like standing under a young grove of low raying palms, compared with whose gorgeous tropical luxuriance, the nave of Salisbury Cathedral in its pure simplicity is quite frozen and arctic. And other parts of the Cathedral have the same richness of detail; the windows especially, of an elaborately geometrical character, are wonderful for the variety of their tracery work, never repeating the same designs. The front is

renowned for its magnificent stone screen of the finest work, called "The Grandisson screen," which is thrown like a lace veil suspended over the actual dead wall of the edifice; and this is wrought into columns, porches, niches, and statues of martyrs, saints, and kings; while above is the great west window, and above that a gigantic statue of St. Peter, from whom the church is named. These statues, though sadly mutilated, are by no means badly carved, and may some of them have been portraits; one old Wessex king, I remember, had a nose as decisive of fate as the Duke of Wellington's.

There is a boldly carved "Minstrel's Gallery" on the left side of the nave, representing twelve angels, each playing upon a different instrument, and when the music of the organ and the chanting rolls through the vaults of the church, it is not difficult to imagine that it proceeds from this angelic minstrelsy.

In the choir, separated from the nave by a light and elegant organ-screen, is the bishop's huge throne of carved black oak, towering pyramidically nearly to the roof; one could not help thinking if the Apostle Peter had walked into the church, would he have seated himself in it, or would he have taken the lowest seat in the synagogue? The ancient monkish "miserere seats" around the choir are fanciful and grotesque; they fold back and show underneath them most extraordinary carvings — lions' heads, birds, elephants;

a boat, with an armed knight in it, towed by a swan; a knight attacking a leopard; a man stabbing a bird; a man with pipe and tabor; a mermaid holding a dish; — and many other designs. What was the idea, I am always asking myself, of introducing these odd shapes and thoughts into what was considered the most sacred part of the edifice?

The east window, with some very beautiful fragments of ancient painted glass in it, is of later Perpendicular architecture; the triplicity seen in the arrangement of all its parts, is supposed to be symbolical of the doctrine of the Trinity.

A curious old astronomical clock in the north transept is inscribed with the solemn words, — "Pereunt et imputantur."

The Services of Exeter Cathedral, and its whole ecclesiastical furnishing, order, and economy, are perhaps the most full and gorgeous, carrying out the most perfectly and persistently the High Church idea of worship, that are to be found in any Cathedral in England; and indeed the tone of the city is thoroughly ecclesiastical, or pervaded with the sense of the presiding idea of the Church hierarchy. The curfew-bell tolls from the old towers. The Cathedral Services are as follows:

"I. Early Morning, Daily.

"In the Lady Chapel, at 7 A. M. Morning Prayers; and the Litany on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

"II. Morning, Daily.

"In the Choir, at 10.30 A. M. Full Services of the day. The Holy Communion celebrated every Sunday and on Christmas day.

"On the Wednesdays and Fridays in Ember-weeks, a Lecture from the Chancellor of the Cathedral.

"The Lord Bishop holds his Ordination on the Sundays after the Whitsun and September Ember-weeks.

"III. Evening, Daily.

"In the Choir at 3 P. M., except on the Sundays from Nov. 1st to Feb. 2d, when it is at 2.30 P. M. On Sundays the Service is followed by a Lecture."

The present Cathedral Establishment consists of the Lord Bishop; the Dean; the seven Canons; the twenty-four Prebendaries; the four Priest Vicars; the eight Choir-men, who are Lay Vicars; the six Secondaries; the ten Choir-boys; the two Vergers; and the one Dog-whipper!

In spite of this large ecclesiastical force, and the great number of other churches, Exeter is said to be not at all remarkable for its piety, morality, and sober manners. Many of the clergy reside out of the city, and are away from it excepting when their presence is needed in the public ministrations; indeed, the missionary idea of active aggressive work among the hearts and lives of the people did not

appear so much to prevail, as the more poetic one of maintaining a perpetual, dignified, and beautiful Church form, before the eyes of the people — but I will not criticise where any wish to pray.

On the Sabbath, the Mayor of the city was present at the Cathedral Service in a scarlet dress, and the City Recorder in a big wig; and a great number of begowned clergy, officials, and boys, filled the stalls and a large portion of the choir. The Liturgy and Psalms were chanted and intoned; and when the Commandments were read, the reader turned himself toward the east window. The preacher, in an otherwise sensible discourse, dwelt strongly upon the idea that the real ingrafting upon Christ was through *baptism;* that in this way we were made his children and obtained entrance into his spiritual kingdom. No allusion at all was made to the terrific storm which had been sweeping over England, desolating thousands of households, though its blasts hardly yet ceased to shake the solid walls of the church — and there seemed to be in fact no place in the Service for a present and vital emergency.

Quite near the Cathedral, to the south of the choir, is the Episcopal Palace, built of red sandstone, which has a grave and almost gloomy look. Its doorway consists of an immense recessed arch; the lawn about it is beautifully green and shaven, and ornamented with dark laburnums. English Bishops have commonly more than one palace — the Bishops of Winchester and London

can see the smoke of one of their palaces from the top of the other. The Bishop of Exeter has £5000 salary, and holds also a rich living as Canon of Durham, besides other patronages; but I do not know that he is considered a particularly wealthy prelate. Indeed, compared with the Archbishop of Canterbury who has £15,000, the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London and Winchester who have £10,000, his income is one of the smallest; for with the exception of the Bishop of Durham who has £8000, and of Ely who has £5500, all the other English Bishops have £5000 each, or nearly that amount. Yet the lowest of these sums sounds very large to Americans, with whom all that is paid for mere dignity is considered to be money thrown away. But Lord John Russell says that there must be "prizes" in the Church.

Henry Phillpots, D. D., Bishop of Exeter, whose jurisdiction extends over Devonshire and Cornwall, has been a modern St. Bernard, "a dog of the Church," an ecclesiastical champion and athlete, and in his controversy with Lord Brougham on points of English Church History, and in defense of Church rights, he showed himself, as far as force and skill are concerned, worthy of the palmiest days of Catholic Rome. The making of a great lawyer was spoiled in him. He is now I believe incapacitated by his great age from active duty, and is aided by a colleague recently appointed.

In my frequent walks about Exeter, I fell in

with more than one grave-looking clerical gentleman with black frock-coat cut long, black gloves, and black cane, and broad-brimmed hat slightly curled up on one side, walking with dignified slowness, doubtless a reverend canon or prebend; and I must confess, that from some cause or other, Exeter gave me now and then a shadowy Roman Catholic impression, which the broad honest red faces and hearty voices of the common English people just as instantly dispelled.

The walks about Exeter are lovely. One long steep hill, leading to what is called "Pennsylvania or Marypole Head," gives one a charming panorama. Trudging up this hill, I met an old woman holding her hand on her heart; I asked her if she were tired; "Yes," she said, "very tired;" this is what they called "Break-heart Hill."

The view from the top of this hill takes in the city with its long dark Cathedral pile dominating over all; the vale of the Exe to its mouth, and the waters of the British Channel beyond; and back, far in among the swelling hills, the river meandering past hundreds of peaceful villages and farmhouses; and to the southwest the dimly-seen blue mountain walls of Dartmoor. Descending the hill on the other side one gets into the genuine inland Devonshire country, a quiet valley lying amid green hills cleanly cultivated to the top, with deep-sunk, hedged lanes running through it, and a noble Elizabethan country-house half way up its side, and splendid cattle feeding as if in regular military lines on its meadows.

This was the season of hedge-pruning; and I met men hard at work on the tall luxuriant hedges with their broad pruning-bills.

I had to wait a day or two longer in Exeter on account of the road being impassable between Exeter and Dawlish; and when I went over it, it was amazing to see how the ocean had spurned man's strongest work. Brunel was warned not to build so near the sea; and one old man in especial told him that the work might last ten or even twenty years, and then there would come a storm which would demolish it; but in the willfulness of his genius he despised the warning, saying that "an obstinate old man was worse than Parliament." Yet he was a great genius; and this very South Devon road, triumphing as it does over all obstacles, spanning arms of the sea, and striding from hill-top to hill-top, is proof of it.

On the causeway before one gets to Dawlish, under the red-clay cliffs just at its side, enormous masses of granite had been twisted around and tumbled down as if they were cotton-bales; and still the sea was roaring and churning the shells and gravel of the long beach in menacing unrest, although the sun shone brightly upon the expanse of the broad estuary of the Exe River, and upon the pretty towns of Topsham and Exmouth on its opposite bank.

Dawlish is a snug little watering-place, cosily set in a narrow bay of green hills, with a stream running through the centre, and with a splendid

gravelly sea-beach. It was formerly an insignificant fishing place, though long ago visited by health-seekers; and the readers of "Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's Life" will remember how much she speaks of Dawlish. In one place she says: "In the beginning of June we left Bath and accompanied our aunt to Dawlish, where she had just built, on a model of her own, a very pretty little villa called Seagrove Lodge. We had our abode in a small lodging a few hundred yards off. Dawlish was not then what it is now. It was no watering-place, but a small rural village, pastoral indeed, but without pretension either to beauty or picturesque effect. It consisted of a straggling line of small houses, mostly thatched, and many whitewashed cottages, interspersed with little gardens, extending irregularly from the sides of a shallow brook, that wound through a plashy green full of rushes and the yellow-horned poppy, till, crossing through sands, it reached the sea. This little stream was crossed by a crazy wooden foot-bridge, where the children of the village often delighted to angle, while we were occupied in the marshy sward beneath in gathering the water-cresses growing in the brook in great abundance."

One would hardly recall this "water-color" picture in the substantial yellow-stuccoed houses, prim green, and noble sea-promenade of the present town.

The red earth cliffs between Dawlish and Teignmouth are of the most bold and grotesque forms;

they resemble immense Egyptian sculptures in their massive character; for the sea, rude sculptor as it is, has hollowed, and carved, and shaped them to its own rough fancy. The railway cuts directly through some of these great sandstone masses. The fragments called the "Parson and Clerk" stand out very oddly in the sea, — the red-faced parson preaching to the waves, — while another figure, below the breakwater when the tide is out, presents a still more remarkable appearance, resembling a gigantic Capuchin monk, with his ample cape and gown wildly flying in the wind.

In walking about Devonshire one gets well painted with this red clay; where it has been recently plowed and the water stands in the furrows, it is as bright-colored as red ochre.

At Teignmouth, a very old town, there is the longest bridge in the kingdom; it has thirty-four arches, and is 1671 feet long. This is another pleasant health-resort. "The average temperature is almost six degrees higher than that of London from October to May, and five lower from June to September."

Newton Abbot, where one takes the branch train to Torquay, is a finely situated and wooded place.

When I looked out of the window the next morning upon the streets, harbor, and bay of Torquay, it was truly "a moving sight to behold;" for every thing was in a state of restless agitation; the rain was leaping and spouting, the small craft in the inner harbor were rocking and dancing, and

the big waves outside were tossing their white crests in tremendous glee — another of those fierce October gales was upon us, though of shorter duration. Of course it rained more or less violently during the three days I was at Torquay. But it is a continual drizzle at all seasons in Devonshire; for the warm wind from the tropics coming over the Atlantic, and charged heavily with moisture, deposites itself in a thick mist of soft rain on the Devonshire coasts and fields; and it is this that lends them such a dark rich green. Yet there is more rain at London than at Torquay! The average number of days on which rain falls in the course of the year in Torquay is said to be one hundred and thirty-two, and at London one hundred and seventy-eight. Torquay is looked upon therefore as a *dry* place, being situated between two rivers and under the Dartmoor highlands, which serve to carry off the moisture. This, with its sheltered situation and warm equable climate, makes it a rival of Brighton as a health-resort, though for another class of invalids. It is indeed snugly and charmingly situated in one of those deeply indented bays that stud the shores of Devonshire — a bay within a bay — nestling itself in a gorge under the steep piny cliffs of Park Hill, Waldon Hill, and the Braddons, themselves covered with noble stone villas. It is a famous up-and-down place, and by climbing a little one can get very soon into a bracing hill atmosphere. Unable to bear the *ennui* of an in-door hotel day, I

walked around the sea-road and the shore of Torbay for some distance, though it was, from the force of the wind, rather wrestling than walking. Sometimes I had to run from a cataract of salt water. The sea-road under the cliff had suffered in the same manner that the Exeter and Teignmouth road had done; it was torn, and twisted, and knocked all to pieces; its ponderous stone-wall was plowed through in places as by an iron share; and the waves had flung themselves over into the garden and roared unceremoniously into the door of a villa, which was placed too ambitiously near the borders of their dominion.

But the splendid semicircle of Torbay, between dimly defined Berry Head on the south, and Hope's Nose on the north, presented a grand spectacle under these circumstances — a broad sheet of yellow tumbling yeast, fringed by a wall of white foam. King William's fleet would have stood a poor chance then to have landed its bold invaders. God times the moments and the elements in these turning points of history; for so thundered the waves on England's cliffs when the Spanish Armada was broken to pieces. "*Flavit et dissipati sunt.*"

Before I left Torquay, however, the storm had subsided and softened away, leaving a golden hazy atmosphere in which the autumnal sun bathed and diffused itself, and at moments broke through the vapory heavens with all the more brightness. I made excursions to Anstey's Cove and Babbicombe

Bay. At the head of the former, which is a tangled, ivy-hung, rock-cloven chasm, stands an Italian villa of the Bishop of Exeter, called "Bishopstowe," having a wild seclusion and a noble sea view. Babbicombe Bay has a pretty sweep of silvery beach with red-tinted headlands, and a terraced slope to the edge of the cliffs. At Watcombe Bay the scene was truly Arcadian, green landslips under the cliffs and shepherds with sheep feeding.

In returning I noticed an ancient "Lich-house," or place for the temporary deposit of the dead, in front of a venerable country church; these are rare now in England.

A more interesting excursion was to the little town of Brixham, just at the southern corner of Torbay. It is built in a deep basin between the hills, and is a good specimen of an old-fashioned English fishing town. As it was "dirty weather," the old salts in their flapping hats and Mackintoshes were hanging about the stone piers, mending their fishing tackle, or tinkering their little crafts. The small harbor was crowded with such craft driven in by the storm. The smell of burning pitch contended with the more ancient "fish-like" odor. The fishing is chiefly done by trawling. A new trawling-gear costs some £80, and it is therefore no light matter to lose it, as is frequently done. An old fisherman said to me, that "it was fine sport fishing in pleasant weather, but no fine when winter came on." Gudewives had baskets of

haicks and whitings for sale, although Saturdays are the market days. Brixham is also a famous place for turbot, soles, mullet, and cod. At the end of the pier there is an obelisk of stone, set in granite, bearing the following inscription: —

"On this stone,
And near this spot,
WILLIAM,
Prince of Orange,
First set foot,
On his first landing in
England,
5th November,
1688."

Macaulay, in his "History of England," gives the following picture of this event. "A soft breeze sprung up from the south, the mist disappeared, the sun shone forth, and under the mild light of an autumnal noon the fleet turned back, passed around the lofty cape of Berry Head, and rode safe into the harbor of Torbay. The disembarkation instantly commenced. Sixty boats conveyed the troops to the coast. The Prince soon followed. He landed where the quay of Brixham now stands; a fragment of the rock on which the deliverer stepped from his boat has been carefully preserved, and is set up as an object of public veneration in the centre of that busy wharf."

Although the squall was furious, I scrambled up to the top of huge Berry Head, beside which "Shakspeare's Cliff" dwindles, and had a talk with the old coast-guard there, in his whitewashed

stone hut, over a little smoking furze fire. The view from the cliff was grand, though the approach to the edge of it, from the violence of the gusts, required some caution. Over the bold detached headland, which forms the northern boundary of Torbay, flew plumes of spray, and the green waves of the British Channel, as far as the eye could reach, were streaked with foam.

The veteran coast-guard might hang up his battered telescope on its rusty nails and smoke his pipe in peace. His only duty was to make himself comfortable that afternoon.

In driving back to Torquay we passed the seat of a nobleman, with whose family history the coachman seemed minutely acquainted, and he helped to while away a rainy ride over a dull bleak region by detailing it to me. Among other things, he said that the son of this nobleman, who was as great a scapegrace, from his account, as the famous "Heir of Linne," had lately lost £30,000 in racing spiders over a hot plate! This story I give entirely on the coachman's authority.

The season had just about commenced at Torquay, though the severe weather had prevented as yet much thronging of visitors. It is an elegant and fashionable town, and has some rich modern churches, costly residences, and one of the best hotels to be found in the kingdom. The Devonshire country people that one sees on the streets here, are generally noble specimens of men, with blooming red faces, and eyes as black as sloes;

and with their velvet jackets, yellow corduroy breeches, huge brogans, miniature felt hats stuck on one side of the head, and flowers pinned into their coat-collars, they are indeed quite presentable giants.

CHAPTER XXI.

CORNWALL AND PENZANCE.

STRIKING again upon the South Devon road, I went on to Totness. At Totness we crossed the beautiful river Dart, navigable ten miles from Dartmouth. One sees here in England the meaning of the names Dartmouth, Exmouth, Plymouth, &c., which transferred to our American inland, or simply shore towns, have lost all their original significance. From Totness to Plymouth the distance is twenty-four and a half miles, and the road passes through much interesting Devonshire scenery, especially about Ivy Bridge, a favorite neighborhood for artists. The Dartmoor highlands lie somewhat to the north, which though not of great elevation are exceedingly romantic, forming a wild, solitary, and tempestuous region.

Plymouth, a name dear to the American, has great beauties and charms of its own. I can never forget the surprise I experienced at the first sight of the harbor of Plymouth from the Hoe promenade; to say that it is an English Bay of Naples, would have little meaning, for there is no resemblance between the two; but Plymouth Bay is certainly the most noble, varied, and beautiful, of

all the English harbors, and there are few in the world to compare with it. And out of it about this time of the year, perhaps upon such a clear, fresh, and golden autumn morning, with the trees of Edgcumbe Park just turning crimson, and the waves in the bay curling merrily to the breeze, the little *Mayflower* put out to sea, bearing another England within her!

New Plymouth, so the tradition is, was named from a fancied resemblance to the old Plymouth. The resemblance must be very slight. A Pilgrim College is now established at or near the traditional spot where the embarkation of the Pilgrims for America took place. This event is thus related in the "Journal of the Pilgrims:" "Wednesday, the sixt of September, the Wind comming East North East a fine small gale, we loosed from Plimoth, having beene kindly intertained and curteously vsed by diuers friends there dweling, and after many difficulties in boysterous stormes, at length by God's prouidence vpon the ninth of Nouember following, by breake of the day we espied land."

And it seems to be England's destiny still to have her population flow away ever from her shores toward America. With all the increasing wealth of England, her system of taxation falling so unequally on the lower classes,* and the tendency of her legislation to concentrate the landed interests in the hands of a few, so that the small landholders are every year diminishing in number and in ability to

* *Walker's Science of Wealth*, p. 370.

support themselves, and with her untold millions of hopeless paupers, great numbers must emigrate or starve; so that willingly or unwillingly England still continues to nourish America, and America is twice-born of the mother-country.

The Tamar River widens at its mouth and forms Plymouth Sound, and the splendid inner basin of the Hamoaze, some four miles long, and capable of mooring a hundred sail of the line. The estuary of the Plym, called the Cat-water, is a still larger anchorage for merchant vessels to the east of the city. These are both crowded with vast frigates, and with smaller shipping, the view up the Hamoaze ending with the long and lofty lines of Albert Bridge at Saltash.

The massive citadel of Plymouth, and the pyramidal rock of Drake's Island, strongly fortified, give a grave and solid aspect to the scene; while the lovely banks of the Tamar, and the thickly wooded promontory of Mount Edgcumbe, take it out of the commonplace of harbor views, and lend it a strange picturesqueness.

Mount Edgcumbe, with its feathery slopes and bold banks girdled by the deep blue sea, peculiarly attracted — so says his biographer — the painter Turner; as did also this whole region about Plymouth Bay, and the sweet scenery of the Tamar River. And indeed there is no one who has so photographed by the sun-flash of genius the varied scenery of all England, as this eccentric but enthusiastic lover of his native land has done. Born in one of the most

obscure of the dingy courts of London, the son of a barber, and with the prospect of frizzling hair himself all his life, his genius was first fairly awaked by the daily sight of the river Thames, and by the trees and meadows of Twickenham and Bushy Park, in the neighborhood of which he was sent to school. He afterward saw the ocean at Margate in Kent, where he also went to school; and there he fell in love with the sister of a school-mate, which led to the great sorrow of his life, but which, perhaps, wedded him the more closely to Art. His blue eyes, red face, and stout, short, shabbily dressed form, might have been seen a quarter of a century ago or more in every part of Devonshire, on its southern and northern coasts — he used to say he was a Devonshire man — also in Cornwall where he sketched St. Michael's Mount, in Wiltshire with Beckford, in Kent, in Derbyshire, and above all in Yorkshire, his favorite county. He was preëminently an English painter, as Milton was an English poet. Ruskin says that he so caught the trick of the Yorkshire hills, rounding as they do at the summit with a break or precipice at the foot instead of one sheer to the top, that he really made the Alps themselves bend in the same way to do homage to his unconquerable English genius.* Turner, as far as I have gained any conception of his character, seems to me to be a type of the best and worst, the greatest and meanest traits of the English mind, — original, incomprehensible, positive, reticent, acqui-

* *Thornbury's Life of Turner*, Vol. I., p. 151.

sitive, tender, rough, despising public opinion but eager for a solid and lasting fame. He did not see why Italy, or an Italian artist, should monopolize all God's beauty in Nature, or that dear misty England should be without *her* Claude — and with tenfold more of power, as when the storm awakes in its might around the coasts of this green and lovely isle. But I have gotten far away from Plymouth Bay and Mount Edgcumbe. This last striking and beautiful spot, was the place that the commander of the Spanish Armada set his greedy eyes upon as the seat of his power and pleasure after his speedy conquest of England, and from the harbor near by darted out those nimble little English frigates under Howard, Hawkins, and Drake, to spoil his dreams. Drake, it is related, would play out and win his game of bowls, before he stirred a step to go aboard his ship, though all Spain and Philip himself were coming. As to these same little English frigates — we are sometimes apt to regard England as if she had always been the great naval power that she now is; but before the reign of Elizabeth she had no navy worth speaking of. Froude says that at the beginning of that reign "the whole naval force in commission amounted to seven coast-guard vessels, the largest of which was but one hundred and twenty tons; and eight small merchant brigs and schooners, altered for fighting." The love of gold and the plunder of rich Spanish galleons, and the wild hopes which the opening of a New World aroused — America, in fact with her

mysterious magnetic power drawing west to new fields of wealth and conquest — here was the true originating cause of the maritime greatness of Old England.

At the mouth of the broad harbor stretches that wonder of patient science, the Plymouth Breakwater, a mile long, terminated by a light-house. It receives the full force of the stormy Southern Atlantic as it rolls up into the English Channel. And beyond all, fourteen miles out to sea, I could discern, even with the naked eye, the tall tapering white form of "Eddystone Light-house," and with a glass could see the spray dashing in graceful jets at its base, under the northerly wind. Smeaton, Rennie, Brunel, have crowned Plymouth with works of imperishable honor, — works of peace, humanity, and enduring utility.

I stayed two days in Plymouth, boating in the harbor, boarding some of the immense men-of-war that lie there so silent and immovable, and tramping over Edgcumbe Park, from which one has a view of Carson Bay, the favorite anchoring ground of Nelson and Vincent; and here too I had an opportunity of studying some of the finest trees in England, — oaks, laurels, firs, ilexes, and cedars of Lebanon. I also made an excursion up the Tamar to the Royal Albert Bridge, the only work of Brunel that combines stupendousness with economy. Generally speaking, his designs have been great, and greatly ruinous to all concerned in them. Here he seems to have studied cheapness as well as

vastness. It is as plain a structure as could well be conceived, but its simplicity is impressive and almost sublime. Its span of four hundred and eighty feet and its huge unornamented white iron cylinders make a lofty gradual arch over the abyss, and in spite of the immense piers, and other gigantic supports, appear to hold the whole structure suspended entirely from them. So perfect were the preparations, that the bridge was raised at last without the sound of a hammer. A man-of-war may pass under it with full sail set.

Old Saltash tumbling up the steep bank under the colossal shadows of the bridge, with its irregular clustering houses, and boats lying about in confusion on the gravelly beach, is a piquant bit of picture in itself. Above Saltash the Tamar assumes a strictly rural, quiet, inland beauty.

The Royal Hotel at Plymouth was intended to be a comprehensive institution, or to embrace hotel, coffee-house, theatre, and church, all under one roof. It is a rambling old house enough. The sombre coffee-room and its low ceiling, middle arch, red carpet, oak-pattern paper, game-piece medallions, and polished ponderous mahogany furniture, with the respectable old waiters in white cravats and aprons, and naval officers eating coppery oysters, and talking thick over their port wine, are fresh in my memory. Here I partook, not for the first time, however, of the famous Devonshire "*clouted cream*," — a rich and palatable dessert, something like improved "bonny-clabber." The method of making it is fully de-

scribed in a book on "English cattle" which I picked up; but the real Devonshire milk is to be first obtained. "The milk is suffered to stand in a vessel for twenty-four hours; it is then placed over a stove or slow fire, and very gradually heated to an almost simmering state, below the boiling point. When this is accomplished, (the first bubble having appeared,) the milk is removed from the fire, and allowed to stand for twenty-four hours more. And at the end of the time the cream will have arisen to the surface in a thick or *clouted* state, and is removed; in this state it is eaten as a luxury, but it is often converted into butter, which is done by stirring it briskly by the hand or stick." By this it is seen that it is almost as rich as butter. This clouted cream is said to have first come from Cornwall, where it is still a common luxury; and, strangely enough it is an Oriental or Syrian dish to this day; so that some, (by rather a broad leap,) have argued from this fact the authenticity of the Phœnician visitation to Cornwall.

There are no specially handsome streets in Plymouth, though it is much more of a city than Portsmouth, and with Devenport and its immense dockyard of seventy-one acres, its vast military works, and its fine houses and churches, it is a stately and imposing place. In the public library I saw three pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and an ill-spelled letter of his, inviting Boswell to dine.

We have now to make a rapid tour through the last county in England, Cornwall. There is truth

in these remarks of an English writer: "Cornwall has been, perhaps, less known and visited by tourists than any other of our counties; and I might say less than the capitals of the Continent of Europe. You will find in any miscellaneous company, many more Englishmen who have visited Paris than Truro; many more who have sailed up and down the Rhine than up and down the rivers Tamar and Fowey; many more who know the outside and inside of St. Peter's at Rome, than the outside or inside, especially the latter, of a Cornish copper mine." How many Englishmen, in England and on the Continent, have told me that they had never been to Cornwall, and, what is more, never wished to go. They have lost the sight of a wild and singular region, totally unlike the rest of England, and of an interesting people.

Whirling over the "Royal Albert Bridge" to Saltash, one is in Cornwall. The scenery continues to be beautiful, and like that in Devonshire, until the mining region is reached. The railway crosses a number of narrow valleys or gorges sloping to the sea, and richly wooded and green. The vales of Liskeard and Lostwithiel are charming, containing a dark ferny luxuriant vegetation, with beautiful river scenery, and noble artificial works, broad canals, and stupendous railway viaducts spanning from hill to hill; for Brunel put out all his strength on this South Devon and Cornwall road. At Lostwithiel, on the lovely Fowey River, one first begins to see mining carriages, and

traces of that immense system of underground operations, that convert this end of England into a solemn, candle-lit, subterranean hive or prison. Before coming to Truro, we passed the famous Carclaze tin-mine, with its white clay cliffs. It is an open excavation of a mile in circuit, and from twenty to thirty fathoms deep. It presents the unique spectacle of an out-of-door mine. It is worked in an earth called "soft growan" (or decomposed granite), and the metal is obtained simply by washing. The mine has been worked four hundred years, and an incredible amount of metal has been taken from it. Now begins to appear the true Cornwall scenery,—low hills without wood, barren moors covered with a short furze, and more commonly still, simple mounds of sand and gravel, and holes and pits everywhere. Now and then there is a small stone hut with a walled-in miniature kitchen-garden. A wooden shed, some spindling poles and tottering scaffolding with clusters of huts and larger piles of sand and *detritus*, are the unobtrusive and almost unnoticeable evidences of what is perhaps a large and rich mine. Truro, the capital of Cornwall, is finely situated on the confluence of two streams, but beauty is sacrificed to business, and sand-heaps, mounds of "deads," and all the withering concomitants of a mining district, make the environs of this ancient town any thing but attractive. Redruth, somewhat further on, is the very centre of the Cornwall copper mines, and of savage scenery. The region

is indescribably bleak and barren. The black heights of "Carn Brea," strewed with tempest-worn blocks or "tors" of granite, frown over the scene. All around the landscape is like that of the "Cities of the Plain," after the tempest of fire and brimstone had rained on them. There is nothing but a continued series of poisonous-looking heaps of the exuviæ of mines, and a dismal and herbless expanse for the eye to rest upon. Out of the town few people or signs of life are seen. The life is under ground. This is the heart of what is called "The Gwennap Mining District." It is chiefly cupriferous, and is the richest in Cornwall. The little that I have room to say about the Cornwall mines, might as well be said here. For a fuller treatment of this theme I refer the reader to a small book called "Cornwall: its Mines and Miners."

Copper is found in granite and clay-slate, or more definitely in what is technically called *killas*, or greenish clay-slate, and especially in the line of the junction of this with granite. The vein varies in size from the thickness of a sheet of paper to that of several yards. Sometimes the miner strikes upon a rich "bunch" of metal with smaller veins or strings hanging to it, like the root of a vegetable. This hope of continually coming upon a prize fires him in his hard and solitary toil. According to the richness of his gains so is his pay. In the common method of working mines, the miner receives a certain percentage on the actual value of

what he digs. It is thus for the interest of the workmen, or "tributers," to make as much for their employers as possible; and there are no strikes among the Cornish miners.

The vast expense and skill requisite in mining can hardly be estimated by the uninitiated. It is said that the annual cost of mining operations in Cornwall is about equal to the annual gains, though these are immense. Therefore some must lose heavily, while a few only make money. Mining is a gigantic lottery. It takes the place in England of our Western land speculations. To hold a share in a mine is perilous business, because it is a leasehold which may expire any year, and because one's liability is unlimited. Yet almost all Cornish men and women, who have any property, hold shares in mines. A common-looking, chatty woman pointed out to me a mine, called, if I remember rightly, "Cook's Kitchen," and said she owned a share there. She got off the car, and looked about her with the air of a proprietor.

The extent and elaborateness of some of the older Cornwall mines will account for their expensiveness. The "Consolidated Mines," which are perhaps the largest, are calculated to extend 5500 fathoms, or sixty-three miles under ground. Some twelve miles of perpendicular depth have been sunk in shafts. The old "Dalcoath Mine" is 1920 feet deep. These vast depths and ramifications have to be drained and ventilated. For draining, steam-engines of extraordinary power

must be employed. They are of peculiar construction, economizing power to a wonderful degree, and are made in Cornwall. One of them at "Austen's Fowey Consols Mine" is thus described: "It has an eighty-inch cylinder 10.97 load per square inch on the piston, and a length of stroke in the cylinder of 10.31, and in the pump of 9.25, lifting 87,065,000 pounds a foot high, by the consumption of only one bushel of coals. It consumes eighty-four pounds of coal in an hour." It is estimated that at "Huel Abraham Mine 43,500 hogsheads of water have been pumped up in twenty-four hours from a depth of 1441 feet." Ventilation is also effected, or at least aided, by the employment of steam, discharging foul air and creating circulation. The air of some mines is oppressively hot. Men have been known to lose five or six pounds of weight at a single spell of labor, from profuse perspiration at the bottom of a deep mine, where the temperature is often nearer 90° than 80°.

The hardest work of the poor miner is descending and ascending such enormous depths by ladders. After a wearing, toiling day in dungeon air, then to climb up endless ladders, carrying his tools, full an hour's journey, "to grass," — or what would be like climbing a mountain without having the pure mountain air to breathe, — is almost too much for human strength. Heart disease and consumption are the inevitable results of such unnatural toil. The "man-machine," now introduced to

some extent in the Cornwall mines, has been a great blessing to miners. It is a long rod connected with a working beam, with a stroke of twelve feet. Upon this rod are attached shelves, each large enough for two men to stand upon. Up goes the rod, lifting the men with it. They then step from this shelf upon a shelf *fixed* on the side of the shaft. There they wait until the rod again ascends, when they step upon its rising shelf and are carried up twelve feet. So they gradually come "to grass." An American friend, who explored several Cornwall mines, told me, that notwithstanding the apparent ease of this process, it required nevertheless a quick eye and steady nerves. His coat-skirt once became entangled upon a descending shelf, and had it not been for the quickness of his guide he would have gone down with it.

The life of the miner is not to be envied. He works in awful silence by dim candle-light at the bottom of a well, and often in the foul air of a sewer. His life is in continual peril. And when he comes to the upper air, it is to expose himself to keen blasts that cut through his frame. He rarely lasts more than sixty years. Yet the Cornish miner is a contented and, generally speaking, religious man. The labors of Whitefield and Wesley sowed seeds among the rocks here that still bear rich fruit. Near Redruth there is a large hollow, or pit, where John Wesley preached to vast assemblies of miners; it is now sometimes

used for great religious gatherings and out-door preaching.

Tin is usually associated in the same localities with copper, and is found likewise in the granite and metamorphic rock. It is also procured in small quantities from alluvial deposites, like gold. This "stream-tin" was what the ancient Britons of Cornwall probably sold to the Phœnicians, though they may have mined to some little extent. Since visiting Cornwall, I have thought that the parable of the man finding "treasure hid in a field," was not that he found money or jewels, but a vein of silver or copper, for which he sells all to buy; and to seek truth as hid treasures, was it not, in fact, to mine for it with resolution, skill, and success? The 28th chapter of Job, especially the 3d and 4th verses, literally translated, are a wonderfully correct description of mining operations even at this day. This chapter certainly goes to prove the exceeding great antiquity of mining.

Tin is found in other parts of the world, but the grand source of tin is Cornwall. Our New England bright tin pans, and flashing Connecticut tin-peddler's ware, were all once hundreds of fathoms deep and dark under the Cornish hills. Tin in the ore is any thing but bright and promising. It has to undergo a vast deal of crushing, stamping, rolling, puddling, dressing, and smelting, before it comes out a shining metal. Tin ore must be, by law, smelted in Cornwall, where there is no coal. The greatest smelting works are in the neighbor-

hood of Truro. A beefsteak cooked on a red-hot bar of tin, is the common treat of a visitor after inspecting a mine.

The same vessels that bring coal from the North, bear back copper to the North. Copper ore is smelted mostly out of Cornwall, at Swansea and Neath, in South Wales. But I am not writing a book on mining, and my reader can find a thoroughly scientific treatment of the subject in the little volume I have recommended. Few subjects are more curiously interesting from the force of mind, the will and courage, the ingenuity of invention, the singular geologic phenomena, and the fresh and novel facts developed by the every-day working of the whole stupendous system.

From Redruth, the railway passes by and over a portion of sandy-shored St. Ives' Bay, at Hayle. St. Ives is a great point for the "pilchard fishery." This fishery is almost altogether confined to the shores of Cornwall. Once a year these little fish swarm up from the Southern seas to the English coasts. When they approach land in vast shoals, they are eagerly watched and taken in great seines. The net is one hundred and ninety fathoms long, and costs some £170. The author of "Cornwall Mines and Miners" says that at the town of St. Ives, no less than 1000 hogsheads of pilchards were once secured in three casts of the seine. And in the little town of Trereen, 600 hogsheads were taken in a week. As 2400 fish make a hogshead, no less than 1,400,000 pilchards were caught.

These are salted and sent to the southern countries of Europe, to supply good Catholics with fish in their Lenten season! The pilchard is somewhat smaller than a herring, and does not compare with it for eating.

Pilchard fishing is said to be a very picturesque and stirring sight, especially if it take place at night by torchlight. The nets then look like masses of molten silver.

St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, and not St. Ives in Cornwall, is probably the famous one of the nursery rhyme. It is strange to think how slender the neck of England is here; one can almost see across it. We are fast coming to the end of all things.

The people one meets here in the little one-track junction railway, are of a very plain, frank, sociable cast. London superciliousness and reserve have altogether vanished, and you talk freely with your neighbor. Everybody is acquainted with everybody, and a stranger is looked upon as one to whom all are bound to be polite and entertaining. I gathered a great number of facts about mining and pilchards, which, I am sorry to say, I do not retain. The general impression I received was, that the zeal for mining was on the decline; that it was too unhealthy, dangerous, and above all pecuniarily uncertain business. It was heart-breaking in its crosses and disappointments. One fact I recall. An enterprising "adventurer" — so all are termed who speculate in mines — had spent £94,000 upon a mine and died of disappointment; while his suc-

cessor a few weeks after began to realize — I hold to this excellent Americanism — an immense fortune from the same mine.

A young Episcopal clergyman sat opposite to me, with the most approved pre-raphaelite cut to his coat and visage, with whom I fell into conversation and found him an intelligent and genial man. At parting he gave me a line of introduction to his father-in-law, a distinguished clergyman living at Pendeen, with whom he made me promise that I would pass the next Sabbath.

The first sight of "St. Michael's Mount" gilded with the fires of a lurid sunset, and of the foam-fringed expanse of "Mount's Bay," had to me a touch of the romantic; for I had ever associated the "Mount" with a certain dreamy undefined antiquity, and with Milton's poetry.

It was storm and shine during my stay at Penzance, though the former predominated. There is a saying that there is a shower every day in Cornwall, and two on Sunday. But the temperature in this autumn season was much milder and softer than I had experienced further north. The changes are sudden from dark to bright, from rainy to clear. This part of England has a Mediterranean climate. Around Penzance, on its sloping hill-sides, there was a pleasing girdle of green gardens and fields, though almost everywhere else sand and rock, and a scantling of grass, were the monotonous features of the scenery. The myrtle and hydrangea, and other Southern European plants, grow

freely in the open air. The winter temperature of Penzance is 42°, while that in the neighborhood of London is 35°. The summer is cooler and the winter warmer. Penzance is also well protected from the tremendous westerly gales which are the most severe of any in England; though in the spring of the year its easterly exposure makes it somewhat uncomfortable. It is becoming quite a health-resort. It were worth a visit to make the evening promenade along the sounding beach, and to see the Atlantic billows roll into "Mount's Bay," and the sun sink behind the stern rocks and barren hills toward Land's End.

"Mount's Bay" is a singular example of the geologic theory, of the comparatively recent sinking of the land to form an ocean floor. Evidences of the submerged forests frequently make their appearance. "St. Michael's Mount" was once, by tradition, a rock in the midst of a great internal forest.

One should not forget while in Penzance to visit the Serpentine Stone Works. This beautiful igneous stone which takes such an exquisite polish, is procured mostly from the Lizard near by; it has for its basis the silicate of magnesia, with oxide of iron, chromium, and manganese. The silicate of aluminum gives it a golden gleam. Few antique marbles, such as one picks up amid the ruins of Rome or Baiæ, may compare with the richness of this dark red and green variegated stone, as if it still held the fires that hardened it. The end of

England is *ever-pointed.* The ocean vainly washes its everlasting hills.

In the summer time the contrasts of these richly colored rocks of the Lizard, with the pearly white sands of the little coves and bays, and the blue waters of ocean, are said to be exquisitely beautiful and fairy-like.

There is a good geological museum at Penzance. The town, of about seven thousand inhabitants, is a primitive place enough. My chamber window at the old-fashioned inn looked out on the quiet yards, ancient chimney-pots, and lonely blue sea beyond. I ate my solitary meal in dignified silence. Walking the streets one feels somewhat like a "pilchard" on shore, or a bird that has wandered from its place. Yet every one is polite and good-natured. Only you are a break, an exception, in the well-soldered community. You belong to another than the Cornwall world of things. When you have seen Penzance and Land's End, go back to London, to Paris, to the world.

At the evening hour some horrid noises and yells rang through the sober little Methodist town. A squad of beery fishermen, or flush young miners, were making a demonstration in their congenial darkness, — dangerous business one would think so near the jumping-off place.

I paid a visit to Marazion, or Market Jew, a walk of about three miles on the northern shore; it is an ancient town, where tin was worked by the Jews in the reign of King John, and even earlier. It is, in

fact, the oldest town in Cornwall. It stands upon a hill-side which slopes to the north, and contains some very old houses, furnaces, and relics of the primitive Jewish town. The "Marazion circle" of tin mines, some twenty-seven in number, have the reputation of being losing and unfortunate concerns.

Just opposite Marazion is "St. Michael's Mount." It stands either entirely out of the sea as an island, or as forming the end of a very doubtful and moist peninsula, according to the time of day you visit it. That it was the ancient "Ictis," and that the Isle of Wight was *not*, in spite of its Latin name, all at least who visit Cornwall are prepared to defend. The famous passage from Deodorus, a writer in the the time of Augustus Cæsar, reads thus: "The inhabitants of that extremity of Briton which is called Bolerion" (supposed to be Land's End) "both excel in hospitality, and also, by reason of their intercourse with foreign merchants, they are civilized in their mode of life. These prepare the tin, working very skillfully the earth which produces it. The ground is rocky but it has in it earthy veins, the produce of which is brought down and melted and purified. Then, when they have cast it into the form of cubes, they carry it to a certain island adjoining to Britain and called Iktis. During the recess of the tide the intervening space is left dry, and they carry over abundance of tin to this place in their carts; and it is something peculiar that happens to these islands in those parts lying between Europe and Britain; for at full tide, the in-

tervening passages being overflowed, they appear like islands; but when the sea returns a large space is left dry, and they are seen as peninsulas. From hence, then, the traders purchase the tin of the natives, and transport it into Gaul, and finally, travelling through Gaul on foot in about thirty days, they bring their burdens on horseback to the mouth of the Rhone."

Thus the "Mount" is probably the earliest historic point in England. It is the link that connected Britain with the civilization of Rome and the East. It afterward assumed an ecclesiastical character, and was the place of pilgrimages to the shrine of the angel "Michael," who alighted on the rock in his flight from heaven. Lady Catherine Gordon, ("Rose of Scotland,") wife of Perkin Warbeck, took refuge here. Charles I. visited it during the wars with the Parliament. The Cornish men were strong royalists.

When I saw the "Mount," it rose majestically from the bosom of the sea, and the waves dashed around its base. One could hardly believe that it was not always an island, for it is some distance from the shore. Two strong fellows pulled me out to it, and seemed quite anxious that my visit should be a short one, for the storm was brewing fast. Landing on the old slimy stone pier, I found quite a marine colony there. Fishermen hung about on the sea-wall, smoking their pipes, and watching the veering and menacing clouds. I ran up the broken grassy steep at the foot of the castle, and to my

surprise was admitted to a beautiful castellated residence, the property of the St. Aubyn family. The room called "Chevy-Chace Hall," and the other apartments, though small, are handsomely furnished, and are lived in during some months of the year. The chapel is the chapel of the old Benedictine Monastery. I went up on the battlements, and had a noble view of the whole extent of "Mount's Bay" to the Lizard on the north, and Penzance with its background of green hills and villas, and the bold black headlands toward Land's End on the south. The last storm had shaken the castle to its foundations, and even now the wind was so strong that it was difficult standing. Here is the famous stone chair jutting out from the topmost battlement over the abyss, which secures to one who first sits in it the authority in the domestic circle.

On our return we did not have quite so successful a time. The sea had risen considerably, and in approaching the shore we made two ineffectual attempts to ride in on a big wave, and were well drenched; but by skillful management we at length shot in on top of a long roller.

The "Mount" is an impressive object from the shore. It rises pyramidically in bold steps or platforms, crowned by the compact though irregular mass of the castle, which seems to grow out of the rock. I tried to discover the "lion" that guards the Mount. A rude mass of granite looking southward, by a lively imagination, might be shaped into

a monstrous lion. While we are (in fancy) looking at the "Mount," lifting itself like a vision of majestic power through the scud of the whistling storm, let us hear Milton's lines like a strain of music above the storm: —

"Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies —
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Aye me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth;
And O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more."

Since I have quoted so much, I will not omit giving also the fine sonnet of Bowles, (the inspirer of Coleridge's poetic genius,) upon St. Michael's Mount: —

"Mountain! no pomp of waving woods hast thou,
That deck with varied shade thy hoary brow;
No sunny meadows at thy feet are spread, —
No streamlets sparkle o'er their pebbly bed;

But thou canst boast thy beauties, — ample views
That catch the rapt eye of the pausing Muse:
Headlands around new-lighted; sails, and seas
Now glassy smooth, — now wrinkling to the breeze;
And when the drizzly winter, wrapt in sleet,
Goes by, and winds and rain thy ramparts beat,—
Fancy may see thee standing thus aloof,
And frowning, bleak and bare, and tempest-proof,
Look, as with awful confidence, and brave
The howling hurricane; — the dashing wave;
More graceful when the storm's dark vapors frown,
Than when the summer suns in pomp go down."

CHAPTER XXII.

LAND'S END.

THE next morning was a driving storm, but I determined to see Land's End that day, and was rather glad that I could see it in all its grandeur.

I started early with a silent but well-mannered driver, in an open wagon, and with a powerful fast-trotting bay horse. The wind blew too hard for an umbrella; so, tucking ourselves in as well as we could, we made up our minds for a thorough wetting. The drive to Land's End in a direct line is about eleven miles, though longer by the course we took. We skirted the bay till the road began to ascend toward New Lyn, giving us broad views of Pènzance and the harbor. We came at length upon the high table-land, rocky and dismal, with a little sprinkling of grass and Cornish fern.

As if determined to get to myself all the disagreeabilities possible that day, I alighted in the neighborhood of Lemorna Cove, and ran down to see the rock scenery of that rugged bay, intending to meet my wagon at another point around somewhere further on. After a scrambling, lonely walk, over stone and bog, I came out, as I supposed, at the appointed spot, but no carriage was there. It

was a desolate place and a wild storm. I was puzzled what to do. I thought it best to walk on in what I conceived to be the direction of Penzance, thinking that I might come upon a house, or meet a traveler. After walking some time in this state of suspense, to my great satisfaction my lone dog-cart hove in sight at a considerable distance off, coming in a totally opposite direction from what I had anticipated. I will not pretend to go into explanations; but the driver declared that he had been faithful to his part of the engagement, had been to the appointed place, and not finding me there, had come on to seek me. "All's well that ends well," I thought, especially if it lands me at Land's End.

We left St. Buryan to the right, with its lofty old church-tower four hundred and sixty-seven feet above the sea level, the most conspicuous object on the moor, and a beacon to ships far out at sea. I stopped to examine the Druidic circle of the "Merry Maidens and Piper," consisting of sixteen moss-grown gray stones ranged in a circular form. They were once, it is said, frolicsome Cornish maidens, petrified for dancing on Sunday. But how hard and angular they have grown since then! In the storm-wind that whistled by them the ancient piper might be heard to play again, but *their* dancing days are over. This circle belongs doubtless to the same ancient Celtic system of burial, or worship, to which Stonehenge belonged.

Cornwall is full of these old circles and cromlechs; it is the land of pagan legend and mystery. It does not look like green, sunny, merry, Christian England. It has a wild, broken, granitic scenery. Its very names have strange old heathen sounds — such as Lemorna, Trengothal, Trereen, Lanyon, Penryn, Madon!

We stopped for a moment to see an antique stone cross, — a cross within a circle. It was a remnant of the earliest days of Christianity in England. How it did rain and blow when I tramped down from the streaming thatched-roofed cottages of Trereen, over the rocky meadows to the sea-side, to take a look at the "Logan Stone." It was any thing but a comfortable feat to climb up to it, and still less atop of it, in such a storm. But I was fairly in for it. I shall always contend that it was just the season, and just the day of all days, to see this grand rock-coast scenery. Who would go to Italy in mid-winter for Italian scenery! Who would see Land's End in summer sunshine!

The "Logan Stone" is a detached mass of rock, perched on a lofty promontory jutting out into the sea, and is about seventeen feet high, and weighs sixty-five tons. My guide laid his broad shoulders to it, and made it rock slightly. It was once thrown over by the freak of an English midshipman, and was reinstated with great difficulty and expense. Being originally a cubical mass of granite, by the action of storm and time its base had become disintegrated, so that it now rests on a

separate neck or pivot. The perpendicular rocks about it, seamed and scarred, with the hollow scooped out by rain and storm, called "The Giant's Throne," like the chair in which Göthe's ancient king sat, when he cast the golden goblet into the sea, are fully as interesting in themselves as the "Logan Stone." Treryn Castle, in the days of the Britons, is said to have stood here. I am inclined to think, however, that the castellated conformation of the rocks has given rise to this tradition. Here also is a fine point of view of the stern coast scenery, the rocky headlands and deep indented bays, with great caverns dug out by the waves, and "swilled by the wild and wasteful ocean."

We went on, turning here and there into cross-roads, that would have sorely puzzled a stranger. It seemed as if now that point ahead were Land's End, and then another point, and then another still. The scenery grew more desolate and dismal, this effect being undoubtedly heightened by the black storm. We passed a cheerless stone house facing the ocean, upon one side of which was written "The Last Inn in England," and upon the other side "The First Inn in England."

When we actually turned down to go out to the promontory termed Land's End, I will not say that the wind blew us bodily off the road, if road it might be called over the moor; but it seemed at one time doubtful whether we could stem the storm, or make any headway at all. The blasts

from the ocean were tremendous. In such a storm sweeping around England's coast, Shakspeare must have written the words that Macbeth spoke to the witches: —

> Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
> Against the churches; though the yesty waves
> Confound and swallow navigation up;
> Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;
> Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
> Though palaces and pyramids do slope
> Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
> Of Nature's germins tumble all together,
> Even till destruction sicken, answer me
> To what I ask you."

There is an idea of the all-levelling might of the ocean blast, in these lines, that one can better appreciate who is mad enough to attempt to face it, on the barren unprotected slopes that lead out to the extreme end, — or one might say, — the prow of England, where she plunges into the Atlantic.

When we came at length to actually the last house in England, a lonely low fisherman's hovel, standing slightly on one side of the promontory termed "Land's End," we had to take advantage of a slight lull to run from the shed to the house. There was no seeing it at that moment. A man could not well go upon the rocks at the height of such a tempest. He would have run the risk of being blown off like a cotton ball. The sea just below us was in a state of furious agitation. Through the rain and the flying scud we could just see, with a glass, the tall white pillar of "Long Ships Lighthouse," a mile from shore, to the top of which the

foam of the billows flew, though it stands one hundred and twelve feet above the level of the sea.

Some coals were smouldering on the rude hearth, and the old fisherman who inhabits the house roasted a pilchard, and with a cup of tea and hard sea-biscuit, we made a famous meal. It was of little use to attempt to dry our clothes.

After waiting an hour or so, there seemed to be some abatement of the storm, or there was, at least, a perceptible interval between the blasts. In one of these comparative lulls, the fisherman said we might make a run for it. We had to traverse quite a tract or hollow, and then climb over the crown of a hill. The fisherman and I started at a rapid run. Before we reached the top of the promontory, the gust came on again, and I had to depend upon my guide's strong arm to stagger against the violence of the side-blast, and to get over the hill into a more sheltered spot. Great flakes of blinding foam flew like a snow-storm over and around. When we had struggled over the hill, we crept along its side under the lee of some cliffs, though the bank of slippery turf slopes off here quite abruptly. Proceeding carefully, and clinging to the summit of the cliffs, we picked our way down, shelf after shelf, worming through and over the crags, till we came to a jutting mass of rock beyond which there was nothing, and holding me in his iron grasp, the guide and I stepped upon this outstanding rock, and looking over its edge into the foaming abyss below, stood upon "Land's End."

I stayed long enough to knock off a bit of granite, and then retired a few steps to a more sheltered position, where I might take a deliberate view of the scene. Just above us were the dark and storm-scarred fronts of the granite cliffs, rising in some kind of columnar regularity, as if they were the gigantic advance-guard of England, stationed here to receive the first shock of tempests.

Off the crest to our left was the long and singularly shaped rock, called "The Armed Knight;" and a few more black and formidable crags stretched from the end of the promontory, though buried at moments amid the boiling waves.

How grand, beyond description, was the sight of the roused Atlantic hurling its maddened strength upon the rocks, which bore the marks of a thousand such conflicts, and were there still, firm and unshaken, where God had placed them, to guard the land!

I watched the great billows pouring swiftly in upon the land, unconscious that they had come to the end of their course, and then suddenly, furiously, flinging themselves on high, as if in astonishment at meeting resistance, covering the tallest cliffs with their rage and foam.

In creeping back over the crags, I found we had come over a natural arch, which links the extremity of the promontory to the main land. By stretching one's self upon a ledge, and looking around a corner, one sees clean through the vault beneath into which the ocean rushes and roars as if in play.

We saw a mast with tangled cordage still hanging to it, rolling and tumbling about in the foam, which my guide said must have been a part of a very recent wreck.

Of course I did not see the Scilly Islands in such weather. They may be seen, however, if I mistake not, in clear weather, from this point. The tradition is that they were once connected with the main land; and fable and mystery still enwrap them, lying as they do in the very eye of the sunset far out on the lonely wastes of the ocean. There are to be found in these islands, it is said, spots of greenery and beauty that are truly delicious.

Regaining the house, and waiting some time longer for the storm to subside a little, we made a start for Sennen and the Botallack mines; and amid a driving tempest of rain we went on to the north, over a bleak moorland, passing by very few villages or signs of habitations, leaving the frowning headland of Cape Cornwall on our left, and in the latter part of the afternoon reached Botallack.

There are few things in the works of man more daring or wonderful than the Botallack mines; for where the veins of copper and tin run off into the ocean, there man has stationed himself to intercept them, and has not only followed them to the edge of the land, but has pursued them far *under the sea.*

Along the face of a lofty precipice which descends sheer into the ocean, and is exposed to all

the fury of the Atlantic, mining works, tramways, and ladders, have been constructed, so that they dangle down over the face of the enormous cliff in the most extraordinary and appalling way. Half down the precipice a steam-engine is stationed, which serenely pumps away in spite of wind and storm. Far up above it on the edge of the rock are other works; for the ore is carried up the face of the cliff to the upper sheds, as if men were literally living and working over the steepest side of Gibraltar. I went to the mouth of the midway shaft with the intention of descending into the mine; but it was Saturday afternoon, paying-time, and the mines were not in operation.

This mine, I have said, runs under the ocean; and it comes up in one place where the miners have pursued a vein to within five or six feet of the floor of the ocean, so that in a storm, the rolling and grinding of the great rocks and pebbles on the bed of the ocean overhead may be distinctly heard; and always the solemn thunder of the sea is faintly audible.

The Botallack mines are now chiefly worked for copper, although they have yielded in former times very richly in tin; and they are said to have afforded a profit at one time of £300,000.

On the edge of the evening we reached Pendeen; and we drove up in the midst of the still violent tempest to the door of Rev. Mr. A.'s house, the clergyman to whom I had a note of introduction. His house was situated in a large yard, with

a high wall around it, containing his church and house, — in fact a kind of modern "conventual establishment" on a small scale. A large, commanding-looking, elderly gentleman, in a long black cassock, or dressing-gown, received me at the door with great cordiality; and soon I was drying my dripping clothes, and warming my chilled limbs before a glowing grate, in a room which was the very picture of ecclesiastical repose and gravity.

"The vicar was of bulk and thews,
Six feet he stood within his shoes,
And every inch of all a man;
Ecclesiast on the ancient plan,
Unforced by any party rule
His native character to school;
In ancient learning not unread,
But had few doctrines in his head;
Dissenters truly he abhorred,
They never had his gracious word.
He ne'er was bitter or unkind,
But positively spoke his mind.
Their piety he could not bear,
A sneaking, snivelling set they were:
Their tricks and meanness fired his blood;
Up for his Church he stoutly stood.
No worldly aim had he in life
To set him with himself at strife."

The description of Arthur Hugh Clough's, might in essentials apply to the bulky and dignified man who had thus received me out of the wild storm into his hospitable house. It was indeed a sudden transition. The comfortable though austere parlor, in which my entertainer and myself sat during the evening, while the tempest raved without, was hung with pictures of old Catholic subjects and

saints; a mediæval brass-bound coffer stood on the centre-table to hold valuable papers; bits of painted glass, and plans for church architecture, were upon the mantel-piece and scattered about the room; and a large case of books filled up one end. Most of these books were the works of the French Jansenists, and came from the original Port Royal library. They were bequeathed to Mr. A., as I understood him to say, by Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, the biographer of the Port Royalists. Such little marks would at once indicate something of the religious *status* and character of my excellent host, but they would by no means tell all; nor do I feel myself permitted to tell all; and yet I do not think a man like Mr. A. would be annoyed by the mention of some of his peculiar ecclesiastical views, which are well known, and which illustrate one phase of the religious condition of England at the present time.

A man of high culture and powerful mind he had aspired to something more than intellectual eminence. He aimed at a life of exclusive devotion to the higher truths of Faith and the Divine life. There was a strong infusion of the mystic, and even ascetic element, coloring and shading his hearty religious sympathies. He believed in widely different and progressive spheres of spiritual attainment; that all men were not capable of the highest spirituality, and that perhaps this distinction would forever exist. There were some who were called to a life of exclusive consecration to, and of purer

union with the All-Perfect. They were chosen spirits, men who, like Paul, despised their material nature, denied themselves the delights of taste, and whose spirits were continual temples of God; they were the select priests of God; they were the peculiar media of His transmitted Spirit. He believed in this true Apostolic succession, and was an earnest supporter of the Tractarian view of the Church, the order of its ministry, the comprehensiveness of its service, and the vital efficacy of its sacraments. He declared decidedly, that *the only hope of the Church of England, and of England in a religious point of view, lay in the Puseyite wing of the Church;* not in the unconverted portion of it, who only formed the skeleton and dry bones, but in those whom God's Spirit had renewed. They were fitted, he said, by their legal education, their lives of self-denial and self-mastery, to endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and were like John the Baptist, coming up out of the wilderness, to proclaim the advent of the true Light. They were *men*, hardy, single-eyed, and able to do men's work. And they held the only true conception of the Church of God. He had learned this truth through much strife and affliction. He had once been an evangelist, going here and there, preaching as he pleased and where he pleased. He had thought that all men shared equally God's Spirit. But he had been drawn to the truth of the visible unity of the Church, — that it must be somewhere. If it were

in Rome, he determined to go there. It was, he found by searching and prayer, where *one Spirit* is given in baptism by the hands of one chosen body of anointed ministers, forming one visible Church of Christ in the world. He then turned to the English Church, speaking of it with enthusiasm as a Church of the true order, as in fact *the* Apostolic Church, having an organic life from the earliest times, and possessing the true signs of a primitive foundation of God: — but I will not continue this particular conversation, excepting to say that while abhorring schismatics of all denominations, he held strongly to the Methodist theory of reformations or revivals of religion. He went to the extreme lengths of the most earnest Methodist in this respect; — indeed he seemed to be a mixture of Pusey and Wesley. Yet one word more as to his religious opinions — for the man and his conversation awoke in me an absorbing interest.

The English Prayer-Book, he considered, presupposed conversion, and the Sacraments fed the life begun at conversion. He was a stanch sacramentarian, but ever in a high and spiritual sense. He thought it to be his special work *to convert the High Church party of England to a more spiritual view of divine things;* and he had solemnly devoted to this work his two sons, noble young men, with one of whom I became acquainted, the other being in Scotland on a preaching tour, though still an undergraduate at Oxford. These self-denying preachers of righteousness coming up out

of the desert and grasping the kingdom of Heaven with power, they were the ones who would shake England, and arouse her from her sins to a higher life.

The next Sabbath morning I was awakened by the stentorian voices of the Cornwall miners, and of the humble people of his congregation, who were assembled in a lower room to pray; and certainly such prayers I have never heard before or since. It was like the roaring of lions; it was storming the throne of grace; it was wrestling, pleading before the hills, agonizing, crying, almost shouting to God, that He might come and help them. — The little church where Divine service was held was built after the model of the one at Iona. Its bare white internal walls were decorated by drawings roughly executed, though with some spirit, by young Puseyite clergymen, as Mr. A. told me, who had from time to time visited him; — there were copies of Albrecht Dürer's "Christ in the Wilderness;" Ary Scheffer's "Christ rescuing the Lamb;" Bruno's "St. Peter;" &c. Texts of Scripture, and symbolical scrolls and ornaments, were also added, and the whole aspect of the church, the draped altar, the intoning of the Liturgy, the kneeling of the priest at the altar, were almost, if not quite, in the Roman Catholic fashion. Mr. A. preached two powerful sermons, the one in the morning upon "the Marriage Supper," which feast, he said, was Spiritual Joy, of which all should strive to partake, and it was not Justi-

fication or Righteousness, which many would make of it. During the preaching in the afternoon, as the storm grew more furious without and the church more gloomy within, and the deep tones of the preacher's voice, rising sometimes into startling loudness, mingled with the tremendous blasts of the wind, and with the sobs and groans of the poor miners, who sometimes threw up their arms wildly into the air in the ecstasy of their emotion, — it was assuredly a strange and solemn scene. Mr. A., speaking of the church itself, called it the spiritual birthplace of many noble and distinguished persons; and he pointed out the very seats they had occupied when their hearts were touched. He appeared to me a kind of English Louis Harms, in his rugged individuality and imperious dogmatism, mingled as they were with deep, simple, primitive piety. He ruled his rocky vicarate at Land's End with a monarch's sway.

The generous hospitality of Mr. A. and his family to myself, a perfect stranger, was something which seemed to me beautiful, and which I can never forget. He is certainly a man whose earnestness and profound consecration to his Master's work cannot be doubted, if one cannot agree with him in all his views. He repudiates with scorn the idea of being considered to be the leader of a sect in the English Church, as there has been some attempt on the part of his admirers and disciples to make of him. But my good host was, I think, at fault in his confident estimate of the power of the High

Church movement. Tractarianism has spent its force. At one time, inspired by the genius of Newman, the learning of Pusey, and the sweet music of Keble's song, it was mighty, but it has already had its day, and now lives only in the puerilities of Ritualism. That which was true in it has been dragged down and overwhelmed by that which was false. It has failed to Orientalize the English Church, or to change England into a happy mediæval land, rejoicing in the sound of the convent bell. We would not say that it has done no good, but it has striven to set up the dead form of the Church, before the living Christ; it has denied the rights of individual conscience and reason, and it cannot thus hope to control and lead English mind. The reaction of this, in the main untrue, though in some respects learned and refined ecclesiasticism manifesting many traits of the noblest unselfishness, is rending anew the English Church, and armed powers, strong to contend against the truth, and the very life of the Christian faith, have sprung up from the sowing of the dragon's teeth. I believe, however, in the essential truth of Mr. A.'s idea of the visible unity of the Christian Church. The best minds in Christendom have always pleaded for unity; but it is not in the form in which Mr. A. puts it. It is not in uniformity of order, government, or worship, but in this, that the true Church is the true brotherhood of man, and all who love Christ, who hold to the Head, shall love one another, and shall know one another, not theoretically and invis-

ibly, but visibly and openly; they shall not oppose and wound each other; they shall be as in the primitive times *one* in deed and truth, working together with gladness to recover the world to God. "There *is* one body and one Spirit." This great truth is superior to Protestantism, or Catholicism, or any other Churchism. There is an *ideal* unity, toward which all should ever tend and strive, but that this ideal unity will ever be perfectly and concretely realized on earth, we have more doubt about, and can hardly believe. After all we would be chary to condemn the earnest strivings and methods of any who sincerely profess to love and serve Christ on earth; and I must confess that the few "High Church" clergymen in whose society I have happened to be thrown, though I could not agree with them at all in their views, were personally by far the most scholar-like, refined, and interesting men of all the English clergymen whom I met.

Having now reached the "Land's End" of England, both physical and spiritual, let us turn around and retrace our course northward, until in the neighborhood of Bristol we come upon our former steps, and thus will have completed the circuit of this little land, — little in area, but vast in crowded interest and power.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NORTH DEVON AND WELLS.

From Exeter I crossed over to Barnstaple, on the North Devon coast, going from water to water, or from the river Exe to the Torridge, in about two hours. An old Cornish rebel once threatened to cut England through by a channel here, and to make South Devon and Cornwall an island; this would have been a "Dutch Gap" with a vengeance. But forty miles or less of canal, through a country presenting few difficulties, were no such great thing after all. The ride was through a thoroughly pastoral country, with great numbers of sheep and red Devon cattle feeding in the meadows. The first sight of the river, bridge, and tall tower of Barnstaple was pleasing; and I found it to be a lively little town, with the invariable one long street, and the two hotels of the "Golden Lion" and the "Fortescue Arms," side by side, in spirited but harmonious rivalry.

Bideford, eight miles and a half from Barnstaple, looked even now, as Kingsley has so vividly described it in his "Westward Ho!" and I really seemed myself to have seen it before, and to have strolled on its long quay. It is one of those old

gray sea-coast towns that do not essentially change, reminding one somewhat of Ayr in Scotland. The tide comes pouring in magnificently up the wide estuary of the Torridge River, and churning through the many-arched stone bridge, whose builders, according to the chronicler of Sir Amyas, gained from the good bishop Grandison of Exeter, "participation in all spiritual blessings forever." This famous bridge is an eighth of a mile long, with twenty-four arches, solid and without ornament. The town clusters in the form of an amphitheatre upon the steep hillside, from the summit of which is a wide river and sea-view; and one might easily fancy he saw in some ship melting into the bright sunset light, the good ship *Rose*, as she was setting forth on her long voyage to the golden regions of the Western Main. The river, the sea, the sun, all here say "Westward Ho!"

I rode to Clovelly, around through Yeovale, by "Northam Tower" and "Pebble Ridge," at which last place Ocean has done what Brunel could hardly have done under the same conditions, — built a straight wall of rounded pebble-stones, regularly laid with a flat top, two miles long, which serves as an effectual bar to her encroachments, at the same time immovable and permeable, — "the labor of an age in piled stones." It is strange that this hint which Ocean has given of constructing sea-walls of round pebble or paving stones, simply heaped together in a compact form, has not been copied by man.

The road to Clovelly was a flowery pathway, fringed with the sweet honeysuckle, and all varieties of ferns, the foxglove, the key-flox, the canker bramble, the blossoming furze, the wild strawberry, and many other wild flowers and shrubs, that continually attract the attention by their beauty and profusion. And what splendid posting roads! How smoothly we bowled along, up hill and down, passing farmers in their small wagons, driving with the same free rein, with an air of substance and solid independence about their whole establishment. As we rose upon the hills and neared the edge of the coast, fine views of the wide, foam-fringed expanse of Bideford Bay opened to us; and I recall the view especially from "Buck's Cross," where the sight of the bright blue sea beyond the dark cliffs, gives that strong contrast of colors, which is peculiar to Devon. We turned into a private road called "The Hobby," which, as far as it goes, is the most beautiful in England, or indeed in the world. It runs for more than three miles along the edge of the cliffs, and through the oak forests with splendid sea-views, carpeted on either side by crimson heather-bells, crossing deep ravines wooded entirely down to the sea, and abounding in sharp angles and sudden glimpses of wondrous beauty, until the little village of Clovelly is reached, perched like a bird's-nest in the notch of the high sea-wall, to which one descends by a steep path, which is continued through the village to the shore by a flight of irregular, break-neck,

slippery steps. The woods hang darkly over this curious street, or crevice in the rocks, where these human "hanging-birds" have built their habitation. One can hear at night the song of the night-birds out of the dense forest overhead, and the roll of the sea far under one's feet.

I stopped at the "Heart of Oak" Inn, and had a dinner of fine fresh fish and "clouted cream." I talked with the fishermen drying or mending their nets, along down the narrow rough street or "Jacob's Ladder" to the sea. One old "trawler" said to me, "It will be wet weather soon, sir; we see the coast of Wales too clear." The view from the village stairs, of the sea, with the long, angular mass of "Lundy Island" blue in the distance, and the British Channel away even to the coast of Wales, is grand; and the sight is equally fine from the sea-beach below, looking up at the huge wall-like precipices jutting out magnificently into the sea. I then walked to "Clovelly Court," anciently owned by the Cary family, and now in possession of Sir J. H. Williams. One enters it by the "Yellaries Gate" above the village, and the way is on the clean springy turf under the shadow of the oaks, through one of those noble and reposeful English parks from which all that is unsightly has been removed, and all that Nature has to do is, to grow more and more beautiful year by year, or, one might say, century by century. "Clovelly Court" itself is a substantial mansion, but nothing remarkable architecturally. In the old garden I asked

permission to pluck two red roses, which I did in remembrance of Sir Amyas and of sweet Rose Salterne. Indeed it were useless to attempt to describe this place, and the romantic region about, and above all the cliffs, that sweep up by long, green curves to the edge of the coast, and then break off by a sheer perpendicular descent of from five hundred to a thousand feet into the sea, and stand to receive the force of the Atlantic; screening behind their mighty barriers the loveliest, warmest, greenest vales and nooks; for Kingsley, in his romance, which palpitates with the life and poetry of the great Elizabethan age, and also in that wonderful piece of word-painting in "Fraser's" on "North Devon," has done this once for all, and has made this region his own forever, just as truly as Sir Walter Scott has set his signet upon Loch Lomond, and the highlands of Scotland. Others come and view these scenes as it were through them and by their grace. Genius makes all things it loves its own forever. I was shown among the woods, the house where Charles Kingsley lived as a boy, and was brought up to be a rover in these forests, exploring the sombre ravines, — haunts of the red deer, — fishing the streams, and delighting in this turbulent ocean that rolls beyond all. I cannot conceive of a fitter spot to nourish a poet. How different from meagre Haworth, or flat, marshy, uninteresting Olney! One part of our ride back to Bideford was through a deep lane, where the bank and hedge on either side rose high

above our heads, and the trees fairly overarched the narrow road. We passed the house of a Mr. Yeo of Appledore, now a successful retired merchant, who had once been a poor apprentice boy. Was he of the family of "Salvation Yeo"?

Ilfracombe is the North Devon Newport; but it is more like Marblehead in Massachusetts, in its curious rocks and irregular formation. The mountainous rocks, black, twisted, upheaved, and knife-edged, inclose a small, square, completely land-locked harbor, where the masts of tiny craft lie thick together, and into which fumes the sturdy little coasting steamer, which, with the boats darting around, make it a lively scene.

The frowning hills about are sharply escarped, rugged, and broken. Off the rocks the water is deep sea-green, roaring and breaking with the full force of the open sea. There is one handsome villa across the harbor and a pretty modern stone church; the houses cluster around wherever they can, dodging the rocks. A picturesque old light-house, which in ancient Catholic days was a shrine of St. Nicholas, is a resort of visitors. The "Capstan-road," as it is called, is a noble promenade, cut around the face of a high precipice, commanding an expansive sea-view, and a bold coast-view of rugged and splintered rocks. Here ladies sit in snug corners, wrapped up in shawls, while young gentlemen, equally enveloped and comfortable, read aloud to them, like a veritable picture of John Leech. One could never tire of these rocks and this sea-view.

The ride from Ilfracombe to Lynton also abounds in fine views of the ocean opening suddenly between the green hills; and never more than on this North Devon coast does one realize the beauty of the old British name of England — "the sea-defended green earth." The sea asserts here its personality — it makes itself felt as an element of Old England's character and history; and it is everywhere present as a mighty and all-encircling power, holding England in its embrace, claiming it as a child, and shaping by its ever-present influence the destiny of the English people.

The road to Lynton is a lonely one, abounding in deep, short valleys, and, as one approaches the town, has a character of romantic wildness and beauty.

Lynton, which is another much frequented place, is on the top of a huge green cliff, or, it might be called, mountain, while Lynmouth lies immediately below at the entrance of the gorge of the Lyn, where it empties into the sea. I walked down about the time of sunset into this gorge of the Lyn, where the sound of the little torrent mingles with the sea. The scenery here has been called by Southey "alpine." The vast bulk of the Lyn cliff, clad with gloomy firs at the base, caught the bronzed light of the setting sun, which came out at last with intense brightness, painting itself in the most gorgeous colors on the stormy clouds; in front lay the wildly tossing sea, softening somewhat as the

sun went down, and toward the northwest was the opposite Welsh coast, growing fainter and fainter in the distance; the strip of pebbly beach at the mouth of the river sparkled under the great red rock, and immediately beneath the cliff was moored a small vessel whose sail hanging idly also caught the deep crimson light; fishing-stakes ran out into the water in a wide semi-circular sweep, and an old square marine tower completed the picture.

This torrent of the Lyn is made of the streams of the East and West Lyn, which a little further back make a junction, forming the beautiful rapids of "Watersmeet," in the estate belonging to Lady Herries. The water pouring over innumerable rocks, makes so many separate jets of milk-white foam, which is contrasted with the dark luxuriance of the overhanging trees, and the profusion of rich and delicate ferns; every leaf is wet and polished; rustic bridges here and there help you to ascend the wild little stream. I followed up the West Lyn for some way, until the gorge widens, and I came out under the great Lyn cliff, which on the west side of the stream is one dense mass of foliage. Here is a fine clear fall, and gray rocks strewed about, making the very temple of solitude and of natural beauty. On returning, one gets a glimpse of the sea, rimmed in between the sharp slopes of the ravine.

I will not speak of other excursions which I made out of Lynton, further into the hills lying on the edge of the "Exmoor forest" region, and

about the desolate rocks of this romantic coast; but no one knows what English coast-scenery is until he has seen the North Devon shore. It is far bolder and grander than the opposite southern Devonshire coast, which is the usual resort of English tourists. The colors are richer, the cliffs higher and more grandly precipitous, the sea of a deeper ocean green, and all the forms of Nature are on a much larger scale. The hills pile up here in enormous parapets as they break off suddenly seaward, making a long wall of stupendous precipices. And yet the inland sides of these cliffs, as has been said, are beautifully rounded with steep slopes and vales of the richest green. The village of Lynton hangs suspended on one of these round steep hill-sides, and the view from the grounds of Castle Hotel is charming over the long sweeps of steeply sloping meadows dotted with neat white farm-houses.

What is called the "North Walk" about the "Lyn-cliff" has been laid out with the boldest skill and taste. The walk winds around the face of the crag so perpendicular in places that if one should fall over he would sink I know not how many fathoms deep in the green ocean depths. The sea-gulls wheel fiercely about you as if you were an intruder in their solitary dominions, and there is nothing beyond or in sight but the lonely sea.

There are some steep pitches in the road shortly after leaving Lynton up which one wonders how even spirited English coach-horses could ever drag a mail-coach. One passes over the huge slopes of

the Exmoor hill region, abounding in sombre wooded ravines, with those wonderful glimpses of the sea every now and then at their narrow openings. The scenery about the valley of Porlock, in the neighborhood of the wild heathery forest region of "Dunkery Beacon" mountain, is peculiarly striking. Dunster Castle is a picturesque village, with an ancient many-gabled market-house, and the castle embosomed in foliage. As we passed into Somersetshire the region grew broader and less picturesque, but was still very beautiful, with its green meadows and farm-lands. It is a rich agricultural region. This is the headquarters of the English gypsies; we encountered a gypsy wagon and small encampment. We also met a large pack of hounds belonging to some gentleman of the neighborhood, on their way to or from the field. There were several "Podgers" and "Todgers" upon the coach in checked clothes and jockey hats, each with a little glass in the corner of his eye, and all very similar, the one to the other, who talked knowingly of hounds and hunting; but from something in the outer man, or the skeptical flings of Kingsley and the comical suggestions of Leech, one could not help having his suspicions about the profundity of their experience as bold followers of "St. Hubert," on the combes and wilds of Exmoor.

At Bridgewater we struck the Exeter and Bristol Railway. At this town of Bridgewater, the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was proclaimed king, and met his defeat at Sedgmoor, three miles

distant. A little higher up I took the branch road off to Glastonbury and Wells.

The city of Wells, which we now visit, has a romantic situation on the southern slope of Mendip Hills, twenty miles equi-distant from Bath, Bristol, and Bridgewater. It takes its name from the ancient well dedicated to St. Andrew, which rises within the Episcopal grounds, and runs through the city down the sides of the principal streets in clear sparkling streams.

There is no place which, taken altogether, preserves a more antique air of tranquil seclusion than Wells. In the precincts of Chester Cathedral, and at many other points in England, there broods the same antique calm, but here the whole place is pervaded by this reposeful spirit of the past; and this culminates in the neighborhood of St. Andrews' Cathedral, the Bishop's palace, the old moat, the conventual buildings, and the three venerable gates, or "eyes," as they are called, of the Cathedral yard. The moat about the Bishop's palace, overhung by a thick curtain of aged elms mingled with ivy, growing like a warrior's crest upon the high turreted interior walls, and reflected in deep shadows in the smooth dark mirror of the water, has a thoroughly feudal look, which is heightened by the drawbridge over the moat, and the frowning castellated gateway. How strange the state of society when a Christian bishop lived in such jealously armed seclusion, behind moated walls and embattled towers! What a commentary, this very name

of "the close!" One of these old bishops was himself a famous fighting character, who, at the age of sixty-four, commanded the king's artillery at the battle of Sedgmoor. Among the bishops of Bath and Wells were Thomas Wolsey, William Laud, Thomas Kerr, and George Hooper. Bishop Beckington seems to have been the great architectural benefactor of the city itself. He built the two great gateways, the Bishop's palace, the "Pennyless Porch," which still bears his arms of the beacon and tun, and the market hall, in which the infamous Jeffries sat, and pronounced sentence upon the wretched followers of the defeated Duke of Monmouth. Within the quiet area of the "Bishop's close" are the ruined and lordly remains of the "Old Hall." One tall, slender, turreted fragment stands entirely by itself, and is wound tightly around by the clasping arms of the ivy that strive to hide its loneliness and decay. In the garden are shrubs and trees of "curling acacia," "Glastonbury thorn," cypress, and Turkish oak; while great clumps of lilies perfumed the air. The view from the walls of the broad meadows in front of the "close" on which cattle were feeding, and laborers making hay, and the green wavy Mendip Hills with the Glastonbury Tor and the Dalcot Hill in the distance, was more than prettily English and rural, — it was beautiful, in the rich light of that glowing autumn afternoon. And there, too, near by, were the three great square towers and the ornamented bulk of the Cathedral.

The Cathedral of St. Andrew was built upon the site of a still more ancient church founded by Ina, king of the West Saxons in 704. It also goes back to a remote antiquity, for its choir and nave were rebuilt in the middle of the twelfth century. The central tower, which is the noblest and most finished part of the structure, is of the early English style to the roof; the upper part is of the Decorated, with a mixture of the early Perpendicular styles. It has an elegant appearance from its rich pinnacles, and is of a softened and gray tint. Beginning to show signs of sinking, it was raised in the fourteenth century, and was strengthened by the introduction beneath it of inverted buttressing arches, which give to the interior a strange effect. These arches, architecturally considered, are undoubtedly blemishes, but they are on such a vast scale, and so bold in their forms, and yet so simple, that they do not take away from the plain grandeur of the interior. They are quite Oriental or Saracenic. The top of the eastern window is seen bright and glowing over the lower part of the upper arch. The west front, two hundred and thirty-five feet in length, has two square towers, with a central screen terminated by minarets, and is divided into distinct compartments of eight projecting buttresses; all of these projections and recessed parts are covered with rich sculpture and statuary, of which there are one hundred and fifty-three figures of life-size, and more than four hundred and fifty smaller figures. In the nine ascending

tiers of sculpture pieces, one may trace, it is said, the successive order of subjects in the "Te Deum" of St., Ambrose: "The glorious company of the apostles praise Thee. The goodly army of the prophets praise Thee. The noble army of martyrs praise Thee," &c. The last tiers end with the representation of the Resurrection and Final Judgment. These statues, contemporaneous with the time of Nicholas Pisano, and the early preraphaelite artists, have the same purity and elevation of expression, and the same simple unadorned majesty, that belong to that period of sacred art. It was an earnest, childish, but sublime way of praising God, by attempting thus, step by step, with laborious and unwearied effort, to carve in enduring stone the ascending plan of human redemption. Let us not deride this simple expression of ancient faith which served doubtless for ages to help ignorant minds to spell out Divine truth on this great rough stone primer, while the living Word of God was kept from the people through misplaced awe, or worse, spiritual despotism. The doors of this magnificent west front are universally considered to be too small, and this is the chief fault of the building. The other most striking features of Wells Cathedral are the Chapter House and the Ladye Chapel. The first of these, on the rear of the church, is an octagonal structure with pinnacled buttresses at each angle. It is approached from the interior by a worn staircase of twenty steps of noble architectural design. Among the

grotesque carvings that line the staircase, I remember in particular one queer old figure with a staff, or rather crutch, thrust in a dragon's mouth, supporting a column. While thus holding up the Cathedral with his head and hand above, and choking a writhing dragon beneath, he looks smiling and unconcerned as if it were an every-day affair with him, as indeed it is. The whole church abounds in these old sculptures, little demoniac figures with big heads, faces with enormous fish mouths, old men with packs on their backs, and angels with huge armfuls of flowers. They seem to let one into the interior chambers of fancy, the imaginative workings of the human mind in the dark ages. All these forms and faces, even to the stern "gargoyles" on the roof, have a simple earnestness, as if they were not meant to be frivolous or irreverent, but were the glimpses of natural fancies, protesting doubts, vain fears and poetic hopes, thrusting themselves through the awful rigid system of religious terrorism under which the mind was crushed. I have no doubt the carvers and masons worked on each according to his own mind, without much definite guidance or pattern-drawing from the superior architect, except in the general plan. Here one man has left the record of his remorse, and another of his aspiration, and another of his homely English wit and shrewd common-sense morality. The Chapter House is unexcelled for splendor, lightness, and simple majesty. From the central clustered column spring the series of intricate but harmonious traceried lines

of the ceiling, each meeting in the ball-flower ornament overhead.

From its eight painted windows, this room is flooded with richly colored lights. The Ladye Chapel affords a fine perspective of pillars near its entrance, though it is not so remarkable as the Chapter House for beauty and boldness. The ceiling is newly gilded, and the choir, too, has a fresh new look with its modern tiles and brasses.

Wells Cathedral, on the whole, is distinguished for a dignified but rich simplicity, arising from its plain large surfaces, mingled and edged here and there with fine-cut and elegant ornamentation. The court and buildings of the Wells Theological College have a thoroughly quaint, old-fashioned look, quiet, rigid, and mediæval; as if the students reared there could not but be Churchmen of the "brother Ignatius" stamp, gentlemen, scholars, and — priests. I cannot leave Wells without speaking of the two splendid "cedars of Lebanon" standing in the environs of the church. They are not very tall, but they sweep the ground majestically, and grow in a series of broad heavy masses of foliage, gracefully undulating in their outline. Would that I might carry away from this ancient city and from its noble temple of Praise, something of the high and angelical spirit which is breathed in the good Bishop Ken's familiar "morning hymn:" —

"Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

"Lord, I my vows to Thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

"Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite."

CHAPTER XXIV

GLASTONBURY AND THE WYE.

We come now to the legendary portion of Old England, where it is enveloped in the dim mists of mingled ecclesiastical and heroic fables. The region about Glastonbury is the seat of the earliest traditions of the English Church, going back almost to apostolic days; and with these, the armed heroic forms of King Arthur and his "Knights of the Round Table," are strangely blended, with half childish and half poetic glory upon the picture.

Glastonbury meant originally, it is said, "Isle of the Glassy Water;" and it was also called "Avalon," or "Avilion," thus alluded to by Tennyson in the "Morte d'Arthur:" —

> "To the island-valley of the Avilion;
> Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
> And bowery hollows, crowned with summer sea."

To this peaceful Eden of rest King Arthur was gently borne over the lake, after his grievous wound in fighting with the traitor; and, lost for ages to the sight of men, he is here at length to reappear among men, for the glory of his native land.

Here, in all probability, was really the scene of the earliest home of Christianity in England, although myth and fable make it difficult to come at the truth of history.

The story is, that while Glastonbury was still an island, hidden amid the marshes and thickets of a vast morass, a company of pilgrims from the Holy Land, led by "Joseph of Arimathea," landed on the western shore of England, somewhere in North Wales; and journeying on south, through the wild and rugged land, they at length stopped here, and established themselves as a religious community. Mrs. Jameson thus relates the legend: "Some hold that when Philip, one of the twelve Apostles, came to France, he sent Joseph of Arimathea with Joseph his son, and eleven more of his disciples hither, who with great zeal and undaunted courage preached the true and lively faith of Christ, and when King Arviragus considered the difficulties that attended their long and dangerous journey from the Holy Land, beheld their civil and innocent lives, and observed their sanctity and the severities of their religion, he gave them a certain island in the west part of his dominions for their habitation, called Avalon, containing twelve hides of land, where they built a church of wreathen wands, and set a place apart for the burial of their servants. These holy men were devoted to a religious solitude, confined themselves to the number of twelve, lived there after the manner of Christ and his Apostles, and by preaching con-

verted a great number of the Britons who became Christians."

Joseph planted his staff as a sign that they had reached a place of fixed abode after their weary wanderings; the staff immediately took root, and like Aaron's rod budded and flowered. The visitor is still shown stocks descended from the "Holy Thorn" of Joseph of Arimathea, which is said to differ from the common hawthorn but in one respect, that it blossoms amid the snows of winter at Christmas time!

Succeeding the humble wattled dwellings of the earliest missionaries, and the ruder Saxon structures, at length a great abbey arose, one of the most complete, wealthy, and famous in all England, as its present ruins amply testify. It was in its prime a religious establishment of magnificent power and riches. It acknowledged no jurisdiction to Rome, but looked solely to its own metropolitan bishop of Caerdon-on-Uske, claiming that its authority was derived direct from the Holy Land and the Apostles. The remains of its edifices, for solidity and majesty, are assuredly unsurpassed by any of the ruined abbeys of England. Tintern Abbey is more beautiful, and Fountains Abbey has possibly more of its walls still standing, but Glastonbury Abbey is superior to all in massive grandeur. Some of its walls are very high and solid still. The original church, whose outlines are distinctly marked, measured from the end of St. Joseph's Chapel on the west, to the Retro or

Ladye Chapel on the east, is five hundred and ninety-four feet in length. Two of the piers which supported the central tower of the nave are standing, with parts of the great arch, towering ragged and weed-fringed against the sky. There is some beautiful carving of oak leaves about one of the side-doors of the choir. The walls of "St. Joseph's Chapel" are almost entire, — strong Norman work of the time of Henry II. at the end of the twelfth century. Two of the small square towers that stood at the angles are still almost perfect. With their vertical lines and pyramidal pinnacles, they have an elegant look. The exterior walls of the chapel, with their simple round mullioned windows, projecting piers, and vertical side lines, ending in bow-kneed intersecting arches, together with the deeply recessed and rich portal adorned with the chevron moulding, have that austére majesty which despises feeble external ornament, and which is so characteristic of the masculine Norman style.

Many kings were buried here, — the grandfather of Constantine the Great, Edmund the First, Edgar and Edmund Ironsides; and here, if ancient chronicles are true, King Arthur himself was buried. Camden says that Arthur's tomb was discovered with a leaden tablet above it in the shape of a cross, with this inscription: — "Hic jacet sepultus Rex Arthurus in insula Avaloniæ." Another English chronicler (Fabyan's Chronicle, p. 81,) gives this account of his death and burial: — "Whenne relacion came to Arthur of all this trea-

son wrought by his neuewe Mordred, he in all haste made towarde Brytaine, as it is redde in the Englysshe Cronycle, and landed at Sandwyche, where he was mette of Mordred and his people, which gaue vnto hym stronge batyll in tyme of his landyng, and loste there many of his knyghtes, as the famous knyght Garvain and others; but yet this notwithstandynge Arthure at length wonne the lande, and chaysed his enemyes, and after the enteryng of his cosyn Gawyn and other of his knyghtes there slayne, he sette forwarde his hoost to pursue his enemyes. Mordred thus beying ouerst of his vncle at the see side, withdrew hym to Wynchester, where he beyng furnysshed of newe sowdyours, gaue vnto Arthure, as saith Gaufride, the second fyght; wherein also Mordred was put to the worse and constrayned to flee. Thirdly and lastly, the sayd Mordred faught with his vncle Arthure beside Glastynberry, where after a longe and daũgerous fyght Mordred was slayne, and the victoryous Arthure wounded vnto the deth, and after buryed in the vale of Aualon, beside Glastynberry beforesaid."

This same chronicler thus speaks of his exploits: "Arthure faught xii. notable bataylles agayn the Saxons, and of theym all was victoure. This noble warayour, as wytnesseth holy Gilda, slewe with his owne hande in one daye, by the helpe of oure Lady Seynt Mary, whose Picture he bare peynted on his shelde, c. and. xi. Saxons; whiche shelde he called Pridwen, his sworde was called Caliboure,

and his spere was called Rone after the Brettysshe tunge or speche."

Still another old writer, Geraldus Cambrensis, speaks with great particularity of the opening of Arthur's tomb in the reign of Henry II.; the coffin itself was made of the hollowed trunk of a tree; the bones were of great size; and the skull bore marks of the fatal wound. In 1189, the tradition is, that the tomb of Queen Guinever was also opened, and that her yellow hair, nicely braided, was found unchanged. True or false, these traditions are exceedingly interesting, and seem to give some ground of substance to the shadowy legendary age of England's British kings. Nowhere are the myths more beautiful, nowhere more simply heroic, nowhere more sweetly tinged with the roseate light of a dawning Christianity, before which the gloom of Druidic Paganism was beginning to flee away, than those which cluster about Glastonbury, and this ancient vale of Avalon. In these walls, King Arthur with his "pendragon-crest," often entered, weary and worn from "roving the trackless realms of Lyonesse." Here he was met and entertained with solemn ceremonies, grave courtesy, and learned discourse of holy men, telling him of more glorious wars, and of the way to win a higher crown. So, at least, we will think. Yes, to us, Arthur is "*flos regum gloria regni.*" Other great kings and heroes there have been, but he it was who founded the mighty Table: —

"But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under Heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and amiable words,
And courtliness and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

A figure far more distinct and no less powerful, though of an earthlier and more passionate mould, is the formidable shape of St. Dunstan, who lived in the reign of King Athelstane, grandson of Alfred, in the tenth century. He was a monk of Glastonbury Abbey. In his lonely cell, his harp, touched by invisible fingers for his solace, breathed the hymn, "Gaudete animi." He also (so goes the ancient chronicle) once heard the angels sing,

"Peace to the lande of Englysshemen."

He had moreover at Glastonbury his famous tussle with the arch-fiend, and by a sharp cauterizing process quickly routed him. He rebuked kings boldly

for their vices, and brandished before the unsubmissive the lightnings of the Church. He was orator, poet, artist, painter, skillful artificer in metals, making great improvements and additions to the organ. He became Primate of the English nation, and died in Canterbury, A. D. 988.

Glastonbury Abbey was a Benedictine brotherhood. The Benedictines, the best of all the monastic orders, established themselves in England about fifty years after the death of their founder in 543. Oddly enough, nothing now survives to testify to their higher virtues or more important achievements, but the Abbot's Kitchen, a singular structure with high octagonal, pyramidal roof, crowned with a double lanthorn, and the Abbot's Stable, with some interesting carvings still clinging to it; these are the only buildings that now remain entire. In the kitchen are four huge fire-places at the four angles. Pigs and cattle roam unmolested about it, and sometimes go grunting into it, troubled with no sense of alarm, or with ghosts of ancestral martyrdoms.

I went to the summit of Tor Hill, a remarkable eminence of steep rounded green, surmounted by the tower of ruined St. Michael's Church. Upon this hill the last abbot of Glastonbury, Abbot Whiting, was hung for resisting the authority of Henry VIII.; and the proud Abbey of Glastonbury, with other great religious houses, fell with him. At the foot of this hill is a mineral spring, now almost

choked up and deserted, which was celebrated for its healing qualities from the earliest antiquity. To this venerable spring, according to Hollingshed, King Arthur was brought to be healed of his wounds; and during the greatness of the monastery for ages, the sick from all parts of the kingdom resorted hither for cure.

In this region of Somersetshire, wandering amid its woods and caves, a veritable royal hero, who belongs to authentic history, the English Alfred, spent the days of his darkness and exile when he was driven from his throne by the Danes. Legends also cluster about him. One day in the depths of a forest, while his scanty followers were absent in search of food, as he was engaged in reading a book, a pilgrim met him, and asked alms of him in God's name. The king lifted up his hands toward heaven and said, "I thank God, who of His grace assisteth this poor man this day by another poor man." He then called his only remaining servant, who had but one loaf and a little sip of wine, and bade him give half to the poor man. This poor man partook of the refreshment and suddenly vanished. The night following, the same man appeared to him in a vision clad in full bishop's robes, and said: "I am Cuthbert, the pilgrim to whom yesterday you gave both bread and wine. I am busy for thee. Remember this of me when it shall be well with thee. To-morrow strong helpers shall come to thee; by whose help thou shalt subdue thine enemies." This was the same Saint

Cuthbert, to whom Alfred afterward gave possessions in land and money, for the founding of Durham Church, which was dedicated to this saint. Shortly after this event men flocked to Alfred from the regions round about. He himself entered the Danish camp in the garb of a minstrel, discovered the weak points of his enemy, and with his little host of Somersetshire, Wiltshire, and Dorsetshire men, routed the Danes in battle, and began his victorious course to the recovery of his kingdom.[1] Alfred's division of time is worthy of our contemplation at this day. He divided the day and night into three parts, if not interrupted by war or business. Eight hours he spent in study; the second eight he spent in prayer and deeds of charity; and the remaining eight he spent in sleep, nourishment of his body, and the affairs of his realm. This order he kept by waxen tapers tended by persons appointed for this purpose.

Returning to Bridgewater, I went from thence on to Bristol to spend the Sabbath. I attended divine service the next day, as I had done many months before, at the "Brethren Chapel" of Messrs. Müller and Craik, in a neat but unpretending stone edifice, very plain within, with broad galleries occupied mostly by the children of the

1 The familiar story of the spoiled cakes belongs also to this place and period. The old Latin verse in which it is embalmed has been translated into genuine Somersetshire dialect: —

"Carn thee mind the keaks, man, an doosen zee 'em burn,
I 'm boun thee 's eat 'em vast enough az soon az tiz the turn."

"House of Faith," dressed simply, but not in a manner to make them look so distressingly plain, as does the homely uniform of some English benevolent institutions. Mr. Craik the preacher, the "alter ego" of Müller, a man with a fine intellectual face, spoke extemporaneously to a devout congregation, all following his Scriptural allusions in their Bibles, and all singing fervently together. Mr. Craik's sermon was upon "Joseph, as the type of Christ." No type, he said, was an exact counterpart of what it typified, but presented contrasts as well as correspondences. He dwelt upon one of these contrasts in particular, that Jacob did not know what would befall his son when he sent him forth on his errand; nor did Joseph himself know what was in the future when he went to seek his brethren in the wilderness with a message of peace; but our Almighty Father knew perfectly, and still ordained in love, what would befall his Son, when he went forth from his bosom to suffer for the redemption and peace of men. In the course of his remarks he had occasion to speak of each event of life, the most minute, being under the guidance of God. Here his faith broke out in an earnest and elevated strain. He represented all things as bound together in one framework of harmony; that the smallest part had its place and fitness in a mighty whole of architectural order and magnificence; every thing touched upon, balanced, and sustained its neighbor, in this great plan of God which soared far out of

our feeble sight. In every trial and temptation let us remember this, and the time would come when we should see the order and the perfection of the finished whole. His language was plain and natural, adapted to the understanding of children. I heard no finer single sermon in England, more original, beautiful, or spiritual. It is pleasant to me to carry away from a foreign land these mementos, these golden fragments. They seem precious because we have gathered them on another soil, and found the same truth at Athens, at Rome, in England, in America.

The Communion Service was administered in the simplest way, and was not overstrained but affectionate and free, without losing its sacredness. A brother arose after the communion, and recalling two or three of the most affecting parts of the discourse, gave out a hymn. Mr. Craik then spoke of a woman who had died the previous week, drawing with a few happy strokes a fine Christian character, and then asked all to unite in prayer to thank God that he had given his faithful one rest and the crown. There was, as it seemed to me, something of the simplicity of the old apostolic times, in all the services; no scenic effects, but a true Christian pastor feeding the people with the bread of life, and finding a loving response to every word he spoke in the faces of his flock, especially in those of the children. The Spirit of Christ was surely in that place.

I have had the privilege of joining in prayer and

praise with all kinds of Christians, with High and Low Churchmen, with German Lutherans, with Moravians and "Plymouth Brethren," with American Methodists, with Independents and Baptists, with Irvingites and those who look for the second coming of Christ, with Quakers and Roman Catholics, with Greek and Armenian Christians, with men of many different languages and races, with Copts and Syrians, with some whom I consider in the main errorists, and I may say that with much of human vanity and error in them all, I have found in all that in which I could heartily unite, and more real piety and faith than I was worthy to participate in; and I will enjoy the thought, that there is more of the Spirit of Christ on earth than many good men think; more of the truth of the one living Lord sown deep in the sorrowful hearts of men, which shall at some time spring up in immortal light from the dark earth. Let us at least so hope.

Mr. Müller preached in the afternoon a discourse upon the 5th chapter of Luke. He gave great life to the explanation of Scripture. He was a rich and thoughtful exegete. "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man," was an expression, he said, not of true faith. The good man, Peter, learned better afterward. The Saviour pushed off in a boat from the shore in order to be better heard. He did not do a miracle when it was unnecessary. The net brake, but it was only to denote the multitude of fishes, not to show that any should be lost.

The disciples caught nothing before, because they did not work under the direction of Jesus; they did not put down where he commanded. Every occupation, plan, and work of man, to be truly successful, must be done under the direction of Christ, in union with his will, from love to him, depending upon his power. Nothing was too small for this, not even fishing. How much more in trying to do good to the poor, ignorant, and vile, — in trying to be fishers of men.

The most careless must have been struck with the calm and transparent purity of his thoughts; they seemed to flow forth from a heart that was in union with God's Spirit and Word.

Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, near the mouth of the Wye, just across the head of the British Channel from Bristol, is the starting-point for tourists who visit Tintern Abbey, and other points of interest in this lovely part of Wales. It is a neat town picturesquely situated on the abrupt bank of the river, with the ruined castle of the famous Clare and Pembroke families still towering above it, though now but a mere shell and shadow of its former strength. Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, was the real founder of this family, and was the first Englishman who succeeded in making permanent conquest in Ireland. He made himself for a while an independent monarch of a considerable portion of Ireland, and ruled by the right of the stronger.

The castle wears even now a massive and defi-

ant look, somewhat in the Alnwick Castle style, especially its frowning front, flanked by two lofty towers. The chapel, in almost utter ruins, has still some good carving. A little to the west of the castle there is a noble view of the valley of the Wye, and of the curve of the river holding in its arm the beautiful Piercefield estate, with its romantic scenery and walks. In this castle one of the regicide judges, Harry Marten, was confined twenty years; and Jeremy Taylor was, for a short time, kept here as prisoner of state. One of its lords in the time of the wars of the Rebellion, — a man of thought in those times of action, — was the Earl of Worcester, who was the author of "The Century of Scantlings," and whose original and penetrative genius anticipated many of the most important inventions of modern times.

The scenery of the Wye, though not so bold as some regions, is to my mind as lovely as any to be found in England, and indeed in some respects it is of surpassing loveliness. The rugged grandeur of the Welsh mountain landscape is here quite softened down, but it still forms a high and shadowy background of the picture. The wooded hills on either side are of lofty rounded forms breaking off in high cliffs upon the stream, though here and there receding and affording space for broad green meadows along the banks of the river, which winds with rapid flow among the hills, solitary and yet not lonely.

The scenery of England, compared with that of

Italy, has been rightly called "sober," but it is a soberness in which there are touches and gleams of high ornamental beauty. It is like the soberness of a Doric temple with its decorated frieze and intervals of rich exquisite sculpture. This delicious scenery of the Wye, with here and there in every part of the kingdom such little silver-footed streams as the Dove, the Wharfe, the Trent, the Fowey, the Tamar, the waving and gentle outline of the hills, the unparalleled sheen of the grass, the bright northern lakes and the bosky combes of Devonshire, and everywhere the low cottage and village church hid in foliage and flowers, with the gray ruin clothed in green, and now and then a great park of venerable oaks, some of them a thousand years old, with sweeping glades of cleanest and smoothest lawn, and thrown about all a delicate veil of continual mist that softens and heightens each noble feature, — this makes Old England a strong and chaste home of freemen, a beautiful northern temple, which we would ever honor as the home and shrine of our ancestral virtue.

There are few villages upon the banks of the Wye, but there is everywhere a charming rural sweetness and quietness, with great variety of scenery, — now broad stretches of shining river reflecting the tinted woods, and now narrow vales embosomed in high walls of richest green. The view from Wyndcliff rock is indeed something more than simply beautiful; and, as an exceptional feature, it merits almost the epithet of sublime.

It commands a view of nine counties. Nearly a thousand feet below is the rushing stream, with the rich vale and lovely Piercefield meadows, and at a distance to the south and west clear across the Gloucestershire peninsula the sea-like Severn is seen high on the horizon, as if it were suspended midway in the heavens; while to the north are rolling hill and thick forest, and the dim mountains of Glamorganshire. The scene has been called tropical, as if it were upon some great African river with its vast stretches of distance. This is partly just. There is certainly something peculiarly magnificent both in its land and water prospect. It forms a splendid introduction, or natural frontispiece, to the pensive glories of Tintern Abbey.

This fine ruin stands in a valley, or nearly at the foot of a side hill, at a curve of the river. Its situation is beautiful, and it appears far more perfect at a distance than it really is, for it is in fact but the vast frame of a building, rather than a building itself. It is now a temple wholly open to the elements, and paved with the greensward. Four of its high sharp-pointed gables remain, over and around which the ivy has gathered in opulent profusion. Indeed, nowhere, with the exception of Kenilworth, have I seen such an enormous growth of ivy, such huge knots and tree-like trunks, resembling the clustered pillars that they climb up, sending out their serpentine arms that wind over the loftiest wall, and hold the whole

ruin in tight embrace. Especially about the interior north window, and the west end on the outside, are great masses of ivy, bulging and pendulous, covering entirely with folds of dark drapery the rugged sides of the old masonry. The ivy has left, or been trained to leave, the noble west window clear, so that its delicately traceried lines stand out in relief against the sky. The carving here and there is as sharp as if done yesterday. In the open nave, of two hundred and twenty-eight feet in length, most of the clustered columns are standing, and the two east and west windows, twice as large as the windows of Melrose Abbey, and nearly perfect in their stone-work, make one mourn that so much is left, and yet that all is hopeless ruin.

But, as I have said before, these old English abbeys could not be more beautiful in their prime than in their decay. Nature has claimed them and tried all her art to possess them entirely. She has wound her mantle about them, and hung her banners over them, as if to say, "Though man has left you I make you mine, and adorn you with my best." The broken shadows of window, sharp peak, and jagged wall, the immense fragments of columns and masonry, the massive drapery of ivy, the long architectural perspectives of nave and cross aisles, the sombre recesses, the gleams of pathetic beauty in this stern decay, the tender blue sky above and the green natural turf beneath, the spirit of repose that breathes through this desolate

abode of an older faith, form a poem of subtle power.

One of the gems of the building is the door of the cloisters on the left of the north aisle, its wonderfully preserved mouldings showing what Tintern Abbey once was. It was a monastery of the Cistercian or White Monks, founded by Walter de Clare, a relation of the Conqueror, in 1132, in expiation, it is said, of great crimes and a wicked life. Probably most, if not all, of the present structure was erected later, by Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, in the last part of the thirteenth century.

Tintern Abbey is, by the road, five miles from Chepstow, and about the same distance from Monmouth.

In the town-house at Monmouth stands the statue of Henry V., and in the ruined castle near by he was born. This is one of the worst preserved ruins in the kingdom. When I saw it, it was used as a vegetable store-house, and part of it was a pigsty. There was a pile of dirty straw in the grand fire-place, and heaps of turnips in another recess. But it is still a formidable looking old Norman keep, with a water-gate on the river.

St. Thomas' Church, while small in size, yet with its recessed doorway, round windows, and curious diamond-tiled bell-tower, impressed me by its picturesque quaintness. Geoffry of Monmouth's study window is shown, overlooking the churchyard. It is he who gives us the story of King

Arthur — the English Herodotus, whose simple and confiding genius leads him beyond the boundaries of sober history.

The hills lie around encircling the plain which widens out quite commandingly here, forming the place where two streams meet. On the whole, Monmouth pleased and surprised me, and is fit to be the birthplace of the hero of the "flaming beacon" lighting on to great deeds; though the fact is a surprising one, that his fellow-townsmen seem to prize good turnips better than past renown.

At the "Beaufort Arms Hotel," I met with two English gentlemen who aided me greatly in my touring investigations, and I must say, that as a tourist I have always obtained from English fellow-travelers the most courteous response, and every aid that could well be given, leading sometimes to considerable personal inconvenience on their part.

Having sated my reader of late with ruins, I will leave Raglan Castle without wearying them with much additional description. Its heavy machiolated towers and antique gateway, on the beautiful morning that I saw it, with the fine and delicate air, answered exquisitely, to my thinking, to the entrance of Macbeth's Castle. The red-breasted birds hopped around almost tame. It was lonely and silent. The dried leaves of autumn dropped noiseless in the moat. With the exception of the janitor, the only life seemed to be the birds

and swans. The walls of the ruined keep are enormous. The view from its top down into the hollow shell of the castle, and the great cavernous spaces, was worth going far to see; and he who visits England without seeing Raglan Castle, Tintern Abbey, and the river Wye, does not know what beauty there is in Old England.

From Monmouth I went on by coach ten miles to Ross, the road following the river, which was for the most part shut in by high hills, passing the Leys House estate, charmingly situated on a broad straight stretch of the Wye, and then losing sight of the river for a while until a little beyond Goodrich Castle, we came upon it again at Goodrich Hope Ferry, four miles or so from Ross.

The farms here were very fine, splendidly cultivated, and dotted over with great symmetrical hayricks. This is said to be the best wheat land in all England.

Ross is situated on a hill-side overhanging a broad meadow, and so completely intersected by the winding Wye, like a crescent or letter C, that the town could not have possibly stood in the valley if it had been desired to place it there. Here, in the principal church, the "Man of Ross" is buried; and the old market-house which he founded stands just opposite the house, not now existing, where he lived.

> "Behold the market-place, with poor o'erspread,
> The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread."

This is a pleasant, comfortable, agricultural town,

a place where it would seem, if anywhere, plenty and contentment might perpetually dwell; and with this happy and home-like vision on the banks of the silvery Wye, mingled with the thoughts of charity and peace, I bid my reader a hearty English "Good-by."

INDEX.

A.

Alfred, and St. Cuthbert, 449; his division of time, 450.
Alnwick, town of, 220; castle of, 220, *seq.*
America, and England, 141, *seq.*
Arnold, Dr., his home at Rugby, 84; as an educator, 88, 91; memorial window at Rugby school chapel, 91; monument of, at same, 91; his home at Fox How, 193, 194.
Arreton, 355.
Art, in London, 42, *seq.*
Arthur, King, burial-place of, 444.
Augustine, Apostle of England, 315.

B.

Bakewell church, 174.
Bangor, 4, *seq.*
Barnstaple, 424.
"Battle Abbey," 224.
Battlefield church, 16.
Beckenham, 305.
Becket, Thomas à, 313.
Bemerton church, 350, 351.
Berry Head, 379.
Berwick-on-Tweed, 219.
Berwyn Hills, 14.
Bettwys-y-Coed, 13.
Bideford, 424; bridge of, 425; "pebble-ridge" at, 425.
Bilton Hall, 85, 86.
Birmingham, entrance to, 17; "Punch" in, 19.
Blenheim, 111, 112.
Bolton Priory, 232.
Bonchurch, cemetery, 340.
Botallack mines, 414, 415.
Bowness, 189.
Bradford, Gov., 249.
Brading, 337, 338.
Brewster, Elder, 244, *seq.*
Bridgwater, 433.
Bright, John, 37, 38.
Brighton, 326, 327; climate of, 328, 329.
Bristol, 118; Sunday at, 450.
British Museum, 41.
Britannia Tubular Bridge, 7, 8.
Brixham, 378, 379.
Broadmead chapel in Bristol, 120 121.
Brontë, Charlotte, home of, 237 238; genius of, 239.
Brontë, Rev. Patrick, sermon by 238.
Brougham, Lord, 39, 40.
Brunel, his genius, 373.
Butler, Bishop, tomb of, 119.
Bushy Park, 77.
Buxton, 177, 179.
Byron, Lord, at Matlock, 165; where he wrote "The Corsair," 118; recollection of, 258; tomb of, 258; England slow to re-adopt his memory, 260; statue of at Trinity college, Cambridge, 269.

C.

Caernarvon Castle, 8, 9.
Cambridge University, its situation compared with Oxford, 266;

Trinity col., 266, *seq.*; St. John's col., 270, *seq.*; Trinity Hall col., 273; Caius col., 273; Clare Hall col., 274; King's col., 275; Queen's col., 275, 276; St. Peter's col., 276; Pembroke col., 277; St. Katharine's col., 278; Corpus Christi col., 278; Magdalene col., 278; Jesus col., 278, 279; Sidney Sussex col., 279, 280; Christ's col., 282, *seq.*; Immanuel col., 284; Downing col., 285.
Canterbury, 312; cathedral of, 313, *seq.*; charities of, 316; "catch-club" of, 317, 318.
Canute, at Ely, 262.
Capel Cerrig, 12.
Carisbrooke castle, 334.
Castleton, 180.
Cathedrals, English, number of, 124; lowness of, 160.
Chad's, St., walk at Shrewsbury, 15.
Chalk, region, 319, 320.
Chatterton, 119, 120.
Chaucer, house of at Woodstock, 112.
Cheltenham, 115.
Chepstow, 454.
Chester, 1.
Cinque Ports, 224.
Clovelly, village of, 426; "Hobby road" at, 426; Court, 427.
Coal, in England, 150; probability of its exhaustion, 147, 148.
Coleridge, his room in Jesus college, 279; his home at Keswick, 212; his alleged plagiarisms, 213, 214; his tomb at Highgate, 215, 216.
Colliers, 145, 150, 151.
"Commercial travelers," 345.
Commons, House of, 34, *seq.*
Copper mines, 392.
Cornwall, little visited, 389; scenery of, 390, 391; primitive people of, 398; land of pagan relics and legends, 409; mines, 392, *seq.*; miners, 394, 395; prayers of Cornwall miners, 420.
Corwen, 13.
Cotton, John, 250.
Coventry, 23, 24.
Cowper, William, his house at Olney, 94, 95; memories of, 96, 97.
Craik, Rev. Mr., sermon by, 451.
Crich, 172.
Cricket, playing, 78.
Cromwell, Oliver, at Cambridge University, 280; portrait of at Sidney Sussex college, 281.
Crosthwaite church, 217.
Cumming, Dr., 66, 67.
Cumnor Hall, 113.
Cuthbert, St., shrine of at Durham, 225.

D.

Darling, Grace, 219.
Dawlish, 373, 374.
"Decorated style" of architecture, 158, 160.
Dee, river, 3, 14.
De Quincy, charges against Coleridge, 213.
Derby, 162.
Derbyshire scenery, 161, 163.
Derwentwater, lake, 208, 211.
Devonshire cattle, 362, 363.
D'Israeli, 38, 39.
Dorchester, 361.
Dover, 321, 322.
Dudley Castle, 144.
Dunmail Raise, 205.
Dunstan, St., 447, 448.
Dunster Castle, 433.
Durham, 223; cathedral of, 224, *seq.*

E.

"Early English," style of architecture, 133, *seq.*
Edward, the Black Prince, his tomb at Canterbury, 314.
"Elegy in a country churchyard," 70, 71.
Ely, cathedral, 262, *seq.*
England, scenery of, 455; Sunday in, 185, *seq.*; intemperance in, 23, 24; reform in, 140, 141; holy ground, 293; influence of the sea upon, 430.

English railways, 1, 2; hotels, 4, 5; cities, finished character of, 19; unsociability, 26; garden, 76; muscle, 78; character, 100, *seq.*; suspicion, 105, 106; hedge, 110, 111; cemeteries, 113; farms, 113; piety, cheerful type of, 167; preaching, 61, 63, 187; inns, names of, 318; pronunciation, 318; fox-hunting, 363; horses, 364.
Established Church, present position and influence of the, 68, 69; worship of the, 69.
Esthwaite, lake, 191.
Exeter, 364; High Street of, 365; cathedral of, 366, *seq.*; services in cathedral, 368; bishop of, 371; scenery about, 372.

F.

Farn Islands, 219.
Farringford, 342.
Folkestone, 323.
Fonthill Abbey, 354.
Fountains Abbey, 231, 232.
Fox How, 193.

G.

Glastonbury, its original meaning, 441; early home of Christianity, 442; "holy thorn" of, 443; abbey of, 443, 444, 448; burial-place of Arthur, 444, *seq.*
Gloucester, 128, 129; cathedral of, 124, 126.
Godiva, Lady, 24.
Grasmere, 202.
Gray, Thomas, at Cambridge, 70.
"Greta Hall," 211, 212.

H.

"Haddon Hall," 172, *seq.*
Hall, Rev. Newman, his preaching, 66.
Hall, Robert, 121, 122.
Hampton Court, 72, *seq.*
Harrowgate, 229, 230.
Haworth, 233, *seq.*
Helvellyn, 207.
Herbert, George, story of, 350; tomb of, at Bemerton, 351.
High Church, movement, 421, 422.
Holman Hunt, his picture of "Finding Christ in the Temple," 51.
Hooper, Bishop, scene of his martyrdom, 129.
Hop-growing, 310, 311.

I.

Ilfracombe, 429.
Ives, St., in Cornwall, 398.

J.

John, King, his tomb at Worcester, 136.

K.

Keighley, 233.
Ken, Bp., his "Morning Hymn," 439.
Kenilworth, 23.
Keswick, vale of, 208; town of, 211, 212.
Kew Gardens, 81, *seq.*
Kingsley, Charles, his home at Eversley, 308; his church at Eversley, 310; spirit of his writings, 309; painter of North Devon scenery, 428.

L.

Lake country, 189, *seq.*
Lamb, Charles, memories of, at East India House, 33, 34.
Landscape painting, in England, 46, 47.
Landseer, Sir Edwin, 48.
Land's End, drive to from Penzance, 407, *seq.*; appearance of in a storm, 412; scene from, 413; "vicar of," 416, *seq.*

Lea Hurst, home of Florence Nightingale, 168.
Leamington, 20.
Leslie, Charles Robert, qualities as a painter, 48, 49.
Lichfield, 152; cathedral of, 156, *seq.*
Lincoln, 282; cathedral of, 252, *seq.*
Lincolnshire, its Dutch scenery, 252.
Liverpool, 1.
Llangollen, 14.
Llugwy, vale of, 13.
Lodore, falls of, 210, 211.
Logan stone, 409, 410.
London, overpowering at first sight, 25; parks of, 26; paradise of literary men, 27; view from a London bridge, 28; old churches of, 29, 30; points of special interest in, 31, *seq.*; "East India House" in, 33, 34; the best way to see, 40.
Longfellow, estimation of, in England, 131, 132.
Lyn, cliff of, 430; "water's meet" of the Lyn torrents, 431.
Lynton, 430.

M.

Malvern hills, 136.
Marazion, 401.
Market Drayton, 15.
Marsh, Miss, home of, 305; her appearance, 306; her source of influence, 306.
"Martyr's memorial," 293.
Matlock Bath, 163, 166; prices at Matlock Bath Hotels, 164.
Maurice, Rev. F. D., his preaching and theology, 64, *seq.*
Melville, Rev. Henry, 63, 64.
Menai Strait, 6, 7.
Michael's Mount, St., 399; the ancient Ictis, 402, 403; earliest historic point in England, 403; view from, 404; allusion to, in "Lycidas," 405; Bowles' sonnet upon, 405.
Milton, John, at Christ's college, Cambridge, 282, *seq.*; monument of, in St. Giles' church, London, 29.
Monmouth, 459.
Mount's Bay, 400.
Müller, George, sketch of, at Bristol, 122, 193; sermon by, 453.

N.

Names, in hill countries, 192.
Newark, 255.
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 223.
Newman, Dr., his convent at Birmingham, 17, *seq.*
Newstead Abbey, 260.
Newton, John, his church at Olney, 96.
Noblemen's estates, 138.
Norman architecture, 126, *seq.*
North Devon, scenery of, 432.
Northwick, Lord, his picture-gallery at Cheltenham, 115, *seq.*

O.

Olney, 93, *seq.*
"Old Sarum," 356, 357.
Ouse, river, 94, 95.
Oxford, 285; "Commemoration Day" at, 285, *seq.*; buildings of, 289: New col., 290; Exeter col., 290; Brasenose col., 290, 291; Oriel col., 291; Queen's col., 292; Christ Church col., 292; education at, 294, 295.

P.

Paley, Dr., birthplace of, 261.
Pendeen, 415.
Penmaen-bach, 4.
Penmaen-mawr, 4.
Penzance, climate of, 399; serpentine stone works at, 400; primitive character of, 401.
"Perpendicular style," of architecture, 275.
Peterboro', cathedral of, 261.
"Peveril of the Peak," 179; castle of, 181.
Pilchard-fishery, 397.

"Pilgrim Fathers," who they were, 247.
Plymouth, its harbor, 382; Royal Hotel at, 388.
Portsmouth, 332, 333.
Primogeniture, English law of, 139, 140.
"Punch," in Birmingham, 19.
Puritanism, 250.

R.

Raglan Castle, 460.
Raikes, Robert, 129.
Railway literature, 132, *seq.*
Redruth, 391.
Ripon, 230.
Richard III., 128.
Richmond Hill, 81.
Richmond, Leigh, at Isle of Wight, 338.
Robertson, Rev. F. W., at Brighton, 329, 330; memorial window of at Oxford, 291.
Robinson, John, 246, 247: his words at Delft Haven, 248; writings of, 249.
Rome, ancient, rule of in Britain, 321.
Romsey, 344.
Ross, 461, 462.
Rugby, town of, 84; school of, 87, 90.
Russel, Lord John, 37.
Rydal Mount, 194.
Rydal Water, 201.

S.

Salisbury, 346; cathedral of, 347, *seq.*
Saltash, 385.
"Sanford and Merton," author of, 154.
Scott, Dr. Thomas, his house, 99, 100.
Scrooby, 241; manor-house of, 242; church of, model of N. E. churches, 246.
Severn, river, 15, 16.
Shakspeare, scene in his church, 20, 21; authorship of his plays, 22.
"Shakspeare's Cliff," 322.
Sherwood Forest, 257.
Shrewsbury, 15.
Singing, congregational, in English churches, 69.
Skiddaw, Mt. 208, 211, 212.
Snowdon, Mt. 10, 11.
Somersetshire, land of legends, 448.
Southampton, 333.
Southey, Robert, his home, 212; his grave, 218.
Spurgeon, Rev. Charles, his characteristics as a preacher, 51, *seq.*
Staffordshire, coal-region of, 17.
Stillingfleet, burial-place of, 136.
Stoke Pogis, 70, *seq.*
Stonehenge, 357, *seq.*
Stowell, canon Hugh, 187.
"Strawberry Hill," 79.
Sunday-school, festivities, 166, 167.
Swallow, cataract of the, 13.

T.

Teignmouth, 375.
Tennyson, his home at Farringford, 342.
Thames, fountain-head of the, 118.
Thirlemere, lake of, 206.
Tin-mines, 396.
Tintern Abbey, 457, *seq.*
Torbay, 378.
Torquay, 375, *seq.*
Trent, valley and river of the, 255.
Troutbeck vale, 192.
Tunbridge Wells, 325.
Turner, J. M. W., as a painter, 43, *seq.*; first mountain drawing of 233; at Mt. Edgcumbe, 385.
Twickenham, 80.
Tyndale, William, canon of Christ Church college, Oxford, 293.

U.

University, the English, vital principle of, 296: scholarship at, 297; moral tone of, 298; genial

spirit of, 298, 299; government of, 300, 301; Fellowships in, 302, 303.

V.

Vane, Sir Henry, 281.
Venerable Bede, 225.

W.

Warkworth Hermitage, 222.
"Water-colors," painting in, a peculiarly English art, 49, 50.
Watling street, 311, 319.
"Wealden Beds," 325.
Wells, situation of, 434; tranquil air of, 434; bishops of, 435; cathedral of, 436, *seq.*
Welsh, mountain scenery, 10, *seq.*
West, Benjamin, 48.
Weston Underwood, 96, 97.
Wharfe, river, 232.
White, Henry Kirke, 256, 257.
Wichnor Park, 153.
Wight, Isle of, 334, *seq.*; Carisbrook castle, 334; Arreton church, 335; home of "Dairyman's Daughter," 336; Sandown, 336; Brading, 337, 338; Undercliff, 339; Bonchurch, 340; Ventnor, 339; St. Lawrence church, 341; Farringford, 342.
William, the Conqueror, his wasting of the land in Yorkshire, 228; his remorse, 228.
Winchester, 331; cathedral of, 331.
Windermere, lake of, 189, 190.
Wingfield Manor, 171.
Wilton, 355, church of, 354.
Wilton House, 352, *seq.*
Wolsey, Cardinal, at Hampton court, 73; at Scrooby, 242.
Worcester, cathedral of, 132, 133, 136.
Wordsworth, William, his appearance, 195; his indignation at American repudiation, 195: his sister, 195; his egotism, 196; the priest of Nature, 196; a Christian man, 197; his philosophy of Nature, 198; his love of humanity, 199, 200; a poet of progress, 201; his grave, 204.
Wye, river in Derbyshire, 172; river in Monmouthshire, scenery of the, 455.
Wyndcliff, view from the, 456.

Y.

Yeovil, 361.
York, 228, 229; cathedral of, 229.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018